

PART I.

NOVEMBER.

PRICE 10D.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

JOHN SAUNDERS

AND

WESTLAND MARSTON.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY (LIMITED), 25 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

1856.

NOTICES.

The Part will be issued regularly with the Magazines, on the 1st of each Month; and whether containing four or five sheets (as four or five Saturdays may occur in the Month), will, for the sake of uniformity, be issued at the averaged price of Tenpence, including the usual charge for the Cover, and the Half-yearly Index.

IN PREPARATION.

Charles Dickens, Portrait and Paper (in No. 6).

The Night before the Wedding, a Poem, by Alexander Smith (168 lines), (in No. 7).

A new continuous Tale by the Authoress of "A Low Marriage," "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.

Pictures by Daniel Maclise, J. E. Millais, R. Redgrave, T. Faed, &c. &c.

A continuous Tale by Shirley Brooks, Author of "Aspen Court," "Miss Violet and her Offers," &c.

Papers by Professors Blackie, Kinkel, Masson, &c. &c.

A continuous Tale by Westland Marston.

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JOHN SAUNDERS AND WESTLAND MARSTON.

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MDCCCLVII.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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Pennyson

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.



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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

POETIC genius is that power which translates the essential life of humanity into the most graphic and appropriate forms. As the greater includes the less, the faculty which best embodies the life of general man is that also which best embodies the life of nations: hence the fitness, we think, of assigning to a poet the first pages in a National Magazine.

Never did singer more belong to this land than he of whom we now write. Take him first on his most obvious ground of nationality—the power to individualise English scenes. Who that loves our pastoral landscapes will not at once recall from his pages the coming spring, when

“The building rook ’ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea;”

—and the “long gray fields” of June nights,

“When from the dry dark wold the summer-airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bulrush in the pool;”

—or the features of three seasons caught in one verse:

“Summer on the steaming floods,
And spring that swells the narrow brooks;
And autumn with a noise of rooks
That gather in the waning woods;”

—or, summed up in another, the peaceful animation of our rural life:

“The market-boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink;
Thou hear’st the village-hammer clink,
And see’st the moving of the team.”

Nor is Mr. Tennyson English only on the Saxon side of his genius. With the force and simplicity which flow from this source he combines a love of symbol drawn from the mixed Norse and Norman elements of our race. He paints equally facts and truths—the inner and the outer life of man—and discerns their correspondences. He is a master both of epithets which depict what is seen, and of types which convey what is signified. We will not now pause to instance his power of reproducing the actual. It is not the less actual with him because so often suffused by the glow of his own mind. The deep of nature, ever the same in itself, changes with the tints of the heavens above it, takes from them its divinest beauty, and mirrors on its bosom, else cold and dim,

“Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.”

This faculty at once to portray and to ennoble reality, is one, however, which the present poet shares with all poets. A gift more special to himself is that of presenting the truths of our spiritual life in types. As an illustration, we may cite the “Morte d’Arthur,” wherein, as in a parable, the vanishing of old legendary romance, with all its poetic train, is set forth; while the bells of the Christmas-morn, to which the sleeper wakes, intimate that Christian civilisation which is indeed the re-appearance of the romance in a fuller and holier development. “Ulysses” is another example. In the restless desire of the Ithacan king

“To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars”

are unfolded the aspirations of the soul which the things of sense cannot content, and which still yearns for a world beyond.

Whether, then, we regard, on the one hand, that love for reality, or, on the other, that love for type, which mark our complex race, we find Alfred Tennyson admirably fitted to represent it. A sense equally keen of material things, and of their inner suggestions, enables him with uncommon felicity to blend fact with imagination. He never shuns what is plain or familiar, but raises it either by its direct connection with the heart and mind, or by the pervading spirit of his design. Sometimes an object, prosaic in itself, gains value from its mere position, as a stunted tree becomes weird and significant when backed by a lurid sunset. He fears not to break ground on the homeliest surface of life, knowing that every atom of it coheres by virtue of a Divine law beneath. A few bars of the simplest and most familiar music often prelude and flow into his noblest strains. Take, for example, the introductory lines of “Godiva:”

“I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city’s ancient legend into this.”

The poem, thus ushered in by a literal description of the life of to-day, is one of the writer’s most heroic pictures; yet so skilfully is the transition managed from the actual to the ideal that each enhances the other. We live all the more in the remote because we behold it from the present. The effect is like that of looking upon the sea from a window. Now and then in a line the legendary past is brought strikingly home to us by an epithet or allusion which applies equally to our own times. How fine is the line in “Ulysses!”

“Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.”

Windy Troy, swept by the same gusts that drive to-day over an English wold! Again, in the same poem—

“It may be we shall touch the happy isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.”

If in many of these ideal pieces we thus find realising touches of homely fact, their author gives us, on the other hand, a few genial sketches which, having a matter-of-fact basis, are nevertheless touched with the warm lights of ima-



gination. "Will Waterproof's Monologue" is exactly a case in point; but it must be read as a whole. Meanwhile, what thinks the reader of that glorious pasty commemorated in "Audley Court,"—

"A pasty costly made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks
Embodied and injellied?"

The dish should by all means be served up at a picnic of the Muses. Seriously, this interplay of fact and fancy is one of the poet's most wholesome attributes. It makes poetry practical, and subtracts nothing from its dignity. The brightest planets are not those that need the telescope. Men will all the more accord genius its place on high when they find its rays streaming through the chinks of their dwellings, and gilding the habitual circumstances of their lives.

We might multiply instances of Tennyson's power to harmonise the romantic with the familiar. His usual art in this respect has, however, scarcely been true to him in the "Princess." In spite of its delicious lyrics, its noble passages of description, and its fine lesson, we have never been able to forget how thoroughly the poem merits its author's definition, "A Medley." That he avows it to be one is a proof of his design, not a justification of it. Ancient battlefields and modern lecture-rooms, the war-cry of the mailed warrior and the pretty chatter of the blue-stockings, are not congruous. Touches of even poetic comedy will not blend with epic narrative. The exquisite skill which enables the writer to rise from the common to the ideal will not avail him also for his descent: the elevation once won must be maintained. Transition from the familiar to the heroic is possible; but not alternation between them.

Another national characteristic of Mr. Tennyson,—one which springs, too, from our passion for the real,—is that precise and illustrative style which in his most metaphysical or impassioned moods preserves him from vagueness and rhapsody. No one better than he understands the distinction between the poet and the philosopher. His reasonings, however close, seldom involve abstract propositions, but are drawn from emotions common to all men, and conveyed in examples that appeal to the senses. Thus, in the "Two Voices," when he records the argument of the sceptic, he trusts to no mere statement, however eloquent, of the transitoriness of human hopes and feelings, but embodies it in images profoundly pathetic and solemn:

"Consider well," the voice replied,
'His face that two hours since hath died;
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?"

* * * * *

His little daughter, whose sweet face
He kiss'd, taking a last embrace,
Becomes dishonour to her race:

His sons grow up that bear his name;
Some grow to honour, some to shame,—
But he is still to praise or blame.

He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household-shelter crave
From winter-rains that beat his grave.

High up the vapours fold and swim;
Around him broods the twilight dim;
The place he knew forgetteth him."

In the same way, when the better will returns (and the poet at the close makes us fully understand that the argument, either for good or for evil, derives its force from the will), he takes care to depict reviving faith in forms that go straight to the eye and heart. We have pictures of the Sabbath-morn, of worship, of family groups; a line or two of naked thought is quickly illustrated by a page of example. One more instance of emotion rendered into circumstance tempts us by its overwhelming pathos:

"Tears of the widower when he sees
A long lost form that sleep reveals,
And lifts his waking arms, and feels
Her place is empty—fall like these."

Such a poem as the "Two Voices" at once reveals the kind of moral influence exerted by the writer. He rarely preaches, rarely draws direct lessons from objects or events, in the manner of Wordsworth. He seldom writes a poem for the sake even of developing a simple truth in action, as in the grand instance of the latter poet's "Laodamia." The mode of Tennyson is rather to surround you with all the associations of a feeling, to steep you in its atmosphere, and to let it suggest its own morals. He knows well that to stir the dormant life of the heart, to make us conscious of our inmost sympathies and yearnings, is so surely a moral work, that all kinds of particular morals must flow out of it. Even in the "In Memoriam" we do not trace any ethical design in particular. It is the general influence of love superior to change and death, rather than any special lesson, of which we are conscious. We stand in the presence of a grief, and suffer; the intensity of that suffering makes us aware of the grandeur of our being, and awakens in us the instinct of immortality—an instinct never absent when emotion is most vital. Thus from what we can endure we learn to what we may aspire.

Throughout Mr. Tennyson's poems the same law is evinced. His moral power consists in his sway over the emotions. The sweet sad retrospect of youthful love, as in the "Gardener's Daughter;" the pathos of an early death, as in the "May Queen;" the resuscitation of old-world forms, ranged in the hall of memory like statues,—their grief, their pride, their passion still there, but softened into monumental calm;—these are the spells by which, rather than by express appeals to conscience, this poet teaches and purifies. Sometimes he clothes a moral in allegory, as in "The Palace of Art;" sometimes, as in "Locksley Hall" and in "Maud," social wrongs and conventions rouse him to invective; but these are exceptions to his general method.

Of all the poems now touched upon, "Maud" is perhaps the one most open to objection. The heartlessness which often underlies the smooth forms of civilisation is no doubt a fit theme for poetic anathema; and the stern ministry of war may have its uses in rousing the dormant humanities of a nation. But it must ever be deplored that such a ministry should be needful. War, whether viewed physically or morally, can only rightly exist for ends of peace and brotherhood; and it is because the poet of "Maud" fails to insist upon this truth, that, whatever the beauty of his lay in parts, its general tone wins no hearty and lasting echoes.

Reverting from the moral to the imaginative qualities of Mr. Tennyson, we must not omit to notice a power of characterisation almost dramatic, except that it deals with classes rather than with individuals. His "Ænone" is as truly Greek as his "Gardener's Daughter" is English. Take, again, from the "Vision of Fair Women," Cleopatra, the crowned "Egypt," exclaiming of herself and Mark Antony,

"We rode sublime
On Fortune's neck: we sat as god by god:
The Nilus would have risen before his time,
And flooded, at our nod,"

and contrast her with "The Daughter of the Warrior Gileadite," who in her filial sacrifice

"Went emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,
Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of her bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower."

How perfect a transition from the prodigal outpouring of voluptuous life, the quick tide of African blood, to the scriptural lament and Judæan imagery of the Hebrew maid!

The music of the lines just quoted upbraids us. We ought before to have noticed a charm in Tennyson so special as this. Perhaps no poet has equalled him in his sense of rhythm and the fitness of verbal sounds to ideas and emotions. In the following lines who does not *hear* as well as see

"Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees;"

or catch the boom of artillery in such a repetition as this:

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them—volley'd and thunder'd!"

But enough; to his power of conveying feeling and sensation by rhythm every page of the writer bears witness.

We must now take leave of a poet than whom we have had none more thoroughly English; few with a wider range of power, abler to seize the traits of outward life, or to clothe human truths with material beauty. Our universal impulses, our subtlest intuitions alike acknowledge him. He can rivet by images of the heroic and enduring, or surprise to tears by a remembered odour. He knocks at the secret chambers of the emotions, and they come forth at his signal. In his verse, as in a procession, the most varied forms of heart-experience pass before us,—feelings made palpable to sight—real, but refined from the accidents of reality—no toil in their aspects, no dust on their garments. On they come—bright, eager, mournful, or august, but all immortal—all born of the soul, and bearing her amaranth. Thus they march by,—and they march to music.

Of a writer so endowed it is no accusation to say that he seldom reaches the sublime. Grandeur and solemnity he has; but not often combined with them that suddenness which electrifies, and of which his *Balaclava* lyric is an example. A taste perhaps too exquisite restrains him for the most part from that abandonment to impulse which is the condition of pure sublimity. Under this head he has little that can be ranked with the colossal forms of Keats' "Hyperion," with terrible glimpses of the soul in Shelley's tragedy, with the anthem of Coleridge in the *Vale of Chamouni*, or with the trance in which Wordsworth described the intimations of immortality. With Tennyson we walk as over a table-land of poetry, with hamlets in the vale, and spacious stretches of view across a varied country to the ocean-line beyond. He rarely scales the heights revealed only by lightnings, or gazes down upon the boiling surges.

Already the poet's fame stands serene on its column: we lay our garland at its base.

BIARRITZ.

SOME two or three hundred whitewashed houses,—houses which are offensively white, and whose arrogant affectation of cleanliness is almost felt as a personal affront,—with outer wooden shutters, painted green or yellow, standing irregularly on the cliffs and higher ground, and crowded together in a most disorderly manner in the low part of the town, so as to form one long irregular street; such is the seaside-village of Biarritz, or, as it is called by its inhabitants, Biarrits, the favourite resort of Spanish grandees, and of the Empress Eugénie. Just now the little village teems with life; for the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Impérial are there. After them throngs half Paris; Spain, as we have said, is largely represented; and there are English, Russians, and Germans in such large numbers, that every possible accommodation Biarrits can offer seems insufficient even for them. Only walk from the "Place" down to the "Vieux Port," from thence up the cliff to the *Atalaja*, then down the cliff and along the sands to the "Château de l'Empereur," and you will no longer wonder to hear that fabulous sums are paid for a bed, even in a stable, and that food is at famine price. "Biarrits is full," "Biarrits is crowded," "Biarrits is overflowing," gives you no idea of the numbers it can in some mysterious manner be made to contain. Under ordinary circumstances it would be almost an explanation to say that sitting-rooms are unknown or unappreciated at Biarrits, that every room is a bedroom, and nearly every bedroom has two beds in it; but even that fact

does not account for the numbers one sees now. Even supposing it possible to imagine all the humanity stowed safely away for the night, who shall say what becomes of the ladies' apparel? Where vanish those marvellous fabrics of whale-bone, crinoline, silk, lace, gauze, muslin, and all the other mysteries of female dress which encircle and amplify some diminutive form? It is sheer nonsense to talk of folding and putting away. Why, the "blanchisseuse" cannot do that to the petticoats even! She ties them, two together, to the end of a long pole, and carries them through the streets like a banner; and they not only *will* but *must* "stand alone." One can fancy the whole vast fabric, with the superincumbent lighter draperies, set up at night like a warrior's tent, under which the owner is stretched in graceful repose.

Indeed, from the middle of July to the end of September Biarrits is a mystery, a marvel—almost an impossibility. All the fashionable world of the courts of France and Spain crowded into small comfortless lodgings, and eaten up by fleas! some of the wealthiest people in Europe having their dinners sent in from a "restaurant" or "traiteur," and consuming it in their bedrooms, or having the use of a dining-room conjointly with eight or ten other families; the most lavish expenditure with the smallest possible return in any thing and every thing: such is the rule of existence during those two months.

Before or after them you must go, if you wish really to enjoy Biarrits, which has, indeed, a quite peculiar fascination; one that arises more from what it has not than from what it has. It has no trees, no shade, no hill and dale, no grassy slopes; there is one glare of sunshine on a sandy shore, and nothing more inland. But the one beauty, the one charm of Biarrits, is the sea, the vast expanse of the Bay of Biscay; a beauty to be felt and not described, and for the due appreciation of which the reader had better go and see it.

Closely connected with this is a pleasure of a more material nature, namely, the bathing. Come with me, dear reader, to the "Vieux Port," and we will see it. We follow the narrow irregular street, already spoken of, which leads down to the favourite bathing-place. A neck of land, a high cliff, stretches into the sea on each side of us, and between these two promontories is the "Vieux Port,"—the small bay whose water is nearly always smooth.

We pass the twenty cabins for bathers, which form a semicircle at the head of the bay, and take our seat on the white sands which lie between these cabins—"baragues," as they are called—and the sea. And now, I do assure you, that if all you know of sea-bathing is, that you have been rattled into a few feet of salt-water in some crazy old machine, and have there plunged solemnly into a dark hole, to be solaced during your stay by the affrighted screams of children, and the shrieks of women undergoing the same dread ordeal, but with less fortitude and less forbearance than yourself,—if this is all you know, you will be astonished at the scene in the midst of which you find yourself. From one of the "baragues" behind you comes a lady in what might have been the model Bloomer costume: long trousers of black woollen serge and a frock of the same, full and short, reaching the knees, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, and fitting close to the throat.

This is the costume "de rigueur," without which no creature of woman-kind may go into the sea. Of course it is open to additions and improvements. Of the former class are list shoes, almost essential in walking over the sands to and from the "baraque" to the sea; and there is the little oilskin cap, trimmed with quillings of scarlet or blue worsted-braid, and of very bewitching effect; and the large oilskin cape, reaching to the knees, which is taken off at the water's edge, and put on as soon as the bather leaves the sea.

Among the improvements we may class the trimming of dress, &c., with some bright-coloured worsted-braid. But what excuse can be offered for the adoption of lace sleeves and collars and coral bracelets in the sea, and the like pretty imbecilities?

Lest fathers, brothers, and husbands should here unduly exult, let me give notice that the man's costume is more susceptible of ornament than that of the woman; a fact which has not been lost sight of by the "lords of the creation," as we shall see. At present we will accompany our young lady to the bath. As soon as she leaves the "baraque," she is joined by a "baigneur" or "baigneuse," holding in his or her hand a pair of gourds; they walk over the sands together, and if she does not know how to swim, the gourds are tied round her waist before she steps into the sea. Be sure, that if she dips her head or takes three or four plunges, she is an Englishwoman; the French do not think this at all essential; and a Frenchwoman walks into the water, lies down on her back, and floats out to the rope stretched across the mouth of the bay, or strikes out to swim, taking the greatest possible care to keep her head out of the water. The number of good swimmers—men, women, and children—whom you will see in one day will astonish you; and all those who cannot swim and float are learning to do so: very easy with the help of gourds, and very pleasant in this deliciously warm water.

The costume for mankind—also "de rigueur"—is a pair of loose cotton or woollen trowsers and a tunic fastened round the waist by a band, and mostly with very short sleeves. But whereas the woman's dress is invariably black, that of the man may be chosen of any colour or shade of colour. Light blue, pink, lilac, red, &c. are in great vogue, and being in cotton, are worn without ornament. But the "great swells" have costumes of dark woollen stuff, purple or crimson; and these are trimmed with large pearl buttons, each as big as a half-crown, placed in a row down the outside of the trowsers, and the tunic in a like manner elaborately ornamented. It is, however, less amusing to watch these people than to take your seat on the cliff or the sands some fine morning in June, and watch some of the Biarrots, as the inhabitants of Biarritz call themselves, take their first bath in the season. There are men and women bathing, quite a troop of them; each one stops at the water's edge, wets his or her finger, and makes the sign of the cross, and then splash, splash, splash—they are all in, diving, floating, swimming, moving with as much ease and freedom in the water as on land. Their first bath is always what they call a "bain Anglais," or "bain de santé;" for the two are synonyms, and mean a good vigorous swim straight out and straight home again. Or go, if you will, to the beach, after the diligence from Bayonne has come in on a Sunday morning, and watch those nine or ten youths who raced together from the "bureau" to the "Vieux Port," and who, after a few minutes in the "baragues," have re-appeared in pink, sky-blue, and lilac. Ten chances to one they have a preliminary game at leap-frog on the hot sand; after which, shouting and laughing like so many schoolboys, they throw themselves into the water, and swim to that bit of rock that stands up alone in the bay, and is never quite covered at high water. They stand and sit there, a picturesque group, with their bright-coloured dress and rapid vehement gesticulations. At a given signal they are all off; some, with outstretched arms and stiff body, have dropped into the water like a stone—will dive and re-appear at any distance, where you least expect to see them; others have turned a summerset, sometimes two, in the air, disappear for an instant, and then rise with a spring, and throw another summerset; whilst the remainder, who have simply plunged in, swim one after another, and continue the game of leap-frog begun on the shore.

One thing worthy of note is, that they enjoy themselves and annoy no others. Girls, women, and children are bathing near them; but no one will have reason to resent any word or action of theirs.

Here come a husband and wife, also from Bayonne, which is only five or six miles distant. The Bayonnaises are famed for their beauty, and justly;—is she not pretty, with those brilliant black eyes, the clear brown skin, and folds of glossy hair? Husband and wife swim out together; then she returns,

and a maid appears at the edge of the water with a small child wrapped in a shawl. They have two children, one about four, the other some two years old; and no one but papa must give them their first bath. We will watch the youngest, who springs into its father's wet arms, and, being in mortal dread of the water, seizes his black beard with both tiny hands, and presses its small soft face against that hairy shrine. And here I must say, that whatever opinion we may hold of the French as a nation or as individuals, there is no man or woman, more especially the latter, who can see a Frenchman and his child without admiration.

Our bearded friend, with many caresses, strokes the small arms, loosens their hold, and, considerably to his comfort, succeeds in placing one round his neck and holds the other. You can see, as he stands there, that he is pointing out those boys swimming so fearlessly, the men jumping from the rock, the ladies floating with their gourds. Then he calls one of the boys, who comes leaping towards him to make baby laugh,—for any French boy seems at any time ready to play with any baby; and soon we have baby stretching out its arms to the boy in the water. Meanwhile papa himself will wash the wee face, rub the little limbs as he walks slowly on: baby is soon in the water, and the first bath is taken in the most satisfactory manner. This gentleman came with carriage and servants to give his children their first bath; but Jean Baptiste and Léontine—"baigneur" and "baigneuse"—are every whit as tender and as careful that their boy Arthur shall not contract any dread of the water, and that his first bath at three years old shall not frighten him. Ask them how it is that they can swim and float and dive and progress in that very extraordinary manner, coming towards you like the ghost in the *Corsican Brothers*,—treading the water I think they call it,—they will say that the key to the whole affair is, "ne pas avoir peur,"—have faith, and you are buoyant.

The children of the bathers have never known what it is to be afraid of the water, as you will agree when you see what must be called "a shoal" of them, from five to ten or twelve years old, disporting themselves. The younger ones have on small gourds: little tadpoles, how they get on! They have reached that boat anchored in the bay, and are crawling in and seated all round the edge of it. Soon they jump in again; and now they have past the mouth of the bay, and are in the open sea; but the guard of the "Société de Sauvetage"—the Humane Society—stationed on the rock projecting into the sea, has seen them, and with an "Allons! allons! hu-up!" by way of warning, recalls them. They come back, and find sport in the bay; for there is an Englishman swimming out slowly and laboriously. Two or three of them are acquaintances of his; so they form themselves into a body-guard of the most tantalising description, and swim against him, and before him, and round him, and dive under him; whilst he, progressing slowly and surely, looks about him with a broad good-natured smile.

How do we English figure in this strange scene? We are, as usual, distinct, and often peculiar; a certain directness of purpose distinguishes us any where and every where, in the water as on land. An Englishman intends to take a bath, and he takes it; swims a certain distance and returns, dresses himself, puts his hat firmly on his head, and retires conscious of having done the business, and of course deriving a certain gratification from that fact. He takes a "bain Anglais," which, as every body knows, is a bath for the sake of his health; he has some object in view, and cannot bathe three or four times a-day in an aimless, purposeless way as the French and Spaniards do, merely to enjoy themselves, luxuriate in the water, and pass away the time. Of course wherever there are English people there are *queer* people,—people who consciously or unconsciously offer themselves as objects of ridicule to every one about them. See, here is a lady in bathing costume who has on a large straw hat. The hats are commonly worn in the morning and afternoon, when the sun is hot; but why has she a long white veil tied round it which reaches her waist? and why does

she carry her dog with gourds round its neck, and keep the poor struggling animal in her arms while she floats about the bay? It is afternoon; there are many bathers, and numerous are the inquiries made about this lady in the white veil. The invariable answer is, "An Englishwoman, of course,"—"bien sûr elle est Anglaise." Indignant remonstrances on the part of some Englishmen, who will hear of no such libel on their countrywomen, produces in a doubtful and apologetic tone, "O!—then she must be a Pole." Be sure, too, that yon gentleman, who has walked down with a woman's waterproof cape over his shoulders, and, having ventured in almost knee-deep, sits wrapped in the cloak and waiting for a wave, is an Englishman. Here comes another in a scarlet cloak,—the cloaks seem to take their fancy,—gigantic in size when compared to these Spaniards and Frenchmen of the south. He is accompanied by the bather Million, who carries a small tub in his hand; and he sits down on the sands while Million fills the tub, and, returning with it, pours a little salt-water over our friend's bald head, which he rubs vigorously; then a little more water, then another rub, and so on till the tub is empty; after which the gentleman walks deliberately into about three feet of water, where he remains and disports himself awkwardly. We must excuse him that rubbing of the bald head, though I fear it is useless; for at his age the hair will never grow again. But he is just married to a very young and very pretty Spanish girl, and will not neglect a last chance of making the difference in their ages less apparent.

And now we will leave the "Vieux Port," first telling the reader that it was the favourite bathing-place of the Empress when she used to be Mademoiselle Eugénie, and the best swimmer in Biarritz.

Ascending the cliff to the left of the "Vieux Port," we find four or five houses—favourite resort of the English—to whom, especially to residents or visitors of Pau, Biarritz has long been well known. Here you escape the noise and heat of the crowded little village, feel the pure breeze, and watch the sun sink down into the sea. On this cliff is a house with the ambitious name of California. It was built by a gentleman of Bayonne, who is reported not only to have found gold, but to have brought it away from the gold-country. On his return he constructed this house on the model of those in California; but the Biarrots look at it with contempt: "Nothing but a ground-floor and attics," they say. On the other side of this cliff is the "Côte des Basques," with its bathing-cabins, supposed to be only used, as the houses of that quarter are only inhabited, by the "petit monde." Instead of the calm bay in which to float and swim without fear, you have here a long line of high cliff, a fine expanse of level yellow sands, exquisitely smooth and firm, and the waves breaking in long lines of foam. The bathers stand where their feet are only just covered with water, and wait for the great waves to wash over them, and none except strong swimmers venture out of their depth. The sands here are finer than at any part of Biarritz, and one might walk many miles along the coast were it not for the difficulty of getting down the cliff in the first place.

On this side, namely, south of Biarritz, lies Spain. We see the outline of the Pyrenees, and look towards the ground trodden by our armies under Wellington.

Once more we will return to the "Vieux Port," this time to ascend the cliff on the right of it. Here is the fashionable promenade—the Atalaja. This, they say, is a Moorish word, meaning a place of look-out. The Atalaja is a broad sandy walk, which might be made clean and agreeable to the walkers, but is in itself neither one nor the other. But then there is the wide expanse of water stretching out before you, changing its hues with every cloud that fleets over it; the fantastic forms of masses of rock, which from time to time have been undermined by the waves, separated from the cliff, and left at some distance from the shore; high-arched bridges leading no-whither; huge caverns and mimic towers, against which the waves thunder with a great hol-

low booming, and there being broken, rise in fountains of white glittering spray.

From the Atalaja you descend to the "Roche Percée," a wall of rock in which there is a square aperture like a window; and this is a fine place from which to view the adjacent rocks when the sea is rough and the waves dash over them.

Beyond this is the "Côte du Moulin," to which you descend by a winding path on the face of the cliff. Then again we see the white sands and a long row of "barraques"—upwards of thirty. The waves break here as they do on the "Côte des Basques;" the only difference being that this side is used by the "grand monde," and the other, as we have said, by the "petit monde."

There is always a possibility of danger, as the sea here is somewhat treacherous in its advances; but it is very seldom that any accident occurs.

A little further on, and so close to the sea that the wall of the garden is washed by the high tide, stands a square building of red brick,—the "Villa Eugénie," or "Château de l'Empereur," as it is more commonly called. Neither shrubs nor trees will grow on the barren and sandy soil which surrounds it; not even the tamarisk, which almost flourishes in some parts of Biarritz. Nevertheless one part of the sands possesses the ambitious title of "Jardin de l'Impératrice;" and here some few inches of good soil had been spread over the surface, and a coarse reedy kind of grass and a few rushes did last year almost give promise of growing. But during the winter months the high tide and the rain washed all bare again.

And now, dear reader, we have seen all that is most worthy of note in Biarritz. Let us make our way, if possible, to the diligence. What a crowded street! what a confusion of tongues! what picturesque peasant costumes—Basque, Béarnais, and Spanish! Only look at those baskets of black grapes! what profusion, and what magnificent bunches! They are from Spain; and for a few sous you may have almost any quantity you please. These delicious green ones are Anglet grapes, and grow in the sandy soil of Anglet, near Bayonne. Better still are the Malaga, each grape as large as a plum. Those birds are turtle-doves? Yes, they will be eaten, roasted in vine-leaves, and are very good.

The National Magazine.

[As many of our readers may not have seen the Prospectus of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, we here republish its principal portions.]

THE Conductors seek to establish, with the aid of the best minds, and at the cheapest rate, a Journal devoted to Literature and Art, and equally an organ of both,—an Art-Paper, but not one to which Literature is merely incidental; a Literary Paper, but not one to which Art is a mere adjunct.

Making no claim to the peculiarities of a professed review, they purpose to examine systematically the chief current events in these two great departments of intellectual endeavour, with a view to point out in them whatever may be most worthy and characteristic. Within the bounds allotted, they will strive to emulate their most generous contemporaries; to recognise excellence at once, though unheralded by a name; and to shun that critical commonplace which affects to deliberate because it cannot decide—cold to genius while it needs encouragement, blind to its faults when it has achieved success.

The tone of the Paper, it is hoped, will be at once liberal and reverential. While leaving to more appropriate spheres of discussion all doctrinal differences in theology, while avoiding all party and class aims in politics, it will by no means exclude the religious spirit that lies at the root of all

noble action and life, nor ignore those broad questions of policy which vitally affect social well-being.

Attractiveness of subject and of treatment will be studied in every department. Tales will occupy considerable space, as the names in the published list of Contributors will readily suggest. Essays, varieties of Travel and Adventure, humorous Sketches, and occasional reports of Public Amusements, will find due place. In a word, the Conductors hold that through amusement to instruction is the law of success, and that Wisdom and Mirth are not necessarily unmarriageable personages.

The features thus indicated will show that great variety is aimed at. But this variety, the Conductors trust, will be pervaded by oneness of design, giving to each detail its appropriate place, and its due bearing upon a general result. They would have their mental edifice resemble a spacious, well-built, and richly-furnished Palace, where one passes from the grave council-chamber to the social banquetting-hall, not by a step, but by gradual approaches; where even the pleasant chat of the ante-room touches at times upon august themes; where terrace and balcony not only adorn but dignify; and where from some grand commanding site the horizon lies open like a noble future.

THE SALUTATION.

BY SIR C. EASTLAKE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"THE SALUTATION" is one of the most characteristic works which we could have selected to exemplify the qualities of Sir Charles Eastlake's style. As, however, we purpose hereafter to present our readers with a Portrait of Sir Charles, accompanied by a full account and estimate of his works, we shall say little in the way of criticism here.

The scene of "The Salutation" is just such as might be witnessed in any rural spot near the great towns of Italy, where the humbler class of the priesthood—accomplished, devoted, content to be the pastors of a simple peasantry—are regarded with a filial affection nearly unknown to our colder manners. It is, as usual, the young and the women who are the chief depositaries of the simple piety of their race, and the artist has rightly chosen them as its fittest representatives. None but a man familiar with Italy could have so accurately portrayed the people of a land where, as Alfieri says, "the plant man" grows in its most perfect proportions. The group is one that the photograph itself might bring from the neighbourhood of Florence or Rome. The action of the boy, his simple advance, the loving pout of his lips, exactly typify the relations of the people to their pastors,—and these too the photograph might give us; but it could not catch all the passing traits of animation and feeling which grace this picture of Catholic Italy in its best aspect.

WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S.

So the proposed monument to Wellington in St. Paul's is to be thrown open to the competition of artists of all countries. This is a sort of liberality against which we must enter our protest. If the principle of encouragement to national art is to be acted upon at all, a monument to Wellington is precisely the case that demands such fosterage. It is well, indeed, to be cosmopolitan in our sympathies; but it is a still more urgent duty to be patriotic. But genius is of no country. True, and the recognition of its various developments is the necessary result of a cultivated and liberal taste. Nevertheless, in an appreciation of foreign art, we must not forget that we have schools of art at home which invite a reciprocal interest. These schools can only be cherished by home patronage.

We may grant that where a selection depends upon local partialities, errors will sometimes be committed. But, in a

matter of national magnitude, care may surely be taken to select umpires so qualified as to guard against the chance of mistake. It is a libel upon British sculptors, some of whom have a European fame, to suppose that foreign succours are required, in the case before us, to avert an art-defeat. With respect to Wellington, his birth was British, his history is British, his tomb is in the mausoleum of our empire. Let his monument be the work of British hands.



THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c.

1. History.

THE name *Stereoscope*, from the Greek words *στερεός solid*, and *σκοπεῖν to see*, has been given to an instrument of recent invention, for exhibiting in true relief and apparent solidity all objects, or groups of objects, by combining into one picture *two* representations of these objects on a plane, as seen separately by each eye.

If we hold up a thin book between our two eyes, with its back towards us, and at the distance of about a foot, we shall see the back and the two sides of the book when both eyes are open; but if we shut the *right* eye, we shall see with the *left* eye only the back and the *left* side of the book; and if we shut the *left* eye, we shall see only the back and the *right* side of it. Or, to use a more homely illustration, when we shut the *left* eye, we see only the *right* side of our nose with the *right* eye; and when we shut the *right* eye, we see only the *left* side of our nose with the *left* eye. And, in general, when we look at any solid object whatever, the right eye sees parts of it towards the right hand not seen by the left eye, and the left eye sees parts of it towards the left hand not seen by the right eye. Hence we arrive at the first and fundamental truth on which the theory and construction of the Stereoscope depend, viz.: 1, When we look with two eyes upon any solid body or object whose parts are at different distances from us, the picture of it which we see with the right eye, or the image of it which is formed on the retina of the right eye, is different from the picture of it which we see with the left eye, or from the image of it which is formed on the retina of the left eye.

This important fact was known to Euclid more than 2000 years ago, and was illustrated by him in the case of a sphere, the pictures of which as seen by each eye he proved to be dissimilar. Upwards of 1500 years ago, Galen described the different pictures formed on each eye in the vision of a column. Baptista Porta, in 1593, repeats the proposition of Euclid on the vision of a sphere with one and both eyes; and he quotes the experiments of Galen on the vision of a column with both eyes, and with each eye alternately. Leonardo da Vinci was well acquainted with the same facts; and Aguilonius,* in 1613, wrote a whole book on the vision of solids (*τὰ στερεά, ta sterea*) with one and both eyes, and explained the dissimilarity of the pictures thus seen by the observer.

Optical writers of more recent times, such as Dr. Smith of Cambridge, Mr. Harris, and Dr. Porterfield, were all acquainted with the dissimilarity of the pictures of solids as seen by each eye separately; and hence we see the extreme injustice of the claim made by Mr. Wheatstone to be the discoverer of this truth. In quoting the experiments of Leonardo da Vinci, Mr. Wheatstone maintains that he was not aware "that the object (a sphere) presented a different appearance to each eye;" and he adds, "he failed to observe

* *Opticorum libri sex, Philosophis juxta ac Mathematicis utiles.* Folio. Antverpiæ, 1613.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. I.

THE SALUTATION.

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PAINTED BY SIR C. EASTLAKE, P.R.A.

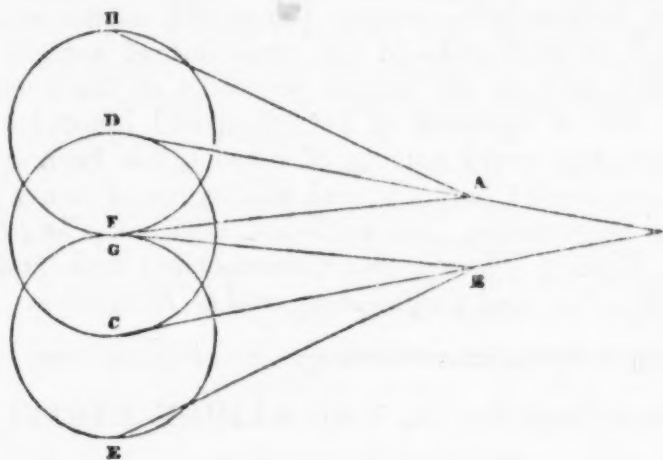
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this; and no subsequent writer, to my knowledge, has supplied the omission. The projection of two obviously dissimilar pictures on the two retinae, when a single object is viewed, while the optic axes converge, must therefore be regarded as a new fact in the theory of vision." This claim to a discovery made 2000 years ago by Euclid, and explained and illustrated by so many of his distinguished successors, is the more remarkable, as Mr. Wheatstone, though he may have never seen the writings of Euclid or Galen, makes repeated reference to the observations of Porta and Aguilonius, in which the discovery is distinctly described.

The second fundamental truth on which the theory and construction of the Stereoscope depend is: 2, When the two dissimilar pictures of any solid body, as seen by each eye separately, are superimposed, or laid the one above the other by the convergency of the axes of the two eyes, the object which these pictures represent is seen in relief, or as a solid body, with its different parts at different distances from the observer.

Although this truth is not distinctly stated either by Euclid or Galen, we can hardly suppose that they were ignorant of it, as it is a necessary result of their observations. Since we do see an object in true relief by both eyes, and since the picture of the object which we see is formed by the superposition of the one dissimilar picture above the other, the vision in relief is the necessary result of the combination of the pictures. They must have known it simply as a fact, though they did not know its cause.

Baptista Porta and Aguilonius, however, were well acquainted with this second truth. In explaining the experiments of Galen on the dissimilarity of the pictures of an object as seen by each eye and by both, Porta employs the annexed diagram, which is much more distinct than that



which is given by the Greek physician. "Let A," he says, "be the pupil of the right eye, n that of the left, and d c the body to be seen. When we look at the body with both eyes, we see d c, while with the left eye we see e f, and with the right eye g h. But if it is seen with one eye, it will be seen otherwise; for when the left eye n is shut, the body c d, on the left side, will be seen in h g; but when the right eye A is shut, the body c d will be seen in f e; whereas when both eyes are opened at the same time it will be seen in d c." Porta then proceeds to explain these results by quoting the passage from Galen in which he supposes the observer to repeat these experiments when he is looking at a solid column. In the preceding diagram we see not only the principle but the construction of the Ocular Stereoscope, or the method by which we combine the two pictures by looking at a point between them and the observer, or beyond the pictures. The two dissimilar pictures are represented by h e; the picture as seen by one eye by h g; the picture as seen by the other by e f; and the picture of the solid column in full relief by d c, as produced midway between the two dissimilar pictures h g and f e by their union, precisely as in the Stereoscope.

The important subject of which we are treating has been discussed by Aguilonius with singular ingenuity; and his observations are so interesting, that we shall give them in his own words. "When one object," he says, "is seen with

two eyes, the angles at the vertices of the optical pyramids (viz. h A f, g B e) are not always equal;* for beside the direct view, in which the pyramids ought to be equal, into whatever directions both eyes are turned they receive pictures of the objects under unequal angles, the greater of which is that which is terminated at the nearer eye, and the lesser that which regards the remoter eye. This, I think, is perfectly evident; but I consider it as worthy of admiration, how it happens that bodies seen by both eyes are not all confused and shapeless, though we view them by the optical axes fixed on the bodies themselves. For greater bodies seen under greater angles appear lesser bodies under lesser angles. If, therefore, one and the same body which is in reality greater with one eye, is seen less on account of the inequality of the angles in which the pyramids are terminated, the body itself must assuredly be seen greater or less at the same time, and to the same person that views it; and therefore, since the images in each eye are dissimilar (*minime sibi congruunt*), the representation of the object must appear confused and disturbed (*confusa ac perturbata*) to the primary sense." In order to understand this passage, we may state, as a well-known fact, that in binocular portraits the distance between the tip of the nose and the tip of the ear is greater in the one picture than in the other, and consequently the line joining these points subtends a greater angle in the one than in the other. When these two lines, therefore, are combined, Aguilonius concludes that the vision of the tip of the nose and the tip of the ear must be confused, as the ends of the lines cannot be united.

"This view of the subject," he continues, "is certainly consistent with reason; but what is truly wonderful is, that it is not correct, for bodies are seen clearly and distinctly with both eyes when the optic axes are converged upon them. The reason of this, I think, is, that the bodies do not appear to be single because the apparent images which are formed from each of them in separate eyes exactly coalesce (*sibi mutuo exacte congruunt*), but because the common sense imparts its aid equally to each eye, exerting its own power equally in the same manner as the eyes are converged by means of their optical axes. Whatever body, therefore, each eye sees with the eyes conjoined, the common sense makes a single notion, not composed of the two which belong to each eye, but belonging and accommodated to the imaginative faculty to which it (the common sense) assigns it."

Now though the explanation here given of the distinct appearance of the solid composed of two dissimilar pictures is not correct, yet Aguilonius clearly asserts the second truth, that though the unequal lines and angles do not coalesce, yet the body is seen distinctly and in its true solidity, in consequence of the combination of the two pictures of it as seen by each eye.

From these details it is manifest that the two fundamental truths on which the Stereoscope depends were well known to Aguilonius and others; and that nothing more was wanted than a method of forming two dissimilar pictures of objects, and a method of uniting them when formed.

Upwards of thirty years ago, Mr. Elliot, now a teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh, was led to study the subject of binocular vision, in consequence of having written an essay in 1823, for the Logic Class, "On the means by which we obtain our knowledge of distances by the eye." From that time he was familiar with the idea that the relief of solid bodies when seen with both eyes was produced by the union of the two dissimilar pictures of them as seen by each eye, which he believed was known to every student of vision. During the year 1834, or previous to it, he had resolved to make an instrument for uniting two dissimilar pictures, or of constructing a stereoscope. But though he had invented the instrument, he delayed its construction till 1839, when he was asked to write a paper for the Polytechnic Society in Liverpool. The instrument was exhibited to Mr. Richard Adie, optician, and Mr. G. Hamilton,

* They are equal in the vision of a sphere and a cylinder.

lecturer on chemistry; but owing to the difficulty of obtaining binocular pictures for it, he proceeded no further with his invention.

In order, however, to show the effect of the instrument to his friends, he constructed a rude picture of a landscape, as seen by each eye separately; and when these two pictures were placed in his instrument, the parts of the landscape appeared at different distances from the eye, or in their true relief. As this was undoubtedly the first landscape constructed for, and seen in relief through, the Stereoscope, it possesses much interest; and we have given an accurate copy of the dissimilar pictures in the annexed diagram, as they



were placed by Mr. Elliot, at the farther end of a box 18 inches long, 7 broad, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ deep. In their present position they will appear in relief when united by the Stereoscope, or by converging the optic axes to a point at a proper distance beyond them. Had photography been in existence, to enable Mr. Elliot to obtain binocular pictures of landscapes and other objects, the application of the Stereoscope to natural scenery and to portraiture would not have been so long delayed.

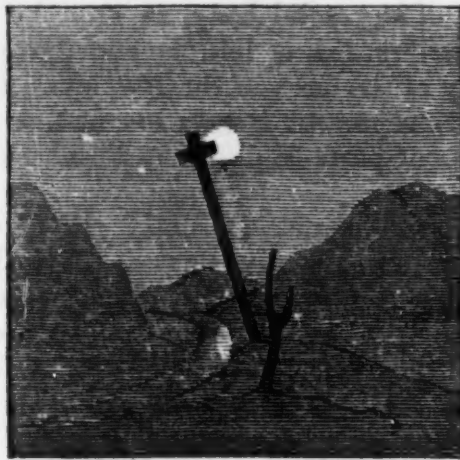
In the month of August 1838 Mr. Wheatstone exhibited an instrument, under the name of the Reflecting Stereoscope, to the British Association which met at Newcastle; and an account of it was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year. The merit of this invention belongs exclusively to Mr. Wheatstone, and nobody has either directly or indirectly laid claim to it. Although it answers the purpose for which it was contrived, it is a clumsy and bulky apparatus, unnecessarily expensive, and now seldom seen. The binocular representations which it raised into relief were chiefly those of geometrical solids; but the idea of applying it to landscapes or portraits is never once mentioned in his paper. The theory of the instrument, as given by Mr. Wheatstone, was shown to be incorrect by the writer of this article, who first gave the true theory in the *Edinburgh Transactions* for 1843; and in the experiments which he made on the subject, he was led to the construction of several new stereoscopes, but particularly to the *Lenticular Stereoscope*, now in universal use.

"The Reflecting Stereoscope of Mr. Wheatstone was" at this time, as the Abbé Moigno remarks,* "almost completely forgotten." Its merits had never been sufficiently understood; and even the Lenticular Stereoscope, after photography had supplied it with binocular portraits, excited a very limited interest. I offered it gratuitously to opticians in London and Birmingham; but it was not till the year 1850, when I took one to Paris, and showed it to the Abbé Moigno and M. Duboscq, that it was appreciated and brought into notice. Having executed a number of binocular pictures of statues and bas-reliefs, and portraits of celebrated individuals, M. Duboscq, to use the words of the Abbé Moigno, "showed the wonderful effects of the instrument to natural philosophers and amateurs, who flocked to him in crowds, and from whom they elicited a spontaneous and unanimous cry of admiration."

In the noble collection of philosophical instruments displayed by M. Duboscq in the Great Exhibition of 1851, he

placed a Lenticular Stereoscope, with a set of binocular pictures in daguerreotype. The instrument attracted the particular attention of the Queen, and in a short time M. Duboscq received many orders for stereoscopes from England.

Such is a brief history of the Lenticular Stereoscope, and of its introduction into Paris and London. It is now in general use over the whole world, and it has been estimated that more than half a million of the Lenticular Stereoscopes have been sold. A company, under the name of "The London Stereoscopic Company," has been established for the manufacture and sale of the instrument, and for the



production of binocular pictures for educational and other purposes; and the stranger in London will find a visit to their establishment at 54 Cheapside, or 313 Oxford Street, one of the most interesting sights in the metropolis. Photographers are employed in every part of the globe in taking binocular pictures for the instrument,—among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum—on the glaciers and in the valleys of Switzerland—among the public monuments in the Old and New World—in the museums of ancient and modern life—and in the sacred precincts of the domestic circle. A list of upwards of two thousand binocular pictures, embracing every variety of subject, has been issued by the Stereoscope Company, and will be found in my treatise on the Stereoscope, just published, entitled, *The Stereoscope: its History, Theory, and Construction; with its application to the Fine and Useful Arts, and to Education.*

UNCLE GEORGE; OR, THE FAMILY MYSTERY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "AFTER DARK," "BASIL," &c.

Was it an Englishman or a Frenchman who first remarked that every family had a skeleton in its cupboard? I am not learned enough to know; but I reverence the observation, whoever made it. It speaks a startling truth through an appropriately grim metaphor—a truth which I have discovered by practical experience. Our family had a skeleton in the cupboard; and the name of it was Uncle George.

I arrived at the knowledge that this skeleton existed, and I traced it to the particular cupboard in which it was hidden, by slow degrees. I was a child when I first began to suspect that there was such a thing, and a grown man when I at last discovered that my suspicions were true.

My father was a doctor, having an excellent practice in a large country-town. I have heard that he married against the wishes of his family. They could not object to my mother on the score of birth, breeding, or character—they only disliked her heartily. My grandfather, grandmother, uncles, and aunts, all declared that she was a heartless deceitful woman; all disliked her manners, her opinions, and even the expression of her face—all, with the one exception of my father's youngest brother, George.

George was the unlucky member of our family: the rest were all clever; he was slow in capacity. The rest were all remarkably handsome; he was the sort of man that no woman ever looks twice at. The rest succeeded in life;

* *Cosmos*, 1852, vol. i. p. 4.

he failed. His profession was the same as my father's. He had, like my father, the best medical education that London and Paris could afford; and he profited by it, by dint of dogged industry, so as to be quoted among his medical brethren as one of the promising surgeons of his time. But he never got on when he started in practice for himself; for he never succeeded in forcing the conviction of his knowledge and experience on the wealthier class of patients. His coarse ugly face, his hesitating awkward manners, his habit of stammering when he spoke, and his incurable slovenliness in dress, repelled people. The sick poor, who could not choose, employed him, and liked him. The sick rich, who could—especially the ladies—declined to call him in when they could get any body else. In experience he gained greatly by his profession; in money and reputation he gained nothing.

There are very few of us, however dull and unattractive we may be to outward appearance, who have not some strong passion, some germ of what is called romance, hidden more or less deeply in our natures. All the passion and romance in the nature of my Uncle George lay in his love and admiration for my father. He sincerely worshipped his eldest brother as one of the noblest of human beings. When my father was engaged to be married, and when the rest of the family, as I have already mentioned, did not hesitate to express their unfavourable opinion of the disposition of his chosen wife, Uncle George, who had never ventured on differing with any one before, to the amazement of every body, undertook the defence of his future sister-in-law in the most vehement and positive manner. In his estimation, his brother's choice was something sacred and indisputable. The lady might, and did, treat him with unconcealed contempt, laugh at his awkwardness, grow impatient at his stammering—all that made no difference to Uncle George. She was to be his brother's wife; and, in virtue of that one great fact, she became, in the estimation of the poor surgeon, a very queen, who, by the laws of the domestic constitution, could do no wrong.

When my father had been married a little while, he took his youngest brother to live with him as his assistant. If Uncle George had been made president of the College of Surgeons, he could not have been prouder and happier than he was in his new position. I am afraid my father never understood the depth of his brother's affection for him. All the hard work fell to George's share: the long journeys at night, the physicking of wearisome poor people, the drunken cases, the revolting cases—all the drudging, dirty business of the surgery, in short, was turned over to him; and day after day, month after month, he struggled through it without a murmur. When his brother and sister-in-law went out to dine with the county gentry, it never entered his head to feel disappointed at being left unnoticed at home. When the return dinners were given, and he was asked to come in at tea-time, and left to sit unregarded in a corner, it never occurred to him to imagine that he was treated with any want of consideration or respect. He was part of the furniture of the house, and it was the business as well as the pleasure of his life to turn himself to any use to which his brother or his sister-in-law might please to put him.

So much for what I have heard from others on the subject of my Uncle George. My own personal experience of him is limited to what I remember as a mere child. Let me say something, however, first about my parents, my sister, and myself.

My sister was the eldest born and the best loved. I did not come into the world till four years after her birth; and no other child followed me. Caroline, from earliest days, was the perfection of beauty and health. I was small, weakly, and, if the truth must be told, almost as plain-featured as Uncle George himself. It would be ungracious and undutiful in me to presume to decide whether there was any foundation or not for the dislike that my father's family always felt for my mother. All I can venture to say is, that her children never had any cause to complain of her. Her pas-

sionate affection for my sister, her pride in the child's beauty, I remember well, as also her uniform kindness and indulgence towards me. My personal defects must have been a sore trial to her in secret, but neither she nor my father ever showed me that they perceived any difference between Caroline and myself. When presents were made to my sister, presents were made to me. When my father and mother caught my sister up in their arms and kissed her, they scrupulously gave me my turn afterwards. My childish instinct told me that there was a difference in their smiles when they looked at me and looked at her, that the kisses given to Caroline were warmer than the kisses given to me, that the hands which dried her tears in our childish griefs touched her more gently than the hands which dried mine. But these and other small signs of preference like them, were such as no parents could be expected to control. I noticed them at the time rather with wonder than with repining. I recall them now without a harsh thought either towards my father or my mother. Both loved me, and both did their duty by me. If I seem to speak constrainedly of them here, it is not on my own account. I can honestly say that with all my heart and soul.

Even Uncle George, fond as he was of me, was fonder of my beautiful child-sister. When I used mischievously to pull at his lank scanty hair, he would gently and laughingly take it out of my hands; but he would let Caroline tug at it till his dim wandering gray eyes winked and watered again with pain. He used to plunge perilously about the garden, in awkward imitation of the cantering of a horse, while I sat on his shoulders; but he would never proceed at any pace beyond a slow and safe walk when Caroline had a ride in her turn. When he took us out walking, Caroline was always on the side next the wall. When we interrupted him over his dirty work in the surgery, he used to tell me to go and play until he was ready for me; but he would put down his bottles, and clean his clumsy fingers on his coarse apron, and lead Caroline out again, as if she had been the greatest lady in the land. Ah, how he loved her!—and, let me be honest and grateful, and add, how he loved me too!

When I was eight years old and Caroline was twelve, I was separated from home for some time. I had been ailing for many months previously; had got benefit from being taken to the seaside; and had shown symptoms of relapsing on being brought home again to the midland county in which we resided. After much consultation it was at last resolved that I should be sent to live, until my constitution got stronger, with a maiden-sister of my mother's, who had a house at a watering-place on the south coast.

I left home, I remember, loaded with presents, rejoicing over the prospect of looking at the sea again, as careless of the future and as happy in the present as any boy could be. Uncle George petitioned for a holiday to take me to the seaside, but he could not be spared from the surgery. He consoled himself and me by promising to make me a magnificent model of a ship. I have that model before my eyes now, while I write. It is dusty with age; the paint on it is cracked, the ropes are tangled, the sails are moth-eaten and yellow. The hull is all out of proportion, and the rig has been smiled at by every nautical friend of mine who has ever looked at it. Yet, worn out and faulty as it is—inferior to the cheapest miniature vessel now-a-days in any toy-shop window—I hardly know a possession of mine in this world that I would not sooner part with than Uncle George's ship.

My life at the seaside was a very happy one. I remained with my aunt more than a year. My mother often came to see how I was going on, and, at first, always brought my sister with her. But, during the last eight months of my stay, Caroline never once appeared. I noticed also at the same period a change in my mother's manner. She looked paler and more anxious at each succeeding visit, and always had long conferences in private with my aunt. At last she ceased to come and see us altogether, and only wrote to know how my health was getting on. My father, too, who had at the earlier periods of my absence from home

travelled to the seaside to watch the progress of my recovery as often as his professional engagements would permit, now kept away like my mother. Even Uncle George, who had never been allowed a holiday to come and see me, but who had hitherto often written and begged me to write to him, broke off our correspondence. I was naturally perplexed and amazed by these changes, and persecuted my aunt to tell me the reason of them. At first she tried to put me off with excuses; then she admitted that there was trouble in our house; and finally she confessed that the trouble was caused by the illness of my sister. When I inquired what that illness was, my aunt said it was useless to attempt to explain it to me. I next applied to the servants. One of them was less cautious than my aunt, and answered my question, but in terms that I could not comprehend. After much explanation, I was made to understand that "something was growing on my sister's neck that would spoil her beauty for ever, and perhaps kill her, if it could not be got rid of." How well I remember the shudder of horror that ran through me at the vague idea of this deadly "something!" A fearful awe-struck curiosity to see what Caroline's illness was with my own eyes, troubled my inmost heart; and I begged to be allowed to go home and help to nurse her. The request was, it is almost needless to say, refused.

Weeks passed away, and still I heard nothing except that my sister continued to be ill. One day I privately wrote a letter to Uncle George, asking him in my childish way to come and tell me about Caroline's illness. I knew where the post-office was, and slipped out in the morning unobserved, and dropped my letter into the box. I stole home again by the garden, and climbed in at the open window of a back parlour on the ground-floor. The room above was my aunt's bed-chamber, and the moment I was inside the house I heard moans and loud convulsive sobs proceeding from it. My aunt was a singularly quiet composed woman; I could not imagine that the loud sobbing and moaning came from her; and I ran down terrified into the kitchen to ask the servants who was crying so violently in my aunt's room.

I found the housemaid and the cook talking together in whispers, with serious faces. They started when they saw me, as if I had been a grown-up master who had caught them neglecting their work. "He's too young to feel it much," I heard one say to the other. "So far as he's concerned, it seems like a mercy that it's happened no later."

In a few minutes they had told me the worst. It was indeed my aunt whom I had heard crying in the bedroom. Caroline was dead.

I felt the blow more severely than the servants or any one else about me supposed. Still, I was a child in years, and I had the blessed elasticity of a child's nature. If I had been older, I might have been too much absorbed in grief to observe my aunt so closely as I did, when she was composed enough to see me, later in the day.

I was not surprised by the swollen state of her eyes, the paleness of her cheeks, or the fresh burst of tears that came from her when she took me in her arms at meeting. But I was both amazed and perplexed by the look of terror that I detected in her face. It was natural enough that she should grieve and weep over my sister's death; but why should she have that frightened look also, as if some other catastrophe had happened? I asked if there was any more dreadful news from home besides the news of Caroline's death. My aunt said, No, in a strange stifled voice, and suddenly turned her face from me. Was my father dead? No. My mother? No. Uncle George? My aunt trembled all over as she said No to that also, and bade me cease asking any more questions. She was not fit to bear them yet, she said; and signed to the servant to lead me out of the room.

The next day I was told that I was to go home after the funeral, and was taken out towards evening by the housemaid, partly for a walk, partly to be measured for my mourning clothes. After we had left the tailor's I persuaded

the girl to extend our walk for some distance along the seashore, telling her as we went every little anecdote connected with my lost sister that came tenderly back to my memory in those first days of sorrow. She was so interested in hearing, and I in speaking, that we let the sun go down before we thought of turning back.

The evening was cloudy, and it got on from dusk to dark by the time we approached the town again. The housemaid was rather nervous at finding herself alone with me on the beach; and once or twice looked behind her distrustfully as we went on. Suddenly she squeezed my hand hard, and said, "Let's get up on the cliff as fast as we can." The words were hardly out of her mouth before I heard footsteps behind me: a man came round quickly to my side, snatched me away from the girl, and catching me up in his arms without a word, covered my face with kisses. I knew that he was crying, because my cheeks were instantly wetted with his tears; but it was too dark for me to see who he was, or even how he was dressed. He did not, I should think, hold me half a minute in his arms. The housemaid screamed for help, I was put down gently on the sand, and the strange man instantly disappeared in the darkness.

When this extraordinary adventure was related to my aunt, she seemed at first merely bewildered at hearing of it; but in a moment more there came a change over her face, as if she had suddenly recollected or thought of something. She turned deadly pale, and said in a hurried way very unusual with her, "Never mind; don't talk about it any more. It was only a mischievous trick to frighten you, I dare say. Forget all about it, my dear—forget all about it."

It was easier to give me this advice than to make me follow it. For many nights after, I thought of nothing but the strange man who had kissed me and cried over me. Who could he be? Somebody who loved me very much, and who was very sorry. My childish logic carried me to that length. But when I tried to think over all the grown-up gentlemen who loved me very much, I could never get on, to my own satisfaction, beyond my father and my Uncle George.

I was taken home on the appointed day to suffer the trial—a hard one, even at my tender years—of witnessing my mother's passionate grief and my father's mute despair. I remember that the scene of our first meeting after Caroline's death was wisely and considerably shortened by my aunt, who took me out of the room. She seemed to have a confused desire to keep me from leaving her after the door had closed behind us; but I broke away, and ran down stairs to the surgery, to go and cry for my lost playmate with the sharer of all our games, Uncle George.

I opened the surgery-door, and could see nobody. I dried my tears, and looked all round the room: it was empty. I ran up stairs again to Uncle George's garret-bedroom—he was not there; his cheap hair-brush and old cast-off razor-case that had belonged to my grandfather, were not on the dressing-table. Had he got some other bedroom? I went out on the landing, and called softly, with an unaccountable terror and sinking at my heart, "Uncle George!"

Nobody answered; but my aunt came hastily up the garret-stairs.

"Hush!" she said. "You must never call that name out here again! Never."—She stopped suddenly, and looked as if her own words had frightened her.

"Is Uncle George dead?" I asked.

My aunt turned red and pale, and stammered. I did not wait to hear what she said: I brushed past her, down the stairs—my heart was bursting—my flesh felt cold. I ran breathlessly and recklessly into the room where my father and mother had received me. They were both sitting there still. I ran up to them, wringing my hands, and crying out in a passion of tears—"Is Uncle George dead?"

My mother gave a scream that terrified me into instant silence and stillness. My father looked at her for a moment, rang the bell that summoned her maid, then seized me roughly by the arm, and dragged me out of the room.

He took me down into his study, seated himself in his accustomed chair, and put me before him, between his knees. His lips were awfully white, and I felt his two hands, as they grasped my shoulders, shaking violently.

"You are never to mention the name of Uncle George again," he said in a quick, angry, trembling whisper. "Never to me, never to your mother, never to your aunt, never to the servants, never to any body in this world! Never, never, never!"

The repetition of the word terrified me even more than the suppressed vehemence with which he spoke. He saw that I was frightened, and softened his manner a little before he went on.

"You will never see Uncle George again," he said. "Your mother and I love you dearly; but if you forget what I have told you, you will be sent away from home. Never speak that name again—mind, never! Now kiss me, and go away."

How his lips trembled—and, oh, how cold they felt on mine! I shrunk out of the room the moment he had kissed me, and went and hid myself in the garden. "Uncle George is gone—I am never to see him any more—I am never to speak of him again"—those were the words I repeated to myself, with indescribable terror and confusion, the moment I was alone. There was something unspeakably horrible to my young mind in this mystery which I was commanded always to respect, and which, so far as I then knew, I could never hope to see revealed. My father, my mother, my aunt—all appeared to be separated from me now by some impassable barrier. Home seemed home no longer with Caroline dead, Uncle George gone, and a forbidden subject of talk perpetually and mysteriously interposing between my parents and me.

Though I never infringed the command my father had given me in his study (his words and looks, and that dreadful scream of my mother's, which seemed to be always ringing in my ears, were more than enough to insure my obedience), I also never lost the secret desire to penetrate the darkness which clouded over the fate of Uncle George. For two years I remained at home, and discovered nothing. If I asked the servants about my uncle, they could only tell me that one morning he disappeared from the house. Of the members of my father's family, I could make no inquiries. They lived far away, and never came to see us—and the idea of writing to them, at my age and in my position, was out of the question. My aunt was as unapproachably silent as my father and mother; but I never forgot how her face had altered, when she had reflected for a moment, after hearing of my extraordinary adventure while going home with the servant over the sands at night. The more I thought of that change of countenance, in connection with what had occurred on my return to my father's house, the more certain I felt that the stranger who had kissed me and wept over me must have been no other than Uncle George.

At the end of my two years at home, I was sent to sea in the merchant navy by my own earnest desire. I had always determined to be a sailor from the time when I first went to stay with my aunt at the seaside—and I persisted long enough in my resolution to make my parents recognise the necessity of acceding to my wishes. My new life delighted me; and I remained away on foreign stations more than four years. When I at length returned home, it was to find a new affliction darkening our fireside. My father had died on the very day when I sailed for my return voyage to England.

Absence and change of scene had in no respect weakened my desire to penetrate the mystery of Uncle George's disappearance. My mother's health was so delicate that I hesitated for some time to approach the forbidden subject in her presence. When I at last ventured to refer to it, suggesting to her that any prudent reserve which might have been necessary while I was a child need no longer be persisted in, now that I was growing to be a young man, she fell into a violent fit of trembling, and commanded me to

say no more. It had been my father's will, she said, that the reserve to which I referred should be always adopted towards me; he had not authorised her, before he died, to speak more openly; and, now that he was gone, she would not so much as think of acting on her own unaided judgment. My aunt said the same thing, in effect, when I appealed to her. Determined not to be discouraged even yet, I undertook a journey, ostensibly to pay my respects to my father's family, but with the secret intention of trying what I could learn in that quarter on the subject of Uncle George. My investigations led to some results, though they were by no means satisfactory. George had always been looked on with something like contempt by his handsome sisters and his prosperous brothers; and he had not improved his position in the family by his warm advocacy of his brother's cause at the time of my father's marriage. I found that my uncle's surviving relatives now spoke of him slightly and carelessly. They assured me that they had never heard from him, and that they knew nothing about him, except that he had gone away to settle, as they supposed, in some foreign place, after having behaved very basely and badly to my father. He had been traced to London, where he had sold out of the funds the small share of money which he had inherited after his father's death, and he had been seen on the deck of a packet bound for France, later on the same day. Beyond this nothing was known about him. In what the alleged baseness of his behaviour had consisted, none of his brothers and sisters could tell me. My father had refused to pain them by going into particulars, not only at the time of his brother's disappearance, but afterwards whenever the subject was mentioned. George had always been the black sheep of the flock, and he must have been conscious of his own baseness or he would certainly have written to explain and to justify himself. Such were the particulars which I gleaned during my visit to my father's family. To my mind, they tended rather to deepen than to reveal the mystery. That such a gentle, docile, affectionate creature as Uncle George should have injured the brother he loved by word or deed, at any period of their intercourse, seemed incredible; but that he should have been guilty of an act of baseness at the very time when my sister was dying, was simply and plainly impossible. And yet, there was the incomprehensible fact staring me in the face, that the death of Caroline and the disappearance of Uncle George had taken place in the same week! Never did I feel more daunted and bewildered by the family mystery than after I had heard all the particulars in connection with it that my father's relatives had to tell me.

I may pass over the events of the next few years of my life briefly enough. My nautical pursuits filled up all my time, and took me far away from my country and my friends. But, whatever I did, and wherever I went, the memory of Uncle George, and the desire to penetrate the mystery of his disappearance, haunted me like familiar spirits. Often, in the lonely watches of the night at sea, did I recall the dark evening on the beach, the strange man's hurried embrace, the startling sensation of feeling his tears on my cheeks, the disappearance of him before I had breath or self-possession enough to say a word. Often did I think over the inexplicable events that followed, when I had returned, after my sister's funeral, to my father's house; and oftener still did I puzzle my brains vainly in the attempt to form some plan for inducing my mother or my aunt to disclose the secret which they had hitherto kept from me so perseveringly. My only chance of knowing what had really happened to Uncle George, my only hope of seeing him again, rested with those two near and dear relatives. I despaired of ever getting my mother to speak on the forbidden subject after what had passed between us; but I felt more sanguine about my prospects of ultimately inducing my aunt to relax in her discretion. My anticipations, however, in this direction were not destined to be fulfilled. On my next visit to England I found my aunt prostrated by a paralytic attack, which deprived her of the

power of speech. She died soon afterwards in my arms, leaving me her sole heir. I searched anxiously among her papers for some reference to the family mystery, but found no clue to guide me. All my mother's letters to her sister at the time of Caroline's illness and death had been destroyed.

More years passed; my mother followed my aunt to the grave; and still I was as far as ever from making any discoveries in relation to Uncle George. Shortly after the period of this last affliction my health gave way, and I departed, by my doctor's advice, to try some baths in the south of France. I travelled slowly to my destination, turning aside from the direct road, and stopping wherever I pleased. One evening, when I was not more than two or three days' journey from the baths to which I was bound, I was struck by the picturesque situation of a little town placed on the brow of a hill at some distance from the main road, and resolved to have a nearer look at the place, with a view to stopping there for the night, if it pleased me. I found the principal inn clean and quiet—ordered my bed there—and after dinner strolled out to look at the church. No thought of Uncle George was in my mind when I entered the building; and yet, at that very moment chance was leading me to the discovery, which, for so many years past, I had vainly endeavoured to make—the discovery which I had given up as hopeless since the day of my mother's death.

I found nothing worth notice in the church, and was about to leave it again, when I caught a glimpse of a pretty view through a side door, and stopped to admire it. The churchyard formed the foreground, and below it the hill-side sloped away gently into the plain, over which the sun was setting in full glory. The *curé* of the church was reading his breviary, walking up and down a gravel-path that parted the rows of graves. In the course of my wanderings I had learnt to speak French as fluently as most Englishmen; and when the priest came near me I said a few words in praise of the view, and complimented him on the neatness and prettiness of the churchyard. He answered with great politeness, and we got into conversation together immediately.

As we strolled along the gravel-walk, my attention was attracted by one of the graves standing apart from the rest. The cross at the head of it differed remarkably, in some points of appearance, from the crosses on the other graves. While all the rest had garlands hung on them, this one cross was quite bare; and, more extraordinary still, no name was inscribed on it. The priest, observing that I stopped to look at the grave, shook his head and sighed.

"A countryman of yours is buried there," he said. "I was present at his death; he had borne the burden of a great sorrow among us, in this town, for many weary years, and his conduct had taught us to respect and pity him with all our hearts."

"How is it that his name is not inscribed over his grave?" I inquired.

"It was suppressed by his own desire," answered the priest, with some little hesitation. "He confessed to me in his last moments that he had lived here under an assumed name. I asked his real name, and he told it to me, with the particulars of his sad story. He had reasons for desiring to be forgotten after his death. Almost the last words he spoke were, 'Let my name die with me.' Almost the last request he made was, that I would keep that name a secret from all the world excepting only one person."

"Some relative, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes—a nephew," said the priest.

The moment the last word was out of his mouth, my heart gave a strange answering bound. I suppose I must have changed colour also, for the *curé* looked at me with sudden attention and interest.

"A nephew," the priest went on, "whom he had loved like his own child. He told me that if this nephew ever traced him to his burial-place, and asked about him, I was

free in that case to disclose all I knew. 'I should like my little Charley to know the truth,' he said. 'In spite of the difference in our ages, Charley and I were playmates years ago.'"

My heart beat faster, and I felt a choking sensation at the throat, the moment I heard the priest unconsciously mention my Christian name in reporting the dying man's last words. As soon as I could steady my voice and feel certain of my self-possession, I communicated my family name to the *curé*, and asked him if that was not part of the secret that he had been requested to preserve.

He started back several steps, and clasped his hands amazedly.

"Can it be!" he said in low tones, gazing at me earnestly, with something like dread in his face. I gave him my passport, and looked away towards the grave. The tears came into my eyes, as the recollections of past days crowded back on me. Hardly knowing what I did, I knelt down by the grave, and smoothed the grass over it with my hand. O Uncle George, why not have told your secret to your old playmate! Why leave him to find you *here*!

The priest raised me gently, and begged me to go with him into his own house. On our way there, I mentioned persons and places that I thought my uncle might have spoken of, in order to satisfy my companion that I was really the person I represented myself to be. By the time we had entered his little parlour, and had sat down alone in it, we were almost like old friends together.

I thought it best that I should begin by telling all that I have related here on the subject of Uncle George, and his disappearance from home. My host listened with a very sad face, and said, when I had done:

"I can understand your anxiety to know all that I am authorised to tell you—but pardon me if I say first that there are circumstances in your uncle's story which it may pain you to hear"—he stopped suddenly.

"Which it may pain me to hear, as a nephew?" I asked.

"No," said the priest, looking away from me;—"as a son."

I gratefully expressed my sense of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted my companion's warning, but I begged him at the same time to keep me no longer in suspense, and to tell me the stern truth, no matter how painfully it might affect me as a listener.

"In telling me all you knew about, what you term, the Family Mystery," said the priest, "you have mentioned as a strange coincidence that your sister's death and your uncle's disappearance took place at the same time. Did you ever suspect what cause it was that occasioned your sister's death?"

"I only knew what my father told me, and what all our friends believed—that she died of a tumour in the neck, or, as I sometimes heard it stated, from the effect on her constitution of a tumour in the neck."

"She died under an operation for the removal of that tumour," said the priest in low tones. "And the operator was your Uncle George."

In those few words all the truth burst upon me.

"Console yourself with the thought that the long martyrdom of his life is over," the priest went on, after allowing me a few moments to control the violent agitation which his disclosure had caused in me. "He rests: he is at peace. He and his little darling understand each other, and are happy now. That thought bore him up to the last, on his death-bed. He always spoke of your sister as his 'little darling.' He firmly believed that she was waiting to forgive and console him in the other world—and who shall say he was deceived in that belief?"

Not I! Not any one who has ever loved and suffered, surely!

"It was out of the depths of his self-sacrificing love for the child that he drew the fatal courage to undertake the operation," continued the priest. "Your father naturally shrank from attempting it. His medical brethren, whom he

consulted, all doubted the propriety of taking any measures for the removal of the tumour, in the particular condition and situation of it, when they were called in. Your uncle alone differed with them. He was too modest a man to say so, but your mother found it out. The deformity of her beautiful child horrified her; she was desperate enough to catch at the faintest hope of remedying it that any one might hold out to her, and she persuaded your uncle to put his opinion to the proof. Her horror at the deformity of the child, and her despair at the prospect of its lasting for life, seem to have utterly blinded her to all natural sense of the danger of the operation. It is hard to know how to say it to you, her son, but it must be told, nevertheless, that, one day, when your father was out, she untruly informed your uncle that his brother had consented to the performance of the operation, and that he had gone purposely out of the house because he had not nerve enough to stay and witness it. After that, your uncle no longer hesitated. He had no fear of results, provided he could be certain of his own courage. All he dreaded was the effect on him of his love for the child, when he first found himself face to face with the dreadful necessity of touching her skin with the knife. It is useless to shock you by going into particulars. Let it be enough if I say, that your uncle's fortitude failed to support him when he wanted it most. His love for the child shook the firm hand which had never trembled before. In a word, the operation failed. Your father returned, and found his child dying. The frenzy of his despair when the truth was told him, carried him to excesses which it shocks me to mention—excesses which began in his degrading his brother by a blow, which ended in his binding himself by an oath to make that brother suffer public punishment for his fatal rashness in a court of law. Your uncle was too heart-broken by what had happened to feel those outrages as some men might have felt them. He looked for one moment at his sister-in-law (I do not like to say your mother, considering what I have now to tell you), to see if she would acknowledge that she had encouraged him to attempt the operation, and that she had deceived him in saying that he had his brother's permission to try it. She was silent; and when she spoke, it was to join her husband in denouncing him as the murderer of their child. Whether fear of your father's anger, or revengeful indignation against your uncle most actuated her, I cannot presume to inquire, especially in your presence. I can only state facts. Meanwhile, your uncle turned to your father, and spoke the last words he was ever to address to his eldest brother in this world. He said: 'I have deserved the worst your anger can inflict on me, but I will spare you the scandal of bringing me to justice in open court. The law, if it found me guilty, could at the worst but banish me from my country and my friends. I will go of my own accord. God is my witness that I honestly believed I could save the child from deformity and suffering. I have risked all, and lost all. My heart and spirit are broken. I am fit for nothing but to go and hide myself and my shame and misery from all eyes that have ever looked on me. I shall never come back, never expect your pity or forgiveness. If you think less harshly of me when I am gone, keep secret what has happened; let no other lips say of me what yours and your wife's have said. I shall think that forbearance atonement enough—atonement greater than I have deserved. Forget me in this world. May we meet in another, where the secrets of all hearts are opened, and where the child who is gone before may make peace between us!' He said those words, and went out. Your father never saw him or heard from him again."

I knew the reason now why my father had never confided the truth to any one, his own family included. My mother had evidently told the worst to her sister, under the seal of secrecy. And there the dreadful disclosure had been arrested.

"Your uncle told me," the priest continued, "that before he left England, he took leave of you by stealth, in a place you were staying at by the seaside. He had not the heart

to quit his country and his friends for ever, without kissing you for the last time. He followed you in the dark, and caught you up in his arms, and left you again before you had a chance of discovering him. The next day he departed from England. He had spent a week here once with a student-friend, at the time when he was a pupil in the Hôtel Dieu. And to this place he returned to hide, to suffer, and to die. We all saw that he was a man crushed and broken by some great sorrow, and we respected him and his affliction. He lived alone, and only came out of doors towards evening, when he used to sit on the brow of the hill yonder, with his head on his hand, looking towards England. That place seemed a favourite with him, and he is buried close by it. He revealed the story of his past life to no living soul here but me; and to me he only spoke when his last hour was approaching. What he had suffered during his long exile no man can presume to say. I, who saw more of him than any one, never heard a word of complaint fall from his lips. He had the courage of the martyrs while he lived, and the resignation of the saints when he died. Just at the last, his mind wandered. He said he saw his little darling waiting by the bedside to lead him away; and he died with a smile on his face—the first I had ever seen there."

The priest ceased, and we went out together in the mournful twilight, and stood for a little while on the brow of the hill where Uncle George used to sit, with his face turned towards England. How my heart ached for him, as I thought of what he must have suffered in the silence and solitude of his long exile! Was it well for me that I had discovered the Family Mystery at last? I have sometimes thought not. I have sometimes wished that the darkness had never been cleared away which once hid from me the fate of Uncle George.



INTRODUCTORY.

WE propose to ourselves, not without diffidence, to be in some sort the historians of the inner world of Home,—that beating heart of the great framework of existence, whose more or less healthiness of action most surely, if not always immediately, influences the head that plans and the hands that execute the great things of life; a wide subject, whether viewed practically or ethically,—whether we regard the dwelling itself, or consider the characters, the habits, the shortcomings, or the excellencies of the in-dwellers. It will be our province to touch upon both, with their underlying philosophy and their subtle connection.

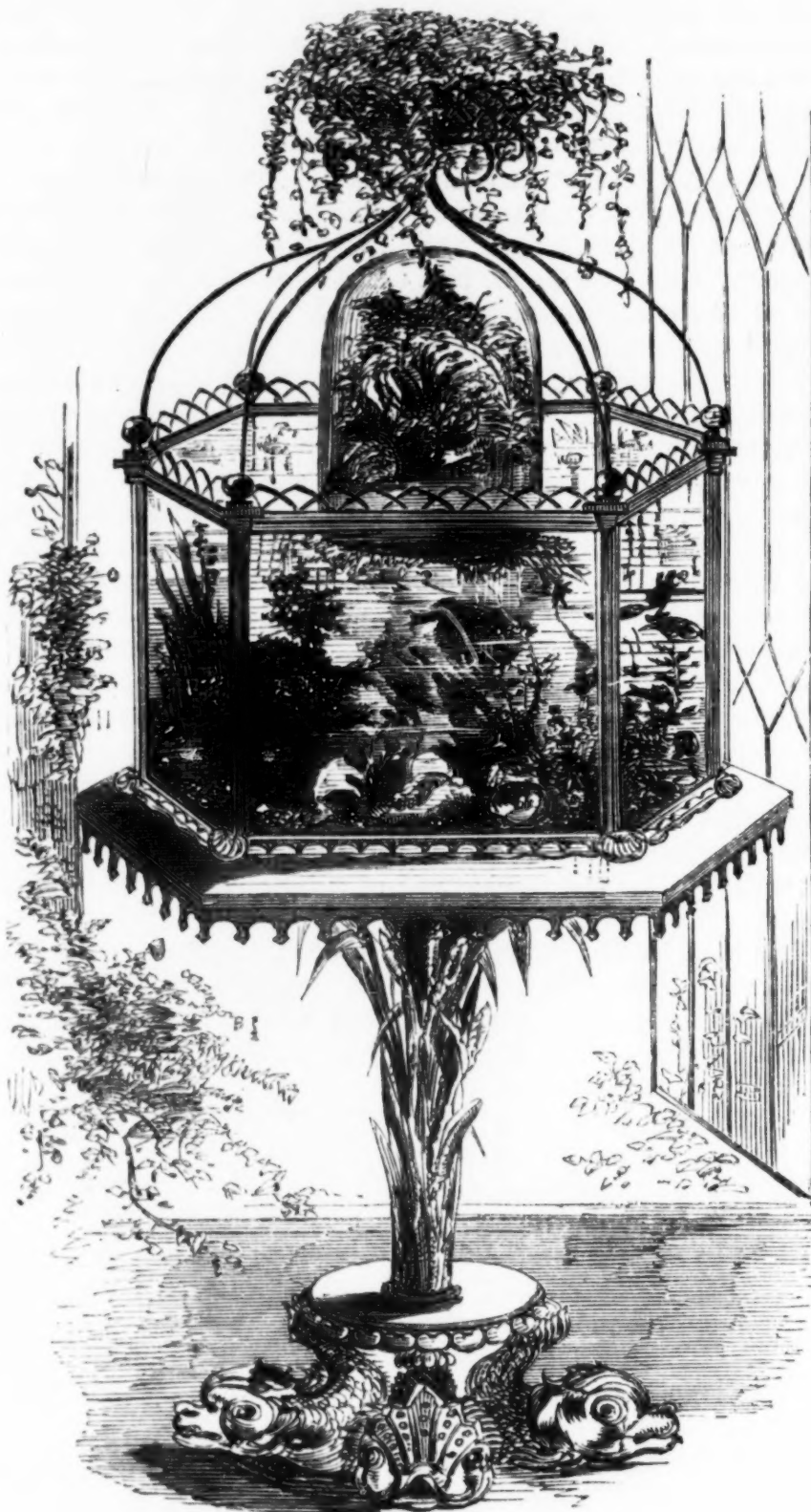
Such a many-sided topic can only be worthily approached by a many-sided experience; and to the end that we may attain this, we cordially invite co-operation from earnest-hearted women in many nooks and corners of our land, who feel deep interest in the question of Home, have thought much, seen much of its trials and triumphs, and who have borne their part in either; but whose influence has perhaps as yet been confessed only by the comparatively limited circle which immediately surrounds them. In their several relations of mother, wife, sister, and daughter, it is women who are regnant over this world we write of; and it is they who can best speak, because they best know, of its physical and moral history. The narrative of its progress, its failings and falterings, its strivings and its aspirations, is one that can only be told by them,—by women collectively, not by a woman. For it is from varieties of experience that we gather instruction, rather than from a repetition of one in-

sulated instance. More is learned from difference than from similarity of temperament and character, both in the way of warning and example; and this, which is so true of personal histories, is equally applicable to the one of which we treat. Thus, it would be of little service to point out one system of Home-management which worked ill, and another that worked well; but it is from setting down the varieties and gradations of good and ill resulting from different "ways"—different internal economies and theories of life—that we hope to deduce widely useful lessons, both practical and moral. And it is to secure this, in the only available manner, that we offer a glad welcome to communications from all those who have a novel fact to impart, or an individual experience to record.*

From more public quarters we shall also seek to gather information and suggestions. "The ministrations of science to the Home," all new inventions, and discoveries tending to increase the comfort, the completeness, or yet more important, the healthfulness of our habitations, will be duly dwelt upon. "Art in the dwelling," on the other hand, will lead us to the consideration of that most comprehensive subject, the uses of the beautiful, the beneficial influence of beauty, both of form and colour, upon common life, and the intangible but inevitable sympathy that exists by nature between the eye and the mind, but which we are only beginning to see the necessity of cultivating and educating. This department we shall endeavour to make rich in instances and illustrations of those things wherein art has already been so worthily busied in decorating and adorning, not only the Home itself, but the appointments of the household. We shall try to bring home to every comprehension the fact, daily making itself more evident, that it could be only a barbarous and ignorant tyranny which, while it made common and useful things cheap, made them also ugly. We do not fear being called unreasonable or quixotic in announcing our persuasion that the fair proportions, the harmonious tints which we see and love in nature, need not necessarily be exiled from the interior even of the poorest homes. A cup of delf may be as finely formed as one of porcelain, a wall may be as cheaply and as serviceably stained with a colour grateful to the eye as with one offensive and revolting to it, and a dress but of cotton or of velvet costs no more if of tasteful and becoming pattern or colour than when it is gaudy, glaring, and most unsuited in all respects to the wearer.

These truths, theoretically insisted on though they have

* All such communications to be addressed (free) to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE Office, 25 Essex Street, Strand, London, and marked on the envelope "The Home." They must be authenticated by the writer's name and address, which, however, will be received in strict confidence.



DESIGN FOR AN AQUARIUM.

been at intervals during many years past, are even yet only partially acknowledged, and to a still more limited extent acted upon by those who acknowledge. In this, as in other cases, example effects more by its units than precept with its thousands. It will be our object to aid in the onward march as much as may be by a copious use of the one means, not forgetting a more sparing recurrence to the other.

These, and many other "Home" subjects, not necessary to recapitulate in this place, will form our stores of material, to increase, no doubt, in scope as well as quantity, as we go on. And in order to bring them all successively before the reader, with as much pleasant variety and as little didactic dullness as possible, we propose by no means to confine ourselves to one arbitrary form of communication between writer and reader, but to avail ourselves of many differing ones: as occasion may require and opportunity serve, the several styles of narrative, essay, epistle, and dialogue may be employed. Books bearing on the question of Home, either directly or indirectly, will be occasionally discussed and quoted. Correspondence, as we have already intimated, will have its own due share of attention. Brief notices will be given of novelties in the construction or manufacture of all articles essential or conducive to household com-

fort. In fine, our aim will be to make this equally a chronicle of Home progress, aims, and duties, Home chit-chat, and Home interests of all kinds; and likewise an impartial meeting-place for thoughtful and earnest opinion on the same points.

In conclusion, shall we try to say what is the goal towards which it is our ambition to progress?

Briefly, then, we would desire to have about this Home something of the atmosphere, fresh, loving, and cheerful, of a Home that is happy in the best sense of the word;—where the mirth is not utterly unmingled with seriousness, nor the "common sense" quite unchastened by gaiety; where, even when inevitable sorrow enters, it is met with sympathy, and sweetened by gentleness and patience; where, when Earnest comes in with a grave face, he is made to smile, perforce, and look pleasant; and where Jest, in deference to the same sway, doffs his cap and bells, and listens to reason.

In such a Home debate never becomes disputatious; but is always gentle when most full of conviction, and each opponent cares more for truth than for individual triumph. Its laws are those of love, mutual forbearance, and mutual assistance; its aspirations are towards truth, goodness, beauty,—the forms several, yet the same, of the one Divine Presence which is among all, and around all, and above all. Such should surely be the characteristics of a worthy HOME.

Can we desire higher or better things for ours?



THE JEALOUS EYE.

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THE JEALOUS EYE.

THIS scene of Mr. Horsley's, like all good pictures of character, tells its story at once. If we add a line or two of comment, it is by no means to explain the artist's design, but rather for the pleasure of telling him how thoroughly we perceive it. We are quite in his secret. We have read off his telegraph. We like to give him back in words the meanings that he has given to us in forms.

In the female figure we see youthful beauty conscious of her power, and willing to take out her full rights in the receipt of admiration. She sits full in the sun; and beside her in the shadow stands the jealous cavalier,—perhaps the suitor to whom some "flinty-hearted" father, for considerations of family or fortune, has assigned her. The sense of property *over* the reluctant damsel, rather than *in* her, is capitally given in the dogged attitude and apprehensive look of the aged lover. He guards her like a sentinel; nor can any nearness of position bring him one whit closer to her fancy. See how it strives, through her downcast shrouded glance, to evade the consciousness of his presence. The half-averted head, the suspended action of the hand, well convey the feeling that the suspicious knight, so far from being the companion of her ordinary moods, is but the interruption to them. Let him but pass from her side, and in her first sense of relief she may even welcome the magnificent lady-killer who advances from the terrace. See with what easy assurance he lounges forward,—the head jauntily thrown back, the hand dallying with his frill! He may have some slight tribute of admiration to offer; but it is evidently a mere nothing compared with that which he expects to receive. His nonchalance is effectively contrasted with the vigilance of the anxious custodian,—ready as the latter is to detect, to resent, to do whatever is dignified and desperate. The costume and the accessories of the picture mark its date,—that of Charles II. The whole tone of the work is that of comedy,—of the comedy which suggests without obtruding a moral. How interest can warp the natural tendencies of life, and how those thwarted tendencies are prone to waste themselves upon emptiness and vanity, may be plainly read in this piquant delineation. As we have said, it depicts the life of a past period. We should be glad to think its lesson was no longer applicable.

THE LONDON OF THE FUTURE.

BY W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

WHAT is nationality? Something belonging to a nation. What is a nation? In the common acceptation of the word, all the people or peoples gathered together under one government, and tolerably content with that government. In this sense England and all her colonies and dependencies form a nation; the United States is a nation; and so is Russia. But there are stronger nationalities than these, not in mere force, but in national instinct. France is one great example, and this island of Great Britain is another. Spain is not properly a nation, but an agglomeration of disunited provinces; and America bids fair to lose her nationality in mere aggregated increase of size.

A nation, in the best sense of the word, means a mass of people of the same race, possessing the same qualities and instincts, and developing faculties and institutions by virtue of the peculiarities of soil and climate on and in which they are born and bred; and to which certain aggregated immigrants assimilate themselves, and others do not, but die off if retained by circumstances in an unnatural state. Thus Englishmen, whoever may have been their ancestors, have a national character, and so, too, have the inhabitants of the northern states of America; yet so distinct, though both from the same stock, that few mistake them, though the Englishman takes up American characteristics, and the American English characteristics, by residing long in each other's

countries. Thus the Greeks of old and of modern times were and are a nation, and so also the Persians and Hindoos. Greeks might grow into Persians by long residence, and *vice versa*; but the soil of Greece could only grow Greeks spontaneously, and assimilate what other blood might be current from the stranger into Greek likeness.

But more than mere soil and climate, more than mere instincts, go to the building up of a really great nation. As enclosures are necessary in agriculture to get good crops by division of the soil, so political divisions are essential to induce wholesome competitive manhood with its many shades of difference. The United States would be far inferior to what they are, were they not divided into states; and it was the rivalry of the states—cities—of elder Greece that brought forth in full lustre the especial qualities of their people, that generated patriotism with all its concomitant good and evil, and amidst much rivalry of an unworthy kind could yet unite the chief municipalities in a national resistance to a foreign despot.

Patriotism is a virtue chiefly of small communities. Where those communities have no intercourse with others, they degenerate into mere instinctive tribes; when they have free and frequent intercourse with others, they may grow morally great, if they possess a natural aptitude for greatness.

It has become a fashion of late to cry down municipalities, and advocate the reference of all things to a central body. It is very true that many of our municipalities are *foci* of evil and absurd practices; but, on the other hand, we have the reverse in some instances. And although it is possible that at the outset we might obtain a great central perfection, its infallible tendency would be to become effete; and it might become a great central nuisance, with no power of remedy, and no example of any other kind to hold up to it. But in the number of municipalities all would not be bad. Pride, ambition, and better qualities would stir the denizens up to be doing; and, as in the example of Manchester, a healthy rivalry would stir others to excel. A system of despotic central farming would be about as natural as a system of central governing for all localities. When we have arrived at that point in socialism that we cut up all our enclosures and throw our farms into common stock, we may begin to centralise in all processes of governing. Meanwhile the field is open for wholesome competition; and it is a high and praiseworthy object of ambition to centre our patriotism in our immediate towns, and hold them forth as examples of excellence in all things appertaining to human progress,—true progress, never satisfied with what it gains so long as the powers and the means of improvement may exist.

We are proud of the name of Englishmen, as embodying certain qualities which all the world agrees to respect. Why should not a section amongst us be proud of the name of Londoners, striving, like the Athenians of old, to embody in their city all that is beautiful in physics and in more than the moral health of old, now that steam has proclaimed the extinction of human slavery, direct and indirect,—now that no women or slaves are needed to grind at the mill? For London is growing fast to be a nation in itself, a nation-city numerically larger than many countries—a nation-city whose race of men is drawn from the best blood of all the earth. Wherever human intellect has arisen and been persecuted, the best of the people, when hopeless of success, have become denizens of London. Look at the names in commerce which proclaim the fact.

Let us understand the truth, that London does not belong to the imperial government any more than Manchester. The imperial government takes up its quarters, has its *habitat* amongst us as a convenient spot wherein to transact its business; but London belongs to its own people, and not to the Parliament. The people of London, did they only possess expounders of their true interests to unite them into a patriotic body, would become an aristocracy in the best sense of the word,—an aristocracy of the international city,

the metropolis of the universe, setting forth an example of laws, customs, habits, morals, health, art, and beauty, that would exercise its influence over the whole earth's surface,—a city that, casting off its plague-spots and deformities, moral and physical, would shame other cities into doing likewise.

Too long have great cities been the haunts of vice—of luxurious sense and squalid poverty; too long the abodes of perennial disease. From the aggregation of men in cities civilisation has arisen, but still an imperfect civilisation. In the pursuit of wealth health has been neglected, cultivation of the poor has been forgotten. We have palaces; but we have also hovels. Having hovels, as a consequence we have the diseases of hovels,—humanity stunted of its full growth, in body and mind. This is not a necessity, but a result of wilfulness and neglect.

Fairer site for city never existed than this of our London. Margins of hills and rising grounds, with a magnificent river rolling through them; Middlesex on the one side, Surrey on the other; and around the river-bottom belts of meadow land, once gardens and orchards and pastures, as the fragmentary remnants still show, but now desecrated with thousands of unwholesome dwellings, where water rises within a foot of the surface. The true sites of southern London are the rising slopes of the Surrey hills; and no city could well be imagined more beautiful than a north and south London, with the clear bright river, and orchards, gardens, and meadows between, nourished by the organic detritus that now pollutes the stream. The time will come, when the denizens of London fitly govern themselves, that owners of land will not be permitted to do as they will with their own, by erecting inefficient buildings on unwholesome soil, to produce a deterioration of humanity; and when we better understand the possibilities of transit, and all people shall understand the conditions of health, the unwholesome dwellings on the low ground will be abandoned for better erections on the higher sites. The thoughts of the philosopher will become the text-books of the legislator when London shall possess a legislature of its own; prescriptions will exist conformable to reason; and the standard of humanity being prohibited from sinking below the condition of the climate and soil, and with all the aids of art to boot, we may hope to rear up a race of men with unmistakable attributes, God's images upon earth, of whom it shall be said as they pass, "There goes a Londoner," as of old the Greeks said, "There goes a Spartan or an Athenian:" a race of men upon whose type others shall mould themselves. To be a citizen of London then, when London ceases to be hedged in by a narrow ancient boundary, will be a prouder boast than that of ancient Rome. It is our national boast that the sun never sets on our bounds, and beholds no slave therein. Let it be our London boast that within our boundary there exists no dwelling in which the highest and richest might not exist in comfort, and no human being who could degrade the proudest dwelling by his presence therein. It is the boast of England that she has quelled all human foes by the valour of her sons; let it be our London boast that we have chased disease and premature death beyond our boundaries, and that the standard of human life has grown with us to its highest pitch; that, leaving to others the improvement of the races of the lower animals, we have devoted ourselves to show what humanity may become in its highest phase; that those privileged to be born and bred in improved London can preserve and transmit health of body and mind of a more vigorous kind—a health more full of life—than the vaunted country races who it has been held supply the waste of life which in indigenous Londoners at present is said not to exceed three generations.

Narrow streets, ignorant dealing with detritus, insufficient light, imperfect ventilation, dirty dwellings, smoky atmosphere, impure foods, and stimulants to quicken jaded life, are all artificial causes of disease, and all within the scope of human remedy. Naturally, supposing the marshes removed—the marshes which disgrace us in our boundaries

—there is no healthier climate existing; and London may become in time one long city, crowning the rising grounds on either side the Thames valley, from Richmond to the sea, with the meadows for a garden and pleasure.

Not in our time! No, perhaps not; but at least we may sow the seeds in our time, and our born children may reap the fruit. And, after all, our enjoyment may be as great, though of a different kind. The magnitude of a grand exploit has a chivalrous beauty of aspect in it which the achievement does not always excel. The thought of heroism gives also heroic pleasure. And we stand on a magnificent vantage-ground to contemplate the "to come." All nations are our tributaries. They toil and spin, and grow corn and rear beasts and catch game; and the spoils of art and nature and industry come to London. Food and clothing are provided for us in return for the use of our capital and our brains. Let us use these brains fairly, understanding that there are uses for our wealth higher than mere luxury and ostentation, and we shall at no distant period reform all that is faulty in clothing, food, fuel, and shelter. Within the reach of art are many things desirable, easily to be procured, but not yet accomplished. We have our river and our atmosphere to purify, and our transit to improve. But we are thwarted at every step; we are at the mercy of irresponsible people in the government, and other irresponsible people in what is called the City, who squabble together in the imperial parliament, ignoring altogether the fact that London of right belongs to Londoners, just as much as Manchester belongs to her own citizens.

Some half-dozen people, drinking tea together, once determined that we ought to have free trade; and they then and there, in Manchester, organised a league, which grew into such proportions, that soon the whole empire recognised the truth of their doctrines. Are there six good men and true to be found in London, who would meet together to expound the telling truth, that London should be governed by Londoners in all matters not concerning imperial government, and that London shall be considered as a city of growth, taking in its suburbs as fast as they join it? That London shall be governed by a legislative parliament of its own, elected by the suffrages of all qualified citizens who have attained the age of thirty years, an age at which few people do wild things, and few are become bigoted? That this parliament shall make its own laws, appoint its own police, determine its own municipal regulations, collect its own taxes for its own public purposes, make its own building-act, settle the question of its own sewers and paving, and the railroad and other roads and streets in its domain? Surely a league and an agitation might be brought to bear to win the local management of London wholly from the imperial parliament, leaving to the parliament only its own imperial business and precincts and public offices. The imperial parliament has quite enough to do without interfering with municipal business, and a city parliament would certainly not make worse mishaps with the bridges than government officers have done. There is no reason why the provinces should be taxed for the embellishment of the capital city, and such a course would produce the effect of preventing emulation. If a city parliament were established, one of the most useful things it could do would be to call for reports from all able men as to systematic plans, embracing every thing connected with laying out streets, building, draining, paving, open spaces, gardens, public edifices, covered spaces, planting, river-management, water supplies, supply and quality of food, baths, gymnastics, and sites for educational purposes. There is existing knowledge enough on all these subjects—knowledge which only needs collecting. The result would be the first blue-book of the parliament of the international city; and a very valuable one it would be, forming a basis for municipal laws of national character, and of probable imitation by many other cities. The heart leaps at the human possibilities embodied in these matters; and earnestly is it to be wished that the six men may be found with hearts to conceive and heads to

contrive and hands to execute the inaugurating act that shall win London entirely and for ever as an arena for international regeneration.

Food, clothing, fuel, shelter, warmth, light, exercise, pure air, material beauty of form and colour, avoidance of mere drudgery, and a wholesome amount of leisure and recreation,—give us these, and the artificial will grow out of the natural in books, painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, and all the sciences and elegances of life. As yet we possess these things as samples only, for the masses to look up to in the possession of the few. Palaces have we for the few—for the wealthy—but for the many we simply mock them by a glimpse of a Palace of Crystal to gaze on, but not to inhabit. Yet, if we went rightly about it, we might cover acres of land with better shelter than the Crystal Palace at small cost; winter-gardens for the multitude, wherein they might learn gentleness and elegance away from the loathsome dens to which rough weather now condemns them. We cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles; and if we condemn men to abodes fit only for vermin, we must expect that they will become imbued with some of the attributes of vermin, and be governed by the love of prey.

And so we wait for the men who shall begin the movement of "London for the Londoners"—meaning by Londoners all they who dwell therein, come they from whence they may. London for the Londoners, and not for a mere section of Londoners; neither as a mere *appanage* of the imperial government with the title of the capital. Not an empire city, but emphatically the international city, the normal school and type for all the cities of the universe, showing how Nature, working through Art, may best be made to subserve the processes of man's progress in the rising scale of humanity.

At a future time I will endeavour to indicate the specific paths in which progress may be made as connected with the arts of life.

A VALLEY IN THE PYRENEES.

WELL, I am sure we have had enough of the diligence for one day! From Biarritz to Bayonne, from Bayonne to Oleron, and from Oleron to Bédous. We have made good progress, and are in the heart of the mountains, and on the high-road to Spain. Look at those Spaniards, stretched out on the sweet new hay that is piled up on the road. They are mountaineers, and have just come in with twenty or thirty mules in light trappings carrying wine. And those peasant-women, with the enormous bundles on their heads. They are carrying the hay; it is tied up in great coarse homespun sheets, and they have brought it thus on their heads any number of miles. They add the contents of their sheets to the heap on which the Spaniards are sitting; while other women carry it by armfuls into the lower part of the opposite house, half of which serves as a stable, and the other half as a barn, the family living in the upper rooms.

One glance shows us this as the diligence stops at the dirty inn with the ambitious title of Hôtel de France. We are received by Madame Bonza, the hostess,—the two demoiselles Bonza modestly shrinking behind their mother, whose large form is a sufficient screen even for their ample development,—and M. Bonza, madame's son, who comes forward with many bows to welcome us to the Vallée d'Aspe. Did you ever see such a family? M. Bonza—fils—is about as high as your walking-stick, and as round as an apple. His mother falls considerably short of his height, but so far exceeds him in bulk, that, unattractive as she is, you are in a manner fascinated by her, and cannot help calculating the number of yards required in any girdle to encompass her, and in any dress to cover her. The daughters have not yet got beyond the stage "enormously fat," and therefore, by the side of their mother, attract little attention.

The Hôtel de France is decidedly not attractive; very dirty, with bare floors unwashed (that is a matter of course), but also unswept, unpolished, and thick with dirt and dust; food insufficient in quantity, indifferent as to quality, and very dear. And then the beds! Of course one becomes resigned to fleas in the south of France and the close vicinity of Spain; they are a necessary and inevitable evil, which no one thinks of grumbling about much—after the first. But there are other unnamable, nauseous vermin, from which English hearts revolt, and it is, you will agree, impossible to stay another night at the Hôtel de France; better look about us a little, and try to find lodgings in the village.

It is not very easy to look; for a dull heavy mist hangs like a fog just over our heads, and until the sun is high we shall see nothing. We are, however, as you know, in the Vallée d'Aspe, one of those numerous valleys of the Pyrenees which lie at right angles to the great dorsal ridge, and descend on the French side into the plain in a series of basins and gorges all more or less beautiful. The average length of these valleys is thirty-six miles, the actual length of the Vallée d'Aspe about twenty-six. The stream or "gave," as all the mountain-torrents are called, which flows through it takes its rise in the lofty Pic d'Aspe, and is therefore named the Gave d'Aspe; while the vallée again, taking its name from the "gave," is called the Vallée d'Aspe.

Bédous is the first village in the "véritable vallon," the largest basin of the valley, from the entrance to which it is distant about eight miles. On all sides this "véritable vallon," of which the Aspois—inhabitants of Aspe—are so proud, is surrounded by lofty hills; and beyond them, to the east, west, and south, appear the snow-covered mountains. The bottom of the basin is a level plain some six miles in length and three or four in breadth, and is mapped out in fields of highly-cultivated and very fertile land. Seven villages dot this plain, through the centre of which flows the "gave;" and on the right bank, and at some little distance from the noisy rushing stream, is the good straight French road, with the never-failing poplars on each side of it, leading on towards the fort of Urdos and the Spanish frontier.

We proceed to look for "country lodgings" in the Pyrenees. Any one and every one is willing to let rooms, on the principle universally recognised in this part of the French dominions,—get as much and give as little as you can. But there is nothing but dirt and vermin, noisy inquisitive men and women, and half the parish at our heels wherever we go. It will never do; besides the mist does not rise, and the place is emphatically "stuffy." We wander along a road that leads to the "gave," pass the fine wooden bridge that crosses it, and soon find ourselves in sight of another village, which proves to be Osse. In this village there is a small Protestant community—from three to four hundred men, women, and children—who have kept their faith since the Reformation in France, and now live in peace with more than the same number of Roman Catholics. M. Gerber, the worthy Protestant pastor, and madame his wife, are very glad to see any strangers, more especially English; and there is no fear of intrusion if we pay them a visit even without a letter of introduction.

The house of the pastor is no whit better than that of his flock. Yes it is, for there is no stable on the ground-floor; apparently, therefore, M. Gerber keeps neither a pig, nor a mule, nor a donkey, nor fowls. We enter, mount the stairs before us, and stand at the door of the sitting-room—a rough unpainted door, of which an "Entrez" from within bids us lift the latch—and we find ourselves in a low dark room, with bare wooden walls innocent alike of paint, paper, carpet, and plaster (ceilings also are unknown in the vallée, with one or two exceptions); and overhead there are the rough rafters that support the flooring of the room above you. M. Gerber, Madame, Mademoiselle Lydie, and the little Rachel are there, and give you such a warm greeting, and are so full of interest in you and anxiety to serve you, that the bare little room, with its coarse chairs and tables, seems to have changed into a snug and comfortable home. And then

M. Gerber, glowing with pride and emotion, leads you to the window, which opens on a small wooden balcony, and stretching out his arm, says, "This we have to compensate for all that we want within." And as you look over the beautiful valley, flourishing as a garden, and on to the grassy slopes and the grand outline of the mountains beyond, you feel that it is a compensation. Afterwards M. Gerber points out the lane by the side of his garden: there in the dead of winter-nights you may hear the wolves howling as they hurry by; and little Rachel warns "papa," that when he gets up so early to study, and goes out to the cave for wood, the wolves will eat him. Now the possibility of some great catastrophe happening to any of us—supposing it not to be too imminent—is mostly received with a kind of satisfaction, and the pastor turns to his little daughter with a look that says, "I have courage to face a greater danger than that, my child."

What a picture he is, this worthy pastor! a man so short, that you would measure him by inches and not by feet; not fat, but square-looking, like a robust child. He wears sabots,—they keep the feet so warm, he tells you,—and a long coat that reaches his heels and is buttoned up to the throat, above which a very yellow—originally white—cambric neckerchief makes its appearance. Then on his head a gray felt-hat, broad-brimmed, and tied under the chin with strings of narrow ribbon. You cannot help thinking of the child as you see him, and watch the blue eyes, eager intelligent look, and slight quiver of the upper lip, as he tells you marvellous tales of the valley and its inhabitants.

Good M. Gerber, we certainly hope to meet you again; but if it is possible, (as madame has been telling us, all the while you were explaining how Julius Cæsar and his lieutenant P. Crassus burned their way through the valley, then a forest, to make their way into Spain,)—if, as she says, we may find habitable rooms at the Maison Tourré in this same village, we had better go at once to seek them. M. Tourré's house stands alone, neither in one of the irregular streets nor out of it, and is close to a brawling streamlet that rushes down impetuously to join the "gave."

We find Michelle, the only child, at home; she is a lame girl, not strong enough for field-work, and has a small fair face that would be pretty were it not rather pinched and sharp-looking. She informs us that "papa" is a mule-dealer, and that he has gone to a fair at Zacca—in Spain—with his mules; "maman" is at work in the fields, and will not be home until quite dark, for they are very busy. The spring has been so wet, that they have only just got in the hay, and the ground has to be ploughed and manured for the maize and haricot beans: these are planted together, three grains of maize and two haricots in every hole; and from this time, early in July, until they are gathered in the beginning of October, will receive constant care.

Michelle shows us the house; it belonged formerly to M. le curé, but was taken from him during the first revolution. On the right as you enter is the kitchen,—dirty enough, you may be sure,—a small fire of box-wood burning on the hearth, and the onion-soup simmering in an earthen pot; the cat very intently watching the fire and the soup, and a hen and her chickens at roost in the corner.

That door on the left as you enter is the door of the *salle à manger*. Michelle is proud of it, and tells you that no doubt M. le curé preferred it so, and liked his stable under the bedrooms at the back; and theirs is the only house in the village which has a kitchen and *salle à manger* on that floor. The two best bedrooms above are large and airy, with a recess in each, in which the bed stands; and one has actually a whitewashed ceiling and paper on the walls. How is this, Michelle? surely messieurs les curés did not do this? No; it was "mon oncle," the brother of "maman." He is "médecin,"—one of our family has always been the doctor of the valley; and "mon oncle," as he had been educated in Paris, would not marry a "paysanne," but took a charming lady from a great town; and as she did not find herself comfortable at Osse, so "mon oncle," after he had in vain orna-

mented this room, took a house at Bédous, which "ma tante" finds more gay; and "maman" came to live here.

Michelle is leaning against the wall to rest her lame foot, the toes of which only just reach the ground. She has neither shoes nor stockings, and her stuff gown is old and very dirty; so is the cotton handkerchief which, in Béarnais fashion, is wound round her head.

She sighs, and goes on to say how "mon oncle" had no boys, and so it was for her brother to go to Paris and be educated to succeed him; and how he went, and worked so hard there because he would not return until he was "médecin," and yet he longed very much to see the "vallée," and his father and mother and Michelle. And then he had a long illness in Paris, and set out for home, travelling very slowly, and ten days after he had reached home he died. "We have had a sad loss in him!" is all that Michelle says; and afterwards, when you see M. and Madame Tourré, they will tell you the mournful tale, always ending with the same words, "a sad loss, a sad loss to us." The rooms at the back are occupied by Michelle and her mother; through them you pass to the wooden balcony, and down steps to the garden beneath. In making arrangements with Michelle for our stay, we shall find that there is no fear of her losing sight of the interest of the family; and "maman" and "papa" may leave her at home with the certainty that if any thing is to be got out of any body Michelle will get it.

As we sit in the kitchen talking a Spanish girl enters; she has walked over the mountains from Campfranc. M. Tourré, in passing, told her how busy madame was with the maize; so, as they are friends, she has come over to help for a few days. She is only sixteen, though she looks much older; tall and straight, with bare feet and legs; her long black hair hanging down her back in two plaits, and large gold earrings in her small prettily-shaped ears. She rests an hour or two, has a plate of soup, which she eats on her knee, and then walks briskly off to the fields to meet madame, who will be returning.

Now it is not to be expected that strangers, above all, foreigners, can take up their abode in the village without exciting a considerable degree of curiosity. We are decidedly the lions of the place; and as such, the children come to see us feed, climbing the lime-trees that grow in front of the house,—a commanding position both for upper and lower rooms,—and standing thickly along the low wall between us and the road.

The appearance of plates and dishes is hailed with a shout, and loud and noisy are the exclamations when we begin to eat. The sympathies of Michelle are entirely enlisted on the side of the rising generation, and an appeal to her is useless; "they are the children of the neighbours, and must amuse themselves somewhere." We rise and close the outer shutters, and are greeted by the children with a howl of indignation. After a long whispered consultation, one boy bolder than the rest seizes the shutters, and throws them wide open again, to the great satisfaction of his companions. From first to last the children take the liveliest interest in our doings, and will follow and watch us for hours that they may return and tell the neighbours every thing they have seen. The interest excited is not always, unfortunately, favourable to strangers, and reminds one of *Punch's* dialogue in the mining districts: "Who's 'im, Bill?" "A stranger." "Eave 'arf a brick at 'im!" for three or four children will race down a hill-side to the road for the chance of pelting you with stones.

The grown people are inquisitive to a degree that is at first very amusing; but after the first week one begins to think it troublesome. They will not only stop you in the streets and lanes and on the high-road, but a man or woman working on the opposite side of a field near which you may be passing, or on the top of a hill, will shout for you to stop, and come hurrying to ask you who you are, and where you are lodging; how many rooms you have, and what you pay for them; whose horse you are riding, and what it costs you; and wouldn't you like a nice strong donkey, which

the person in question would let you have for the same price. The questioner always doubts the truth of the answers given, and cross-examines you with the greatest cunning.

Our first visit the next morning will naturally be to the churches, Catholic and Protestant, of Osse. We enter the Catholic, and are conducted to the sacristy. A young monk with much bustle opens drawers and wardrobes; and M. le curé arrays himself, one after the other, in the dresses appointed for the different festivals of the Church, explaining how and when and why they are to be worn, and the symbolic meaning of the different parts; pointing with pride to the beauty of the material and the richness of the embroidery in gold and silver, interspersed with numerous questions about the English Church, chiefly as to the dress of the ministers and the manner of performing the different ceremonies. At every point of resemblance to those in his own Church he turns triumphantly to the young monk: "I told you so; we are all brothers. We are brothers," he continues to us. "Formerly we used to worship together in this church; we had two services in the day, and the Protestants had two; and our mass was no sooner ended than their psalms began." This was actually the case for more than a hundred years, as persecutions and excesses committed by either party have always originated from without, never from the inhabitants of Osse themselves. They would have lived, as they tell you, like brothers. "We know no difference of Catholic and Protestant," they say: "when my neighbour wants help in his fields, or with the flax, I help him. We each worship God in our own way; but we can be good neighbours and good friends all the same."

It is difficult to imagine greater harmony than that which exists between all the members of this community, and yet they are most entirely distinct one from the other.

Conversion, changes of religion, are almost unknown among them. The Protestant families have been Protestant for long generations, through all the persecutions, dangers, and difficulties they have encountered; and the bones of their forefathers, which rest under the same roof that shelters these more favoured descendants, are a proof of their steadfast faith. For whilst the Protestant religion was forbidden by the state these men had no church, no pastor, no burying-place even; and as they dared not assemble to worship together, each head of a family taught and prayed with his own children in the large common room, which, as we have said, serves as stable and storehouse. In this same place too, when he died, his grave was dug; and the children who had knelt round him as he prayed for them now knelt over this grave, which was not only his, but that of many who had preceded him; and which they knew would be their own.

M. Gerber will tell us, that among the alterations which were to change the stable of his house to a study and a small kitchen was the putting down of a boarded floor. Some of the old earth-floor was removed for this purpose; and very close to the surface they found the skeleton of one of the early Protestants who had been buried there.

M. Gerber would keep us for hours to tell of their endurance and faith, and would speak in the most glowing terms of their noble republican virtues; for all these valleys of the Pyrenees were republics, and governed themselves wisely and well. But let us go with M. Gerber to the "temple," as they call their church, a simple square building without ornament of any kind. Facing us as we enter is the pulpit, just a plain wooden box against the wall; in front of it a small circular space is enclosed with rails, and there the elders of the church sit. There are, as you see, neither pews nor benches, but chairs, each with a name or initials painted on it. A space up the middle divides the chairs on the right from those on the left; on the right sit the men and boys, and on the left the women. When the Sacrament is administered, all the men receive it first, and after them their wives and daughters. You would imagine that to be a low bench all round the walls of the temple; but

it is in reality the remains of the ancient "temple," the first erected by the Protestants, and which was destroyed during the dragonnades by the intervention of a Catholic curé of Oleron.

The "dragons" galloped through the valley to Osse, putting to the sword men, women, and children whom they could ascertain to be Huguenots, and demolishing the temple. But they left about two feet of the walls standing; and a hundred and thirty years later, and some forty years ago, the Protestants rebuilt their temple on the same foundation with the ruins and material, which had never been touched; and as the new walls are not one half the thickness of the old ones, that which remains of the latter forms a bench, looked at and spoken of with veneration by the small band of worshippers.

M. Gerber tells us that twice the roof has fallen in: it was built of pine, which abounds in the district, to save expense; but this wood is generally so much eaten by the worm that the use of it is not without danger. So, after two very narrow escapes of the congregation, they have put up oak rafters.

With what pride these villagers look at their temple! and well they may; for here are no wealthy people to build and endow and beautify, but a simple peasantry, the richest of whom have no wealth, at the same time that the poorest never know want. "We help each other," they say, "as the 'bon Dieu' helps us all."

The National Magazine.

HOW TO SEE PICTURES.

WHAT is meant by the phrase, "A sound taste in matters of art?" How may the faculty so designated be acquired? The solution of these questions might well occupy volumes, and our space is meted out by lines. We disclaim, then, the attempt to compress the inquiry into a nutshell, and only offer hints which may be useful for guidance.

We assume it to be a self-evident truth that every man of healthy constitution, physical and mental, possesses a capacity for studying and enjoying works of art. What, then, if any, are the natural, what the artificial impediments which obstruct his perception and enjoyment when he first confronts art, even in its best and simplest works?

There is a little instrument called the pseudoscope, which, by a peculiar arrangement of lenses, so alters the aspect of any object viewed through it, that the convex appears concave and *vice versa*. Yet the instrument has this further peculiarity, that its ordinary effect fails when you first look through it; the cup into which you are peering still seems concave, and so it will do until you have persevered for a few moments. Then by a flash of light, as though you had grown wiser under a miracle, you see the object convex, the hollow of the cup bulging outwards. It has been necessary for the eye to accustom itself to the instrument before it can perceive the peculiar effect to be produced. After that is accomplished the sight is entirely deceived, and it requires a strong effort of reasoning to persuade yourself that the spherical object before you is in fact a hollow cup.

An effect very similar is produced on first entering a panorama. You find yourself surrounded by a wall of an opaque surface at no great distance from you. When you have been in the place a few moments,—when your eyesight has become subdued to the character of the light,—when you have looked for the buildings, the mountains, the receding plains, the distant clouds,—you find them gradually expanding before you; and the same picture that a few seconds earlier was nothing but a dim opaque, hanging almost within reach of the hand, is now a scene of boundless expanse, filled with light and animation. Two changes appear to

have taken place in the spectator. In the first place, the eye, which naturally converged upon the close object, has altered its focus to look for the more distant and scattered objects; and then it perceives the painting, which has been constructed to meet the sight under that action of the eye. The mind has at the same time undergone a corresponding change. It has forgotten the object which was thrust upon it at the first encounter, and is now roving over the wide and varied scene, discovering objects which were in the artist's mind, and which he has placed there in characters intended to fit the eyesight when duly enlarged.

The change which takes place in the eye of the spectator on first looking through the pseudoscope, the change both in eye and mind during the first few moments of becoming accustomed to a panorama, are exactly analogous to the change which takes place in the perception of a man in the interval after he has made some acquaintance with objects of art, and before he has become familiarised with any new school. It is scarcely possible for the visitor unfamiliar with art, on entering a gallery of painting, of sculpture, or of architecture, to perceive at the first encounter more than something which is strange—something which impresses him as outlandish, strained, unnatural, because in real life he never sees objects separate from the many circumstances of daily use, or from incidents which appeal to other senses besides sight. Action without sound perplexes the beholder unconsciously to himself. He cannot at first reconcile the repose to the commotion, and a feeling of the unnatural takes possession of his mind even when he has endeavoured to school himself into perceiving nature and beauty. With many, especially those who have not had the advantages of education, other difficulties present themselves on the first visit to a gallery of art. In all our experience of the actions and emotions of life we have become accustomed to see persons in one particular style of dress, one arrangement of the hair, and so forth. Action and expression, when clothed in that fashion, become familiar to us; but when we see men in coats or wigs unfamiliar, or without any coats at all, there is not the same ready translation of the action or the countenance. A story has more than once been told of persons escaping in the disguise of simple nakedness; the man who has been seen always in clothing having so different an aspect when he is entirely stripped.

The difficulty presented by the diversity of costume is increased by a diversity of nationality. For example, the English visitor of a picture-gallery, who has been taught that Raphael is the finest of all painters, and who is anxious to find that his own sense of what is admirable is up to the average, feels a natural disappointment when he cannot perfectly reconcile himself to the naturalness or the grace of Raphael. He has been accustomed to associate grace with a certain lightness of figure; and here he sees massive forms, features the reverse of sharp, and a certain weight throughout the whole grouping,—characteristics of the Florentine school, and generally of the central Italian race. It is impossible not to perceive the animation, the distinct expression, for example, in the Europeans and the negroes in one of Biard's slave-ships. The English spectator is sufficiently familiar with the negro countenance and complexion to make allowance for the grotesque in that form; but he does not perfectly perceive the necessity for a certain sallow tone which he discerns in the skin of all the Europeans, and which extends itself even to the inanimate objects and to the atmosphere. It is part and parcel of the same national characteristic which makes the Frenchman sallow, and which inclines him to paint every thing of his own colour; just as John Bull is also disposed, in the eyes of foreign countries, to impart to all objects he paints something of the colour of an English girl's complexion, or of similar combinations of red and white.

Personal feeling increases the number of these specialities. Every artist views objects according to his own genius. Titian, a nobleman fond of magnificence of colour, living under a bright sun, becomes the master of colouring

in picture. Michael Angelo, a robust wiry man of violent temper, places his figures, even when they should be in repose, in positions implying strong action, or the capacity for strong action. Caravaggio, a headlong ruffian, paints pictures with little sentiment, but animated with brilliant lights and dark shadows. Fra Angelico can scarcely reach any expression but that of unalloyed dulcet piety. Hogarth, the satirist, brings out the grotesque of a character, and by the help of character can mould the features and limbs of all his persons; although he is incapable of drawing a beautiful or a correct figure when he attempts to do so apart from the purposes of satirical painting. Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose ambition haunted the drawing-room, perfectly succeeds in painting men and women in their drawing-room aspect. It is so through the whole catalogue of painters in all countries; and any man must have seen the works of several painters before he can in any degree account for the influence of personal style upon the ultimate appearance of the work.

In the present day a further difficulty impedes the development of even the strongest natural taste; and consists in a certain artificial ignorance that is thrown upon us by the state of society. Generally speaking, the world is so quiet that we witness few of the scenes which art most delights to paint. Our passions are subdued; and until we inquire somewhat further into the real working of the natural emotions, we inevitably imagine that there is something overstrained and exaggerated in their most natural delineations. Yet there are few who cannot soon free themselves from such restraints of habit. It is much quicker work to learn a familiarity with nature than with the artificial manners and customs of a strange country. When Solomon was told to judge between the real flowers and the artificial, he contrived that a bee should be let into the room, and the wise man was content to let his judgment follow the instinct of the little insect. We too have our instincts by which, if we do them justice, we may discriminate between natural passions and artificial manners. It is some evidence of this unextinguished instinct, that the very greatest of all actors, and those who are most popular with the largest number, are also those who give us in their strongest and least adulterated form just the natural passions that sway the least artificial of our race. At the present day, in spite of declining powers, in spite of addressing the public through a foreign tongue, there is no artist more esteemed, as there is none more natural, than Grisi. The same rule holds good with Ristori, with Rachel, with all great actors who are followed by multitudes.

Perhaps the greatest of all obstacles to the natural development of taste, is a certain timidity of judgment which besets us all on entering any new region of experience. It is not only that we find the elements of a correct judgment to be wanting, but that we suppose ourselves to be called upon to deliver a judgment offhand, when, in fact, in most cases there is no such necessity. In art particularly we need receive no oracular dogma, and we need not be in a hurry to form one for ourselves. The man who desires to begin forming for himself a correct taste may lay down this fundamental maxim, that in art all rules which are of any validity, whether for the artist or spectator, are resolvable into matters of fact. Painting, sculpture, or architecture, is not to be estimated on the Dr. Fell principle, that it is liked or disliked you cannot tell why. There is not an action of the face or the frame which is beautiful, expressive, or powerful, that cannot be explained on the strictest principles of anatomy and physiology. If an expression in a certain situation is beautiful or striking, it is because in that situation a well-shaped countenance or frame would arrange itself in such forms and would assume such colours. If you find that painters have through a long series of years been admired for the grace or the expression of their works, you will on inquiry find out the hard matter-of-fact reasons why, which are to be tested by the matter-of-fact sciences—anatomy, physiology, mathematics, optics, perspective,



DIANA AND ENDYMION. BASSO RELIEVO, BY E. DAVIS.

the science of colour. Some of these sciences can be tested in their application by photography; but all questions about the technicalities of art, all questions about the physical means through which art works out its spiritual ends, can be reduced to *fact*; and the student who will be patient, who will not be hurried, and who will wait to consider what facts prove, will soon teach himself to observe and to enjoy.

But a habit of observation and of conscious enjoyment in art has important effects on the student's mind in other matters. It develops insight into evidences of character, gives him new and matter-of-fact standards by which to judge of healthiness in form, and even healthiness in mind. It increases the perception of nature, and enlarges for him the language of expression,—that unspoken tongue in which man holds so much intercourse with his kind. A living poet once pointed to the different conditions of the animals and of men during an eclipse of the sun: the human beings were all intent upon the phenomenon with uplifted countenances; the beasts were prone, intent only on the mouthful of the moment. To man it is given to share a consciousness of the creation beyond the narrow range of his own immediate wants and their satisfaction; and as a child is suffered to hold the driver's reins, man is allowed to enlarge and direct the working of the natural laws on his own little spot of earth. But science could never have conquered its domain if uninspired by the joyful pride arising from a conscious insight into the powers and beauties of the creation; and it is art which directly brings the simplest nature and the highest culture into complete union. For the function of art is higher than that claimed for it by the Committees of Taste, or other police authorities of Parnassus.



A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MRS. ROCHDALE stood a good while talking at the school-gate this morning—Mrs. Rochdale, my mistress once, my friend now. My cousin, the village schoolmistress, was bemoaning over her lad George, now fighting in the Crimea, saying, poor body, "that no one could understand her feelings but a mother—a mother with an only son."

Mrs. Rochdale smiled—that peculiar smile of one who has bought peace through the "constant anguish of patience"—a look which I can still trace in her face at times, and which I suppose will never wholly vanish thence. We changed the conversation, and she shortly afterwards departed.

—A mother with an only son. All the neighbourhood knew the story of our Mrs. Rochdale and *her* son. But it had long ceased to be discussed, at least openly; though still it was told under the seal of confidence to every new-comer in our village. And still every summer I used to see any strangers who occupied my cousin's lodgings staring with all their eyes when the manor-house carriage passed by, or peeping from over the blinds to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Rochdale.

No wonder. She is, both to look at and to know, a woman among a thousand.

It can do no possible harm—it may do good—if I here write down her history.

First let me describe her, who even yet seems to me the fairest woman I ever knew. And why should not a woman be fair at sixty? Because the beauty that lasts till then,—and it can last, for I have seen it,—must be of the noblest and most satisfying kind, wholly independent of form or colouring;—a beauty such as a young woman can by no art attain, but which, once attained, no woman need ever fear

to lose, till the coffin-lid, closing over its last and loveliest smile, makes of it "a joy for ever."

Mrs. Rochdale was tall—too tall in youth; but your well-statured women have decidedly the advantage after forty. Her features, more soft than strong-looking—softer still under the smooth-banded gray hair—might have been good: I am no artist: I do not know. But it was not that; it was the intangible nameless grace which surrounded her as with an atmosphere, making her presence in a room like light, and her absence like its loss; her soft but stately courtesy of mien, in word and motion alike harmonious. Silent, her gentle ease of manner made every one else at ease. Speaking, though she was by no means a great talker, she always seemed instinctively to say just the right thing, to the right person, at the right moment, in the right way. She stood out distinct from all your "charming creatures," "most lady-like persons," "very talented women," as that rarest species of the whole race—a gentlewoman.

At twenty-three she became Mr. Rochdale's wife; at twenty-five his widow. From that time her whole life was devoted to the son who, at a twelvemonth old, was already Lemuel Rochdale, Esquire, lord of the manor of Thorpe and Stretton-Magna, owner of one of the largest estates in the county. Poor little baby!

He was the puniest, sickliest baby she ever saw, I have heard my mother say; but he grew up into a fine boy and a handsome youth; not unlike Mrs. Rochdale, except that a certain hereditary pride of manner, which in her was almost beautiful,—if any pride can be beautiful,—was in him exaggerated to self-assurance and haughtiness. He was the principal person in the establishment while he yet trundled hoops; and long before he discarded jackets had assumed his position as sole master of the manor-house—allowing, however, his mother to remain as sole mistress.

He loved her very much, I think—better than horses, dogs, or guns; swore she was the kindest and dearest mother in England, and handsomer ten times over than any girl he knew.

At which the smiling mother would shake her head in credulous incredulousness. She rarely burdened him with caresses; perhaps she had found out early that boys dislike them—at least he did: to others she always spoke of him as "my son," or "Mr. Rochdale;" and her pride in him, or praise of him, was always more by implication than by open word. Yet all the house, all the village, knew quite well how things were. And though they were not often seen together, except on Sundays, when, year after year, she walked up the church-aisle, holding her little son by the hand; then, followed by the sturdy schoolboy; finally, leaning proudly on the youth's proud arm,—every body said emphatically that the young squire was "his mother's own son;" passionately beloved, after the fashion of women ever since young Eve smiled down on Cain, saying, "I have gotten a man from the Lord."

So he grew up to be twenty-one years old.

On that day Mrs. Rochdale, for the first time since her widowhood, opened her house, and invited all the country round. The morning was devoted to the poorer guests; in the evening there was a dinner-party and ball.

I dressed her, having since my girlhood been to her a sort of amateur milliner and lady's-maid. I may use the word "amateur" in its strictest sense, since it was out of the great love and reverence I had for her that I had got into this habit of haunting the manor-house. And since love begets love, and we always feel kindly to those we have been kind to, Mrs. Rochdale was fond of me. Through her means, and still more through herself, I gained a better education than I should have done as only her bailiff's daughter. But that is neither here nor there.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing before the glass in her black velvet gown; she never wore any thing but black, with sometimes a gray or lilac ribbon. She had taken out from that casket, and was clasping on her arms and neck, white and round even at five-and-forty, some long-unworn family-jewels.

I admired them very much.

"Yes, they are pretty. But I scarcely like to see myself in diamonds, Martha. I shall only wear them a few times, and then resign them to my daughter-in-law."

"Your daughter-in-law? Has Mr. Rochdale—"

"No," (smiling) "Mr. Rochdale has not made his choice yet; but I hope he will ere long. A young man should marry early, especially a young man of family and fortune. I shall be very glad when my son has chosen his wife."

She spoke as if she thought he had nothing to do but to choose, after the fashion of kings and sultans.

I smiled. She misinterpreted my thought, saying with some little severity:

"Martha, you mistake. I repeat, I shall be altogether glad, even if such a chance were to happen to-day."

Ah, Mrs. Rochdale, was ever any widowed mother of an only son "altogether glad" when first startled into the knowledge that she herself was not his all in the world? that some strange woman had risen up, for whose sake he was bound to "leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?" A righteous saying, but hard to be understood at first by the mothers.

It afterwards struck me as an odd coincidence, that what Mrs. Rochdale had wished might happen did actually happen that same night.

The prettiest, and beyond all question the "sweetest," girl in all our county families,—among which alone it was probable or permissible that our young squire should "throw the handkerchief,"—was Miss Celandine Childe, niece and heiress of Sir John Childe. I was caught by her somewhat fanciful name,—after Wordsworth's flower,—which, as I overheard Mrs. Rochdale say, admirably expressed her.

I thought so too, when, peeping through the curtained ballroom-door, I caught sight of her, distinct among all the young ladies, as one's eye lights upon a celandine in a spring meadow. She was smaller than any lady in the room—very fair, with yellow hair—the only real gold hair I ever saw. Her head drooped like a flower-cup; and her motions, always soft and quiet, reminded one of the stirrings of a flower in the grass. Her dress—as if to humour the fancy, or else Nature herself did so by making that colour most suitable to the girl's complexion—was some gauzy stuff, of a soft pale-green. Bright, delicate, innocent, and fair, you could hardly look at her without wishing to take her up in your bosom like a flower.

The ball was a great success. Mrs. Rochdale came up to her dressing-room long after midnight, but with the bright glow of maternal pride still burning on her cheeks. She looked quite young again, forcing one to acknowledge the fact constantly avouched by the elder generation, that our mothers and grandmothers were a great deal handsomer than we. Certainly, not a belle in the ballroom could compare with Mrs. Rochdale in my eyes. I should have liked to have told her so. In a vague manner I said something which slightly approximated to my thought.

Mrs. Rochdale answered, innocent of the compliment, "Yes, I have seen very lovely women in my youth. But to-night my son pointed out several whom he admired—one in particular."

"Was it Miss Childe, madam?"

"How acute you are, little Martha! How could you see that?"

I answered, rather deprecatingly, that, from the corner where I was serving ices, I had heard several people remark Mr. Rochdale's great attention to Miss Childe.

"Indeed!" with a slight sharpness of accent. A moment or two after she added, with some *hauteur*, "You mistake, my dear; Mr. Rochdale could never be so uncourteous as to pay exclusive attention to any one of his guests; but Miss Childe is a stranger in the neighbourhood." After a pause: "She is a most sweet-looking girl. My son said so to me, and—I perfectly agreed with him."

I let the subject drop—nor did Mrs. Rochdale resume it.

A month after I wondered if she knew what all the

servants at the manor-house and all the villagers at Thorpe soon knew quite well, and discussed incessantly in butler's pantries and kitchens, over pots of ale and by cottage-doors—that our young squire from that day forward gave up his shooting, his otter-hunting, and even his coursing, and “went a-courting” sedulously for a whole month to Ashen Dale.

Meanwhile Sir John and Miss Childe came twice to luncheon. I saw her, pretty creature! walking by Mrs. Rochdale's side to feed the swans, and looking more like a flower than ever. And once, stately in the family-coach, which tumbled over the rough roads, two hours there and two hours back, shaking the old coachman almost to pieces, did Mrs. and Mr. Rochdale drive over to a formal dinner at Ashen Dale.

Finally, in the Christmas-week, after an interval of twenty lonely Christmases past and gone, did our lady of the manor prepare to pay to the same place a three-days' visit—such as is usual among county families—the “rest-day, the pressed-day,” and the day of departure.

I was at the door when she came home. Her usually bright and healthy cheeks were somewhat pale, and her eyes glittered; but her eyelids were heavy, as with long pressing back of tears. Mr. Rochdale did not drive, but sat beside her; he too seemed rather grave. He handed her out of the carriage carefully and tenderly. She responded with a fond smile. Mother and son went up the broad staircase arm-in-arm.

That night the servants who had gone to Ashen Dale talked “it” all over with the servants who had stayed at home; and every point was satisfactorily settled, down to the bride's fortune and pin-money, and whether she would be married in Brussels or Honiton lace.

Yet still Mrs. Rochdale said nothing. She looked happy, but pale, constantly pale. The squire was in the gayest spirits imaginable. He was, as I have said, a very handsome and winning young fellow; rather variable in his tastes, and easily guided, some people said—but then it was always the old who said it, and nobody minded them. We thought Miss Celandine Childe was the happiest and luckiest girl imaginable.

She looked so when, after due time, the three-days' visit was returned; after which Sir John departed, and Miss Childe stayed behind.

That evening—it was just the time of year when “evenings” begin to be perceptible, and in passing the drawing-room door I had heard the young master say something to Miss Childe about “primroses in the woods”—that evening I was waiting upon Mrs. Rochdale's toilet. She herself stood at the oriel window. It was after dinner—she had come up to her room to rest.

“Look here, Martha.”

She pointed to the terrace-walk leading to the pool. There were the two young people sauntering slowly past—he gazing down on her, she with her eyes drooped low, low, to the very ground. But her arm rested in his, in a safe, happy, clinging way, as knowing it had a right there to rest for ever.

“Is it so, Mrs. Rochdale?”

“Ay, Martha. What do you think of my—my children?”

A few tears came to her eyes—a few quivers fluttered over and about her mouth; but she gazed still—she smiled still.

“Are you satisfied, madam?”

“Quite. It is the happiest thing in the world—for him. They will be married at Christmas.”

“And you—”

She put her hand softly on my lips, and said, smiling, “Plenty of time to think of that—plenty of time.”

After this day she gradually grew less pale, and recovered entirely her healthy, cheerful tone of mind. It was evident that she soon began to love her daughter-elect very much—as, indeed, who could help it?—and that by no means as a mere matter of form had she called them both “my children.”

For Celandine, who had never known a mother, it seemed as if Mrs. Rochdale were almost as dear to her as her betrothed. The two ladies were constantly together; and in them the proverbially formidable and all but impossible possibility bade fair to be realised, of a mother and daughter-in-law as united as if they were of the same flesh and blood.

The gossips shook their heads and said, “It wouldn't last.” I think it would. Why should it not? They were two noble, tender, unselfish women. Either was ready to love any thing he loved—to renounce any thing to make him happy. In him, the lover and son, was their meeting-point, in him they learned to love one another.

Strange that women cannot always see this. Strange that a girl should not, above all but her own mother, cling to the mother of him she loves—the woman who has borne him, nursed him, cherished him, suffered for him more than any living creature can suffer, excepting—ay, sometimes not even excepting—his wife. Most strange, that a mother, who would be fond and kind to any thing her boy cared for,—his horse or his dog,—should not, above all, love the creature he loves best in the world, on whom his happiness, honour, and peace, are staked for a lifetime. Alas, that a bond so simple, natural, holy, should be found so hard as to be almost impossible—even among the good women of this world! Mothers, wives,—whose fault is it? Is it because each exacts too much for herself, and too little for the other,—one forgetting that she was ever young, the other that she will one day be old? Or that in the tenderest women's devotion lurks a something of jealousy, which blinds them to the truth—as true in love as in charity—that “it is more blessed to give than to receive”? Perhaps I, Martha Stretton, spinster, have no right to discuss this question. But one thing I will say: that I can forgive much to an unloved daughter-in-law,—to an unloving one, *nothing*.

And now, from this long digression,—which is not so irrelevant as it at first may seem,—let me return to my story.

The year grew and waned. Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when it was near its closing, that it had been one of the happiest years she had ever known.

I believe it was. The more so as, like many a season of great happiness, it began with a conquered pang. But of this no one ever dared to hint; and perhaps the mother now would hardly have acknowledged, even to herself, that it had temporarily existed.

They were to have been married at Christmas; but early in December the long-invalided Lady Childe died. This deferred the wedding. The young lover said, loudly and often, that it was “very hard.” The bride-elect said nothing at all. Consequently every lady's-maid and woman-servant at the manor-house, and every damsel down the village, talked over Miss Childe's hard-heartedness; especially as, soon after, she went travelling with poor broken-hearted Sir John Childe, thereby parting with her betrothed for three whole months.

But I myself watched her about the manor-house the last few days before she went away. O Lemuel Rochdale, what had you deserved, that heaven should bless you with the love of two such women—mother and bride!

Celandine went away. The manor-house was very dull after she was gone. Mrs. Rochdale said she did not wonder that her son was absent a good deal—it was natural. But this she only said to me. To others she never took any notice of his absence at all.

These absences continued,—lengthened. In most young men they would have been unremarked; but Lemuel was so fondly attached to his mother, that he rarely in his life had spent his evenings away from home and her. Now, in the wild March nights, in the soft April twilights, in the May moonlights, Mrs. Rochdale sat alone in the great drawing-room, where they had sat so happily last year—all three of them.

She sat, grave and quiet, over her book or her knitting.

still saying—if she ever said any thing—that it was quite “natural” her son should amuse himself abroad.

Once I heard her ask him, “Where he had been to-night?”

He hesitated; then said, “Up the village, mother.”

“What, again? How fond you are of moonlight-walks up the village!”

“Am I?” whipping his boots with his cane. “Why, mother, moonlight is—very pretty, you know; and the evenings here are—so long.”

“True.” His mother half sighed. “But soon, you know, Celandine will be back.”

It might have been my mistake, but I thought the young man turned scarlet, as, whistling his dog, he hastily quitted the room.

“How sensitive these lovers are!” said Mrs. Rochdale, smiling. “He can hardly bear to hear her name. I do wish they were married.”

But that wish was still further deferred. Sir John Childe, fretful, ailing, begged another six months before he lost his niece. They were young; and he was old, and had not long to live. Besides, thus safely and happily betrothed, why should they not wait? A year more or less was of little moment to those who were bound together firm and sure, in good and ill, for a life-time. Nay, did she not from the very day of betrothal feel herself Lemuel’s faithful wife?

Thus, Mrs. Rochdale told me, did Celandine urge—out of the love which in its completeness hardly recognised such a thing as separation. Her mother that was to be, reading the passage out of her letter, paused, silenced by starting tears.

The lover consented to this further delay. He did not once say that it was “very hard.” Again Mrs. Rochdale began to talk, but with a tone of fainter certainty, about their being married next Christmas.

Meanwhile the young squire appeared quite satisfied: shot, fished, lounged about his property as usual, and kept up his spirits amazingly.

He likewise took his moonlight-walks up the village with creditable persistency. Once or twice I heard it whispered about that he did not take them alone.

But every one in the neighbourhood so liked the young squire, and so tenderly honoured his mother, that it was some time before the faintest of these ill whispers reached the ear of Mrs. Rochdale.

I never shall forget the day she heard it.

She had sent for me to help her in gathering her grapes; a thing she often liked to do herself, giving the choice bunches to her own friends, and to the sick poor of her neighbours. She was standing in the vinery when I came. One moment’s glance showed me something was amiss, but she stopped the question ere it was well out of my lips.

“No, nothing, Martha. This bunch—cut it while I hold.”

But her hand shook so that the grapes fell and were crushed, dyeing purple the stone-floor. I picked them up,—she took no notice.

Suddenly she put her hand to her head. “I am tired. We will do this another day.”

I followed her across the garden to the hall-door. Entering, she gave orders to have the carriage ready immediately.

“I will take you home, Martha. I am going to the village.”

Now the village was about two miles distant from the manor-house,—a mere cluster of cottages; among which were only three decent dwellings—the butcher’s, the baker’s, and the schoolhouse. Mrs. Rochdale rarely drove through Thorpe,—still more rarely did she stop there.

She stopped now—it was some message at the schoolhouse. Then, addressing the coachman,—

“Drive on—to the baker’s shop.”

Old John started—touched his hat hurriedly. I saw him and the footman whispering on the box. Well I could guess why!

“The baker’s, Mrs. Rochdale?—Cannot I call?—Indeed, it is a pity you should take that trouble.”

She looked me full in the face;—I felt myself turn crimson.

“Thank you, Martha; but I wish to go myself.”

I ceased. But I was now quite certain she knew, and guessed I knew also, that which all the village were now talking about. What could be her motive for acting thus? Was it to show her own ignorance of the report? No, that would have been to imply a falsehood; and Mrs. Rochdale was stanchly, absolutely true in deed as in word. Or was it to prove them all liars and scandal-mongers, that the lady of the manor drove up openly to the very door where—

Mrs. Rochdale startled me from my thoughts with her sudden voice, sharp and clear.

“He is a decent man, I believe,—Hine the baker?”

“Yes, madam.”

“He has—a daughter, who—waits in the shop?”

“Yes, madam.”

She pulled the check-string with a quick jerk, and got out. Two small burning spots were on either cheek; otherwise she looked herself—her tall, calm, stately self.

I wondered what Nancy thought of her—handsome Nancy Hine, who was laughing in her free loud way behind the counter, but who, perceiving the manor-house carriage, stopped, startled.

I could see them quite plainly through the shop-window—the baker’s daughter and the mother of the young squire. I could see the very glitter in Mrs. Rochdale’s eyes, as, giving in her ordinary tone some domestic order, she took the opportunity of gazing steadily at the large, well-featured girl, who stood awkward and painfully abashed, nay, blushing scarlet; though people did say that Nancy Hine was too clever a girl to have blushed since she was out of her teens.

I think they belied her—I think many people belied her, both then and afterward. She was “clever”—much cleverer than most girls of her station; she looked bold and determined enough, but neither unscrupulous nor insincere.

During the interview, which did not last two minutes, I thought it best to stay outside the door. Of course, when Mrs. Rochdale re-entered the carriage, I made no remark. Nor did she.

She gave me the cake for the school-children. From the wicket I watched her drive off, just catching through the carriage-window her profile, so proudly cut, so delicate and refined.

That a young man, born and reared of such a mother, with a lovely fairy creature like Celandine for his own, his very own, could ever lower his tastes, habits, perceptions, to court—people said even to win—unlawfully, a common village-girl, handsome, indeed, but with the coarse blousy beauty which at thirty might be positive ugliness—surely—surely it was impossible! It could not be true what they said about young Mr. Rochdale and Nancy Hine.

I did not think his mother believed it either; if she had, could she have driven away with that quiet smile on her mouth, left by her last kind words to the school-children and to me?

The young squire had gone to Scotland the day before this incident occurred. He did not seem in any hurry to return; not even when, by some whim of the old baronet’s, Sir John Childe and his niece suddenly returned to Ashen Dale.

Mrs. Rochdale drove over there immediately, and brought Celandine back with her. The two ladies, elder and younger, were gladly seen by us all, going about together in their old happy ways, lingering in the greenhouse, driving and walking, laughing their well-known merry laugh when they fed the swans of an evening in the pool.

There might have been no such things in the world as tale-bearers, slanderers, or—baker’s daughters.

Alas! this was only for four bright days—the last days when I ever saw Mrs. Rochdale looking happy and young, or Celandine Childe light-hearted and bewitchingly fair.

On the fifth, Sir John Childe’s coach drove up to the manor-house, not lazily, as it generally did, but with omi-

nously thundering wheels. He and Mrs. Rochdale were shut up in the library for two full hours. Then she came out, walking heavily, with a kind of mechanical strength, but never once drooping her head or her eyes, and desired me to go and look for Miss Childe, who was reading in the summer-house. She waited at the hall-door till the young lady came in.

"Mamma!" Already she had begun, by Mrs. Rochdale's wish, to give her that fond name. But it seemed to strike painfully now.

"Mamma, is any thing the matter?" and, turning pale, the girl clung to her arm.

"Nothing to alarm you, my pet; nothing that I care for—not I. I know it is false—wholly false; it could not but be." Her tone, warm with excitement, had nevertheless more anger in it than fear. Celandine's colour returned.

"If it be false, mamma, never mind it," she said in her fondling way. "But what is this news?"

"Something that your uncle has heard. Something he insists upon telling you. Let him. It cannot matter either to you or to me. Come, my child."

What passed in the library of course never transpired; but about an hour after I was sent for to Mrs. Rochdale's dressing-room.

She sat at her writing-table. There was a firm, hard, almost fierce expression in her eyes, very painful to see. Yet when Celandine glided in, with that soft step and white face, Mrs. Rochdale looked up with a quick smile.

"Has he read it? Is he satisfied with it?" and she took, with painfully assumed carelessness, a letter newly written, which Miss Childe brought to her.

The girl assented; then, kneeling by the table, pressed her cheek upon Mrs. Rochdale's shoulder.

"Let me write, mamma, just one little line, to tell him that I—that I don't believe—"

"Hush!" and the trembling lips were shut with a kiss tender as firm. "No; not a line, my little girl. I, his mother, may speak of such things to him. Not you."

It did at the moment seem to me almost sickening that this pure fragile flower of a girl should ever have been told there existed such wickedness as that of which not only Sir John Childe, but the whole neighbourhood, now accused her lover: and which, as I afterwards learned, the baronet insisted should be at once openly and explicitly denied by Mr. Rochdale, or the engagement must be held dissolved.

This question his mother claimed her own sole right to put to her son; and she had put it in the letter, which now, with a steady hand and a fixed smile—half-contemptuous as it were—she was sealing and directing.

"Martha, put this into the post-bag yourself; and tell Miss Childe's maid her mistress will remain another week at the manor-house. Yes, my love, best so."

Then, sitting down wearily in the large arm-chair, Mrs. Rochdale drew Celandine to her; and I saw her take the soft small figure on her lap, like a child, and fold her up close, in the grave, comforting silence of inexpressible love.

It was a four-days' post to and from the moors where Mr. Rochdale was staying. Heavily the time must have passed with those two poor women, whose all was staked upon him—upon his one little "yes" or "no."

Sunday intervened, when they both appeared at church—evening as well as morning. With this exception, they did not go out; and were seen but rarely about the house, except at dinner-time. Then, with her companion on her arm, Mrs. Rochdale would walk down, and take her seat at the foot of the long dreary dining-table, placing Miss Childe on her right hand.

The old butler said it made his heart ache to see how sometimes they both looked towards the head of the board—at the empty chair there.

The fifth day came and passed. No letters. The sixth likewise. In the evening, his mother ordered Mr. Rochdale's

chamber to be got ready, as it was "not improbable" he might unexpectedly come home. But he did not come.

They sat up half that night, I believe, both Mrs. Rochdale and Miss Childe.

Next morning they breakfasted together as usual in the dressing-room. As I crossed the plantation—for in my anxiety I made business at the manor-house every day now—I saw them both sitting at the window, waiting for the post.

Waiting for the post! Many a one has known that heart-sickening intolerable time; but few waitings have been like to theirs.

The stable-boy came lazily up, swinging the letter-bag to and fro in his hands. They saw it from the window.

The butler unlocked the bag as usual, and distributed the contents.

"Here's one from the young master. Lord bless us, what a big un!"

"Let me take it upstairs, William." For I saw it was addressed to Miss Childe.

Mechanically, as I went up stairs, my eye rested on the direction, in Mr. Rochdale's large careless hand; and on the seal, firm and clear, bearing not the sentimental devices he had once been fond of using, but his business-seal—his coat-of-arms. With a heavy weight on my heart, I knocked at the dressing-room door.

Miss Childe opened it.

"Ah, mamma, for me, for me!" And with a sob of joy she caught and tore open the large envelope.

Out of it fell a heap of letters—her own pretty dainty letters, addressed "Lemuel Rochdale, Esq."

She stood looking down at them with a bewildered air; then searched through the envelope. It was blank—quite blank.

"What does he mean, mamma? I—don't—understand."

But Mrs. Rochdale did. "Go away, Martha," she said hoarsely, shutting me out at the door. And then I heard a smothered cry, and something falling to the floor like a stone.

ENGLISH QUEENS OF FRANCE.

BY DR. DORAN.

WHEN Stanislaus Leckzinski was consoling himself for the loss of his throne in Poland, by inventing pleasant little dishes in Lorraine, he one day, after perusing a letter which he had just received, took off his apron, entered the room of his daughter, and exclaimed joyfully, "My child, you are queen of France!" Marie Leckzinski listened to the announcement with pleasure; and in a note which she soon after despatched to her dear friend the "grande maréchale," she registered the sentiment that "it was mercy in kings to render justice, and that it was justice in queens to exercise mercy." The sentiment was better than the spelling by which it was expressed; and the sentiment was a plagiarism. It belonged to Bathilde.

Who, then, was Bathilde?

She was the English housekeeper of a French noble, and consort of Clovis II., king of France.

Bathilde, when a child, was picking up shells on the southern coast of England. She was descried by a French pirate, who, knowing her market value, landed, seized her, and with his prize set sail for St. Valery. As he carried her ashore, he tried to comfort the weeping captive by telling her that she should serve none but a noble. The girl looked up smilingly through her tears, and remarked:

"I have had a dream. The ever-fasting St. Gildas has told me that I shall live in a house where nobles shall serve me."

"Why, little Saxon," said the free-trader, "you would then be a queen——"

"Whose justice it is to execute mercy, while it is the mercy of kings to render justice."

The mayor of the palace of Clovis II., an official whose name is written in such various ways that it is easier to give him none than pause to make a choice, heard the words of the little maiden, and purchased her of her owner, for a couple of handfuls of gold and a front-tooth of St. Apollonia.

The pirate sold the tooth at Bonn for as much gold as he had already received. It was purchased by a wicked lord of Kreuzberg, who presented it to the church there, and became easy in his mind for ever after.

To this day it is resorted to by Rhinelanders suffering from anguish of any sort in the jaws. It cures all who do not go away unrelieved.

Clovis II. saw the youthful Bathilde grow up in the house of his great officer. He admired the prudence with which so young a manager presided over the servile household; and the self-denial with which the beautiful Saxon slave would sometimes wait on her companions in bondage. He thought of her when she was absent till he grew perplexed. To relieve him from his perplexity he summoned a council, announced to the members his determination to marry the beautiful girl from England, and finally asked their advice.

That they agreed readily to all he proposed is clear, from the fact that Clovis espoused her within a week. The first act of the young English queen of the Franks was to manumit all Christian slaves in France, and to enact that none but infidels should ever again be in bonds to another within her and her husband's land.

"Within *my* land," suggested Clovis; "and, moreover, queens are incapable of enacting."

What the laughing Saxon answered is not known. That she did not yield, yet may have compromised, is most certain. From that day forth, down to the last of the Valois (and possibly old Marolles may carry down the fashion even later), it was the established custom for each married king in France to commence business with the royal council by assuring them that he had previously "thought it over" with the queen. "Il s'était avisé avec la reine."

Nothing could possibly be more gallant, nor, generally speaking, more untrue.

If Clovis II. had a fault to find with his Saxon consort, it was, perhaps, that she was too regardless of expense in founding monasteries and endowing churches; too prodigal of attendance at religious revivals in old convents; and a little too much addicted to follow the advice of Bishop Eligius rather than his own.

If these were faults, Bathilde would *not* be cured of them. She continued to lavish her revenue upon pious purposes, and erected almost as many magnificent abbeys and cathedrals in France, as under Stephen there were subsequently erected castles in England. The name of this English queen in France was connected with the grandest ecclesiastical edifices in the country. She impoverished her husband, but she served the Church. There is very logical proof, for those who will receive it, to show that she was right. The English Bathilde had three sons. They all reigned in succession; and they are the only three brothers who ascended the French throne without a change of dynasty immediately following.

Capet, Valois, and Bourbon,—each of these lines came to an end with three brothers, kings in their turn.

When Bathilde became a widow she exhibited a little inconsistency by wearing superb dresses, decorated with costly gems. Like Queen Charlotte, when the regency was established, and George III. was politically dead, she broke out into a flutter of enjoyment. It did not last long. St. Eligius, then defunct, appeared to her in a vision, and placed before her mind's eye so startling a picture, representing how frivolous widows in this world were condemned, undraped, to ride ungovernable steeds with red-hot saddles on their backs in the next, that Bathilde sold all her finery, raised a magnificent monument with the proceeds to the

memory of the defunct prelate, and retired for ever into a convent, where the discipline was strict, and the table excruciating.

Bathilde died towards the end of the seventh century; was canonised, and permitted to share the honours of the 30th of January, with two other ladies, St. Martina and St. Aldegonda. The somewhat noble name by which *we* call her was, probably, not her own; for, according to old French authors, the true appellation of the first English queen of France was—*BUTTER*!

After all, the name is not ignoble. The Butters have been landowners in Scotland from the days of Kenneth M'Alpine.

It is unnecessary to do more than record the fact that the English princess Oginge shared the throne of the French king, Charles the Simple. This marriage, however, led to the first Anglo-French alliance which ever existed. Louis d'Outre-Mer was the son of Oginge; and her brother Athelstan, king of England, sent a fleet to aid his nephew against his powerful enemies.

The most remarkable of our English princesses who have worn a crown-matrimonial in France was, without doubt, "Madame Marie," as our neighbours called our Mary Tudor, who married a French king and loved an English noble.

This sister of Henry VIII. was sought by four lovers; Albert of Austria, Charles of Spain, Louis XII., and Charles Brandon, who won his dukedom of Suffolk on the field of Flodden. Of these, she married the French king and the English subject. When her imperious brother "sold" her to Louis XII.,—that Louis who wins our sympathy, as the Duke of Orleans, in *Quentin Durward*, and who was already twice a widower,—Mary appealed to that mercy which in sovereigns is justice; but she appealed in vain. She was placed on board the least lively-looking tub of the royal fleet at Dover; and prayers were piled up to St. Wulphran to carry her safely into his own harbour of Boulogne.

Never was bridal party so tempest-tost as this. The authorities at Boulogne fired away half their ammunition, with the double purpose of signalling and greeting. No power of helm, nor skill of pilot, could persuade any one of the royal tubs to roll into the port where crowds of the French aristocracy were in waiting to welcome the English bride. The whole fleet, bride's own especial tub-yacht and the tubs of convoy, rolled obstinately ashore, three leagues to the east of the harbour they could not make. As long as land was made, the marriage-party cared little how it was effected. In a brief time they were all afoot on the sandy beach. The spot was wild, and the travellers, knights, and ladies looked in woful plight, in draggled silks and well-drenched plumes, dull, dismal, and disgusted;—all save one, a certain Anne Boleyn, who was in attendance on Madame Marie, and whose spirits not even the rough ocean could daunt.

Then came the fishing population, crying *Noel!* and *Dieu Gard!* and then some tents were pitched and pennons displayed; and the dreary locality began to wear an air of gayety, when in rode the Duke de Longueville and a brilliant train from Boulogne, inquiring for the bride, who was weeping or sleeping within a hut fresh hung with tapestry, and surrounded by a score of tents and chilly knights in damp and rusted armour.

All the accounts of the *upholstery* of the scene and its cost may be found in the French state-paper office. With respect to the actors, the gallant knights of Picardy, when they saw the fair and youthful "Madame Marie"—she was but sixteen—protested that her royal brother was well justified in calling her the "Pearl of England." The dresses of the bride excited as great admiration on the part of the French ladies, who unanimously allowed that the 1,000,000 crowns promised by the king of France to his cousin of England could not be considered an exorbitant price for such a "pearl"—even supposing that his majesty ever paid the money.

Louis was awaiting his bride with impatience at Abbeville. Hearing at length that the princess was fairly on her

way, the infirm king climbed into his saddle, and trotted with as much vigour as his debility would bear, to meet her. They met a mile or two from the abbatial city. Louis rode close up to her side, and swore an unsavoury oath that she was even more beautiful than report had made or artist limned her. The ill-assorted pair were received at the gates of the city with a world of medieval pomp, and a dreadful amount of ponderous compliment. The cathedral had never seen such splendour as on the occasion of the dazzling marriage-ceremony, which had not long been concluded when all the young bride's English attendants were dismissed by order of the royal husband. Exception was made of Anne Boleyn and two other ladies, who witnessed with more delight than the bride the never-ending festival which celebrated the event. That event took place on the 9th of October 1514. Three months later Louis was in his tomb at St. Denis; and within another quarter of a year the happy young queen-dowager of France was publicly married at Greenwich to the man of her heart, Brandon duke of Suffolk.

Of the two daughters who survived this union, one, Frances, married Grey marquis of Dorset, and subsequently Duke of Suffolk. Lady Jane Grey was one of three daughters, issue of this marriage, and heiress, as her foolish partisans thought, to the crown, by right of her grandmother and her Protestantism.

Finally, the English queen-dowager of France and Duchess of Suffolk was at the head of a happy household in the ducal mansion in the Borough. The dust of the last English princess who sat on the French throne lies beneath the altar in the old abbey-church of Bury St. Edmund's,—fitting place of rest for queen and duchess.



VILLA AND COTTAGE DESIGNS.

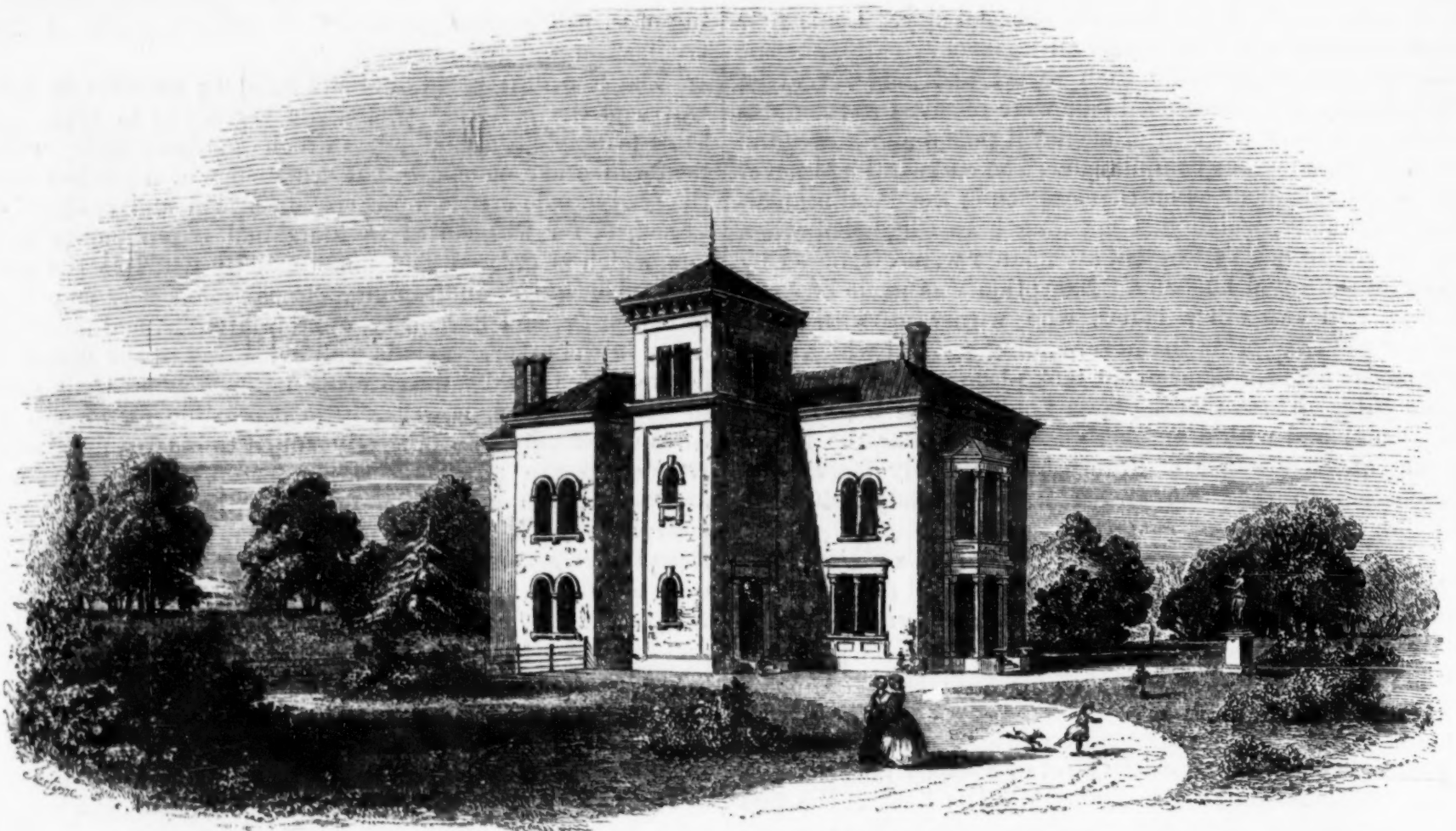
BY E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHITECT.

Of all the Fine Arts, Architecture is especially that which most closely entwines with home comforts and social joys. The conductors of this periodical have therefore deemed the introduction of designs of the accompanying description peculiarly appropriate to a magazine whose object is to reach many homes, and be thus incidentally suggestive of much that will be found of practical value in enhancing their comfort and attractiveness. It is somewhat remarkable that in the multiplicity of our periodical literature there is to be found no journal which includes the regular introduction of illustrations fulfilling requirements so universally felt as those of convenient and truly habitable dwellings. The importance of the subject hardly admits of exaggeration. Regarding it only with respect to the preservation of health, although it may be urged that happiness is not the invariable consequence of a healthy home, still it can never long continue in one which is positively unhealthy. Great as is the influence on a man's daily comfort, and also on the healthiness and refinement of his *mind*, of the house in which he lives and its appurtenances, and important as it is that he should possess a certain amount of general information respecting its erection and fittings, the subject is scarcely touched upon in other than professional periodicals, more immediately addressed to those whose business is in some degree connected with building operations. This is the more surprising when we reflect that such matters are really of very considerable interest as well as importance. As Sir Henry Wotton observes,—“Architecture can want no

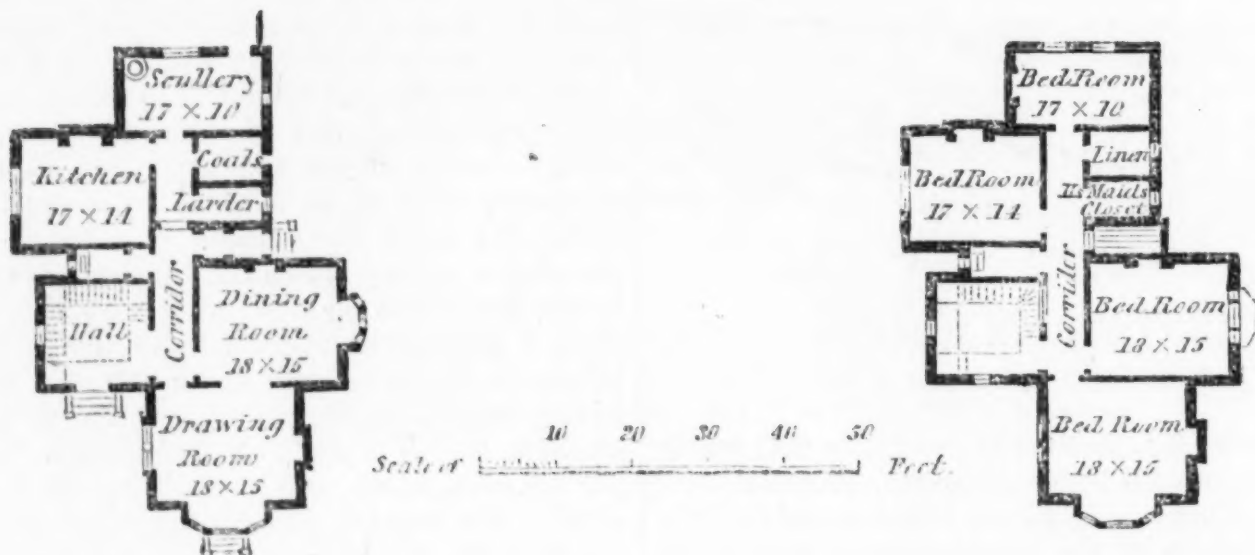
commendation where there are noble men and noble minds;” and its successful cultivation, and the general understanding of it, will be observed always to mark a period of high civilisation and great material comfort.

The rise of freehold land and building societies is indicative of the fact that people are beginning to apply the same principle to architecture which regulates their investments in other objects,—that principle which teaches that the ready-made article, however low-priced and readily obtained, is far less suited to individual requirements than one which is ordered, and made exactly fitted to the purpose. Cheapness and rapidity of possession may be placed in one scale, and durability, appropriateness, and true economy in the other. This is well evidenced in the difficulty in the choice of a dwelling. Multitudinous as are the houses to be let or sold, how rarely is it possible for an adventurer to procure one precisely suited to his requirements! Residences are now built rather for speculative purposes and to make money, than for habitation, durability, and convenience. We do not pretend that the societies mentioned have remedied the evil; but they indicate the existence of a desire in many to live in houses designed expressly for themselves, rather than reside in others in which the aim to meet all tastes often results in a manifest deficiency of real adaptation to any person in particular. It is obvious that no series of designs can meet exactly a universality of requirements. Those about to be submitted are intended to be suggestive of internal arrangements and decorative effects, easily admitting of modification, and which may even indicate to those not versed in architecture their actual wants, vague and undefined prior to looking over a number of examples. So far it will be our effort to suit many tastes and many purses, by ranging from model cottages for labourers and mechanics to country villas and town residences for the middle and higher classes. We shall endeavour to combine structural economy, considering it also with especial reference to health and comfort, with fairness of aspect and picturesque effect. Deformity, indeed, is never cheap, and ugly forms are often far more expensive than those dictated by a truthful and correct taste. To make the exterior of a house in some degree pleasing is a duty which the builder owes to the public at large; for he has no right to put up that which will continue a permanent eyesore in the neighbourhood, and an offence to the passengers in the street. We will take the liberty with Lord Bacon's observation to say that “houses are built to live in *and* to look on;” and “every man's proper mansion, house, and home, being the theater of his hospitality, the seat of self-fruition, the comfortablest part of his own life, the noblest of his sonne's inheritance, a kind of private princedome, nay, to the possessors thereof, an epitome of the whole world, may well deserve, by these attributes, according to the degree of the master, to be decently and delightfully adorned.”

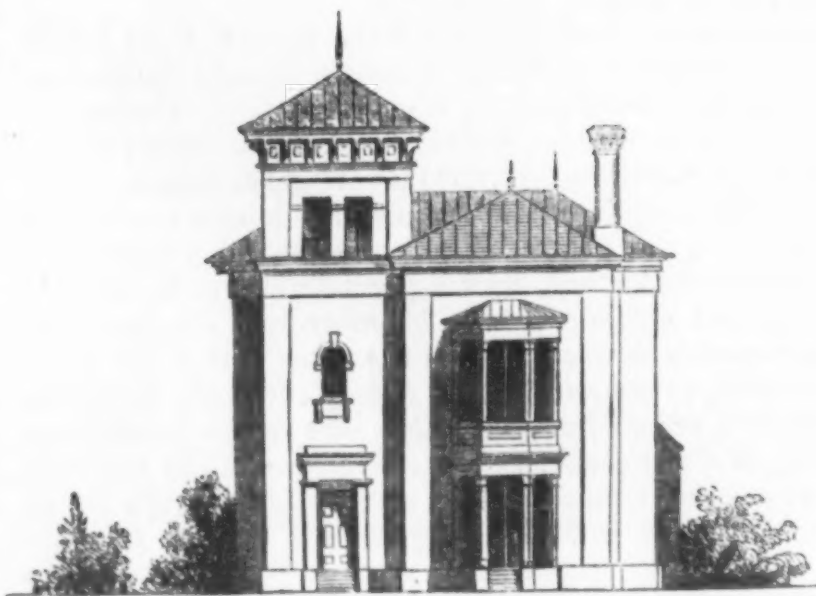
The accompanying design is for a small villa, in which the forms of Italian architecture have suggested the production of an economical amount of external effect. The irregularity of the plan assists the attainment of that variety of outline, freedom from formality, and play of light and shade, which are peculiarly appropriate to country residences, surrounded by the scenery of nature. The accommodation comprises, on the ground-floor, hall, drawing, and dining-rooms, kitchen, scullery, and offices; on the chamber-floor are four bedrooms, together with closets; at the upper part of the tower is a smoking or prospect-room. A door effectually separates the kitchen offices from the other part of the house, thus cutting off disagreeable noises and odours. The staircase is a prominent feature, visible, as it should always be, on entering a house, and conveying the idea of space and airiness. Altogether, the arrangements will be found to be compact and convenient; and the villa may be erected of brickwork, with a few stone dressings, zinc roofs, and good internal fittings, for an average sum of 1300*l.*, taking different country districts.



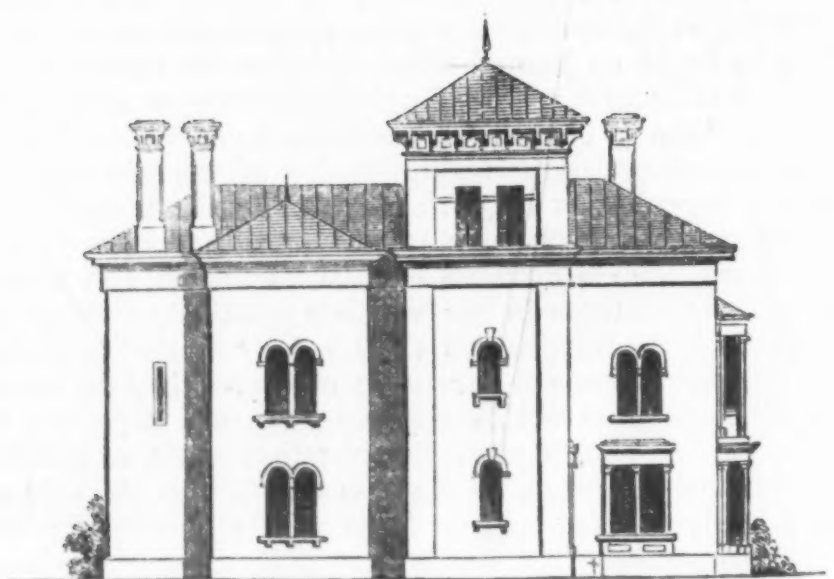
DESIGN FOR A SMALL ITALIAN VILLA.



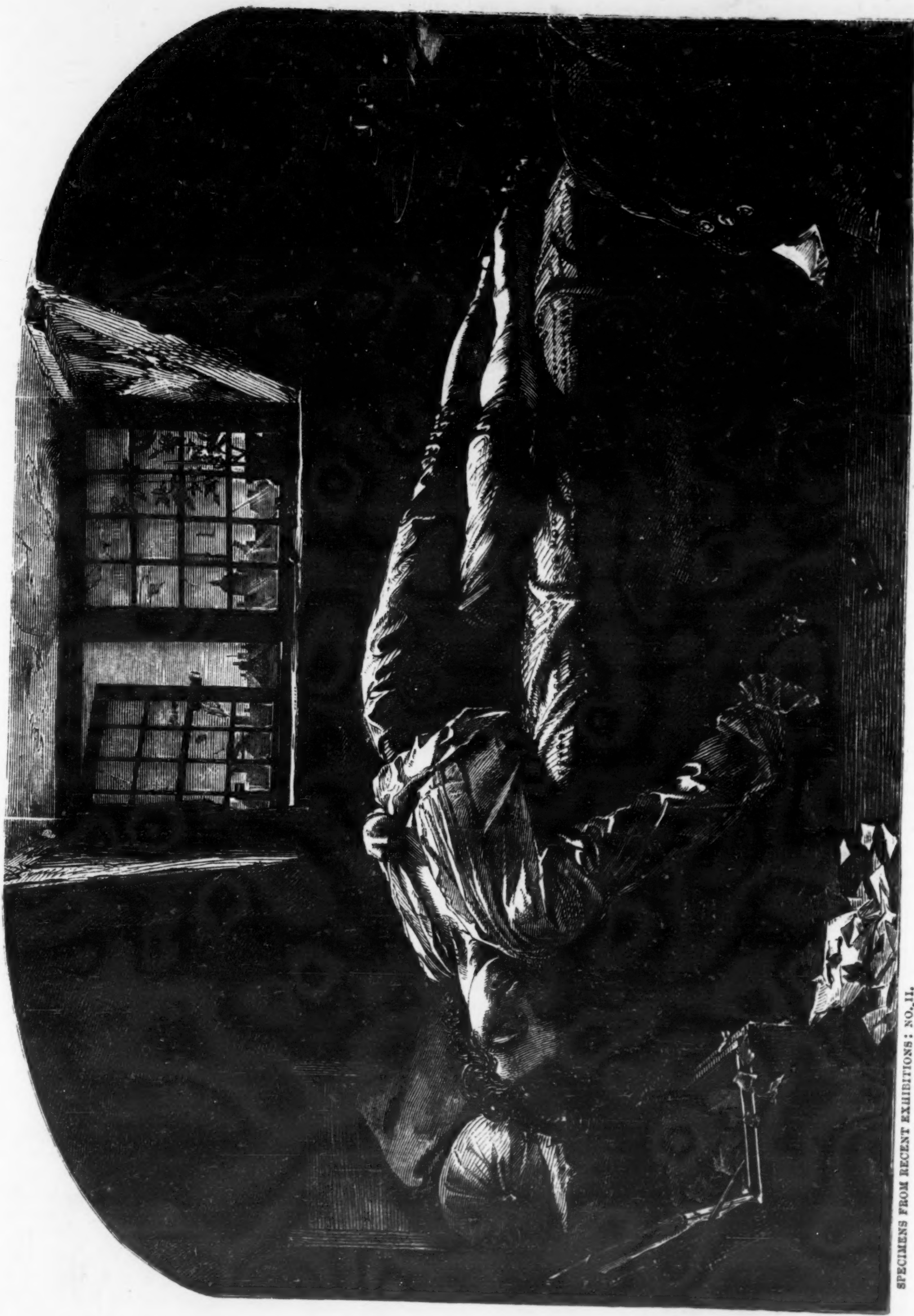
GROUND PLAN.



FRONT ELEVATION.



SIDE ELEVATION.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. II.

CHATTERTON.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough.

PAINTED BY HENRY WALLIS.

25 MR 57

WALLIS'S CHATTERTON.

ONE of the eminent merits of Hogarth is, that he can tell a story as perfectly by means of pictorial as of written signs. Once give the key-word, and the whole is before us. Mr. Wallis's picture of Chatterton shows the same power; the single word "Chatterton" is a key to the entire tale. The youthful figure of beauty, the tasteful dress, its soiled condition, the beggarly furniture of the attic, the wretched pallet-bed, bring before us the aspirations and the disappointments of the youthful poet. The box of torn papers carries us back to his labours and his letters. The bottle on the ground is evidence as to the mode of death; the candle going out in its socket is a type of the life expired, while at the same time it shows that some hours have elapsed since the act of death. The sickly plant with its leaves turning to the window is another type of the poet's hopes and despairs. The window with its dim glass half-open, and the cheerful sunlight bursting over the roofs of a great city and entering the chamber of death, present another emblem of those contrasts which the short story of the poet comprises. There is not a trait in the most inanimate part of the picture that does not bear upon the story and enforce its moral.

The design complies with other canons of art. When the attention is firmly fixed upon any striking event, the mind naturally becomes so abstracted from other circumstances, that the eye neglects to see them, and the event upon which the mind concentrates itself forms distinctly the centre of a picture. Art is nature taken *e converso*, and when the event has to be presented to the mind in the same forcible manner, it must take the centre of the frame. Nature herself, in the exercise of organic force, tends to the symmetrical; and symmetry is the very vitality of design. The grouping and arrangement of a picture should be perfectly natural; they should be just such as might happen spontaneously, and yet they should also accord with the special requirements of artistic symmetry. We need only point to the woodcut of Mr. Wallis's fine picture for the reader to note how completely this rule is observed. The body forms a curve like an arch of low convexity, above the crown of which the open lattice shows the morning sunshine. The plant is balanced by the curtain, the bed-head and pillow by the table and candlestick, the box by the coat; the poison, lying as the sting of death at the bottom of the picture in the centre, balances the living sunlight above: yet accident could not have arranged all these accessories in a distribution more perfectly natural. Every one of them helps the effect of the story, whilst none of them distract the attention, and their arrangement necessarily leads up the eye to the centre.

THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c.

2. Theory.

In order to explain how solid bodies are seen in relief by combining two plane pictures in the Stereoscope, we must first explain how the same bodies are seen in relief when we view them with one or with two eyes,—that is, in *monocular* and in *binocular* vision.

When we look at objects with one eye, we feel that some change takes place in the organ in directing it to very near and to very distant objects, just as in using a telescope or opera-glass we pull out the eye-glass when we view near objects, and push it in when we look at distant ones. Philosophers have not determined the exact process by which this is effected in the human eye; but, whatever it is, we feel that in examining near objects we draw down the eyebrows and eyelids,—an action which is accompanied by the contraction of the pupil; whereas in looking at distant objects we open the eye and raise the eyebrows,—an action

which is accompanied by the dilatation of the pupil. In this way we know whether the object is near us or distant from us. In viewing objects of known magnitude, such as men, animals, trees, houses, and the doors and windows of buildings, we estimate their distance by their apparent magnitude. If one man appears to be twice as large as another, we conclude that the smallest is at twice the distance; although if the nearest were a dwarf and the remotest a giant, we should err in our estimate. We judge of distance also from the distinctness or indistinctness of the outline of minute parts of objects, and also from the vivacity of their tints; distinctness and brightness indicating objects that are comparatively near us. We also judge of the distance of any object by the number of objects between ourselves and any other object. A distance at sea, for example, appears always less than the same distance on land; and the sun and moon seem more distant when in the horizon of a flat country covered with a variety of objects than when they are at great altitudes, though in theory they are nearer us. But with all these means of judgment, we err greatly in the estimation of short distances with one eye. Even in a good light, we cannot with one eye snuff a candle or pour wine into a small glass at arm's length. The moment, however, that we open the other eye, we can easily snuff the candle and pour the wine into the glass. For the same reasons the relief of bodies is seen less perfectly with one than with two eyes.

In binocular vision we see two pictures of every object we examine, one being formed by each eye; but the one picture lies above the other, so that they appear to be one—just as two shillings, the one placed above the other, appear to be one. This will be evident if with the finger we push one eyeball a little on one side; the one image will separate from the other, and upon withdrawing the finger the images will return to coincidence and appear single.

In order to see any object single we must direct both eyes to it, so as to lay the image of it given by the left upon the image given by the right eye; but it is only a part of an object that is thus seen single. When we look at the nose of a statue by directing the axes of each eye to it, the ear is seen double; and when we look at the ear and see it single, the nose will appear double. If we place two candles at different distances from the eyes, and nearly in the same line, the nearest will appear double when we see the remotest distinct and single; and when we see the nearest distinct and single, the remotest will appear double. In looking, therefore, at the human face we see no parts of it double, because the two eyes, with inconceivable rapidity, look at every point of it in succession, uniting the optical axes at each point, and seeing it singly and distinctly. When we see the nose distinctly, the optical axes of the eyes are converged upon it, and the distance of the point of convergence from the observer is a measure of its distance. In order to see the ear distinctly, the two axes are converged to a point at a greater distance, and the distance of this point of convergence from the observer is the measure of its distance. When the object is very near, it is a great strain upon the eyes to see it singly and distinctly; whereas, in viewing distant objects, the axes are directed to them without any effort.

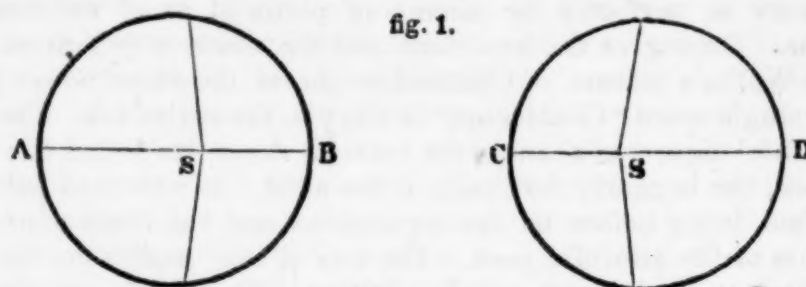
With the aid of these facts we may now understand how, with two eyes, we see the difference between a statue and the most accurate picture of it, and between a scene in nature and the most perfect representation of it. In a picture every part of it is nearly at the same distance from the eye, so that when we look at it we feel that it is upon canvas or paper, because there is no change in the convergency of the optical axes; whereas, in a statue or real landscape, we feel the optical axes converging in rapid succession on the nose, eyes, and ears, or on the objects in the foreground, middle-ground, and background of the landscape, and thus giving us the relative distances of all these points. The relief, therefore, thus obtained by two eyes, which may be called *binocular relief*, is greatly superior to that produced by one eye, which may be called *monocular relief*. If we

place a candlestick or any object upon a table, and look at it with one eye as seen against the opposite wall, without seeing the table between ourselves and the candlestick, it will cover a part of the wall, and it will be difficult to estimate its distance from the wall; but the moment we open the other eye no part of the wall will be hid by the candlestick: its distance will be seen; the two eyes see as it were round it: and this gives us a correct notion of the superiority of binocular to monocular relief.

It is a curious fact, however, that though the relieve of statues and solid bodies is more perfect with two eyes than with one, yet the virtual relieve of a plane picture is much better brought out in monocular than in binocular vision. The two eyes tell us that the picture is on a plane surface, because there is no change in the convergency of their axes; but when we use only one eye we lose this power of ascertaining that there is no relief, and consequently the skill of the artist in giving relief by light and shade is allowed to have its full effect. This fact is finely seen in good photographs, which appear in such excellent relief when seen with one eye that the effect is quite stereoscopic.

In employing these observations to explain the operation of the Stereoscope we must recollect what was stated in the first number, that the pictures of any solid object, as seen by each eye, are dissimilar; and therefore, in order to see objects in relief by combining pictures of them on a plane surface, we must obtain such pictures from the bodies which they represent. Mr. Elliot does not seem to have troubled himself with making dissimilar drawings of geometrical solids, such as cones, pyramids, cubes, &c., which as a mathematician he could have easily executed with his own hand. He attacked at once the difficult point of the question, by executing the rude landscape to which we have already referred, and was, beyond all doubt, the first person who united with an instrument two dissimilar landscapes as seen by two eyes. He invented, in short, a landscape in order to put his invention of the Stereoscope to the proof; and he completely succeeded. But as landscapes thus drawn could have neither truth nor beauty, and as photography was not then known, so as to afford him truthful representations of nature as seen with each eye, he prosecuted his invention no further. Mr. Wheatstone, on the other hand, never thought of landscape or portraits, but used dissimilar drawings of geometrical solids, which, however striking when raised or sunk into relief, had no permanent interest, and ceased to excite any. After the invention of photography, the first person who proposed to employ it in taking binocular pictures for the Stereoscope was the writer of this paper; and at his suggestion, Dr. Adamson, of St. Andrew's, executed

elliptical) base *A B*, with its summit *s* on the right-hand side of the centre of the circle, so that more of the left-hand side of the cone is seen than of the right-hand side. If



we now look at the cone with the *right* eye, we shall see the summit *s* on the left-hand side of the base *C D*, so that we now see more of the right-hand side of the cone than of the left-hand side. Now since these two pictures *A B* and *C D* of the cone are those which we see by each eye on looking at it, and since, when we combine these pictures by looking at the cone with both eyes, we see it in its own perfect relief, we may reasonably hope, what the experiment confirms, that we shall see a cone in perfect relief when we combine the two pictures *A B* and *C D*. We must therefore invent some method, either with our own eyes or with an instrument, of uniting the two pictures.

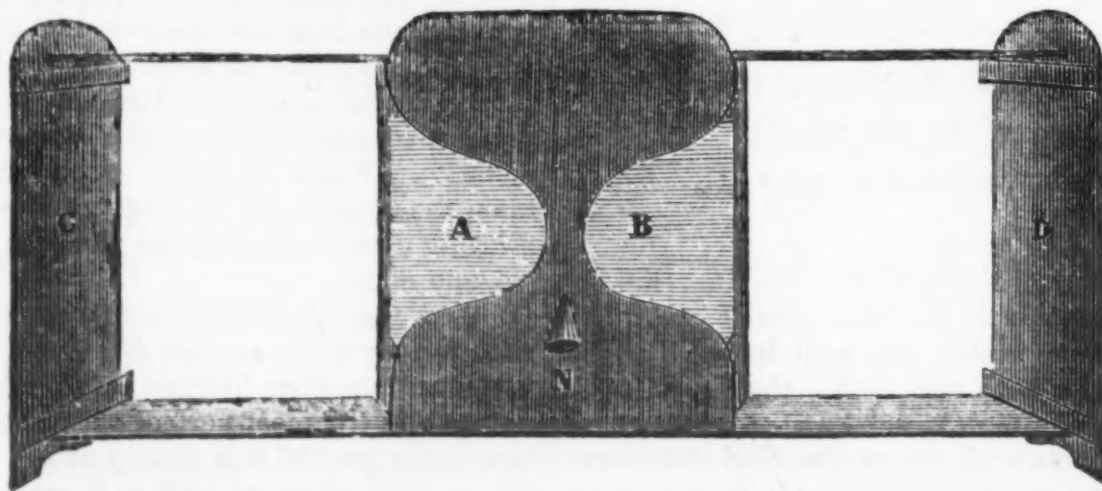
Now there are *two* methods of doing this with our own eyes. The first is, to place the *two* dissimilar pictures before the eye, or at the bottom of a box, as Mr. Elliot did, and look at an object *farther off than the pictures*. Each picture will thus be doubled; and when the right-hand picture of *A B* comes above the left-hand picture of *C D*, the united pictures will start into perfect relief, and we shall see a raised cone before us like the extinguisher of a candle. But if we double *A B* and *C D* by looking at a point *between us and the pictures*, and combine the two innermost pictures as before, they will form by their union a hollow cone like the inside of the extinguisher. The reverse of this will take place if we place *A B* where *C D* is and *C D* where *A B* is, the united pictures forming a *hollow cone* when we converge the axes of our eyes beyond them, and a *raised cone* when we converge them to a point nearer than the pictures.

This method of uniting the pictures is possessed by very few persons. The first is the most difficult, but the second may be easily acquired. It is therefore of great importance to have an instrument to assist the eyes, and enable them, by looking directly at the pictures themselves, to combine them without any muscular effort.

The Reflecting Stereoscope.

With this view, Mr. Wheatstone proposed the Reflecting

fig. 2.



various portraits, some of which were circulated in England, and sent to Paris.

The method of drawing binocular pictures of solids is very simple, and many curious combinations of cones, pyramids, spheres of cylinders, &c., may be readily invented and executed. In order to take the simplest case, let it be required to make two dissimilar drawings of a *cone* as seen by each eye.

Placing the solid cone on the table, and looking down upon it, we shall see with the left eye its circular (or slightly

Stereoscope, which is shown in the annexed diagram, where *A* and *B* are two pieces of looking-glass about four inches square, so placed as to be inclined 90° to each other.

The binocular pictures are placed at *C* and *D* upon upright boards parallel to each other, and inclined 45° to the mirrors or plates of looking-glass *A B*. When the observer stands in front of *A B*, and looks with the left eye into the mirror *A*, and with the right eye into the mirror *B*, placing his nose in the hollow *N*, he will see the two pictures *C D*

united in front of him by reflection from the mirrors. The instrument shown above was made by Mr. Ross, and is 16 inches long, 6 broad, and 8 high. Besides being a clumsy, expensive, and unmanageable apparatus, it has numerous optical defects. The loss of light by reflection is very great; and indistinctness is produced, as in all glass-mirrors, by the confounding of the image from the quicksilver with the fainter image from the glass. It is also wholly inapplicable to the beautiful binocular pictures now in universal use.

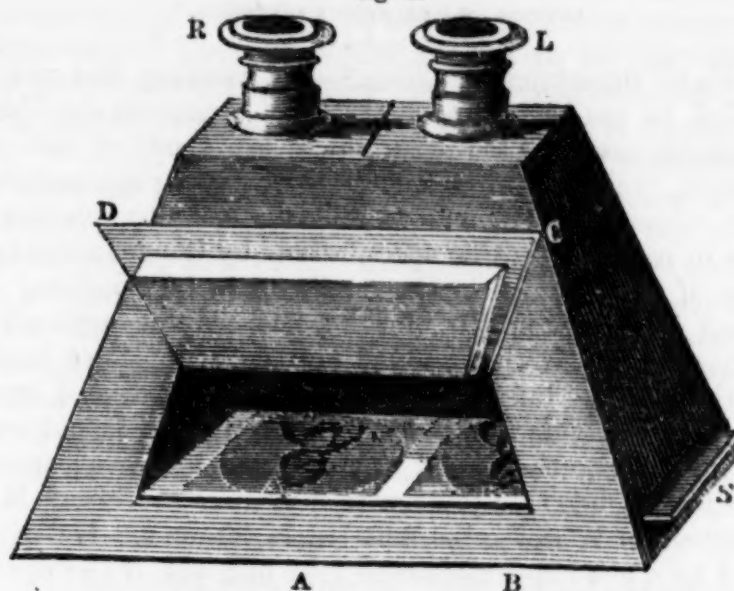
Finding that the Reflecting Stereoscope possessed these and other defects, and was besides ill fitted for general use, the writer contrived the Lenticular Stereoscope,—an instrument which, while it united the two pictures, magnified them at the same time.

The two pictures were placed at the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, as shown in the annexed figure, at A and B; A being the portrait of James Watt as seen by the left eye, and B the portrait as seen by the right eye.

The method by which these portraits are united in the Lenticular Stereoscope may be thus explained to those who are not acquainted with optics. If we look at fig. A with either eye through the centre of a convex glass, with which we see it distinctly at any distance, which is called its focal distance, or focal length, it will be seen in its place and magnified. If we now move the lens from *right to left* over A, keeping the eye fixed, the portrait A will appear to move towards B; and when we are looking through the right-hand edge of it, it will have reached the position C, half-way between A B. If we next place the lens above the portrait B, and move it from *left to right*, the portrait will appear to move towards A; and when we are looking through the left-

duced by *quarter-lenses* G H, which, like semi-lenses, may be cut into a round form and placed in tubes, as shown at R L in the next figure, representing the Lenticular Stereoscope.

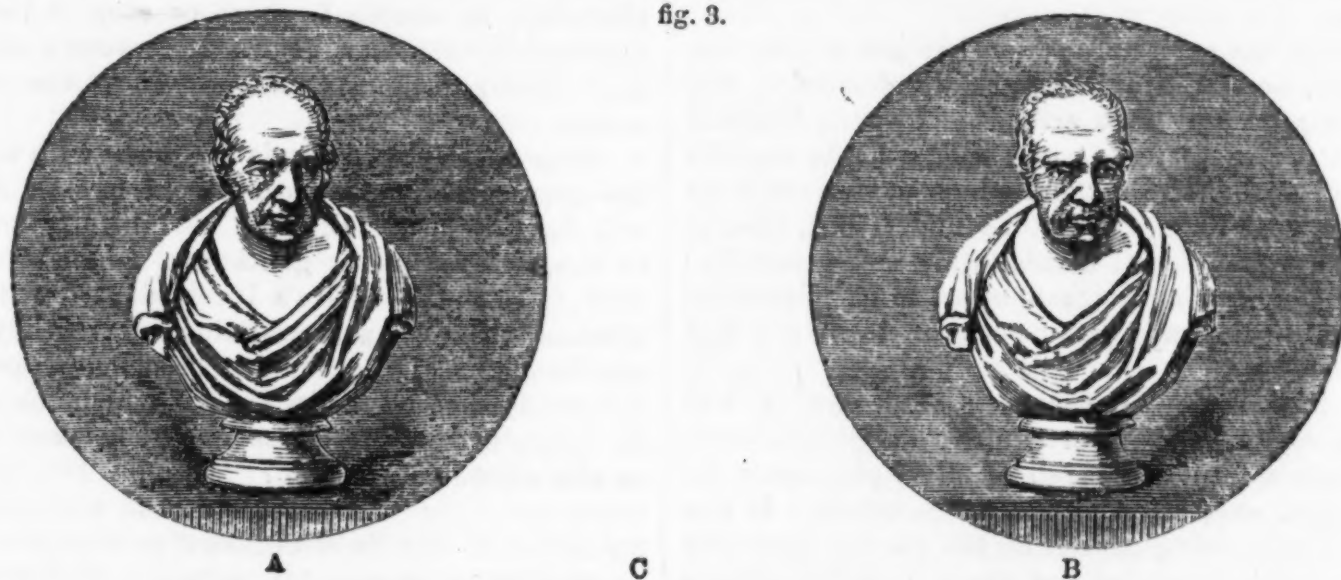
fig. 6.



The Lenticular Stereoscope.

This instrument, shown in fig. 6, consists of a pyramidal box of wood or metal, or any other opaque material, blackened on the inside, and having a lid C D for the admission of light when the pictures are opaque. The box is open below, B A, in order to let the light pass through the pictures A B when they are transparent, in which case the lid C D must be shut. Another lid is sometimes added, so as to open externally on the edge opposite to B A, for the purpose of exhibiting dissolving views in the Stereoscope. The

fig. 3.



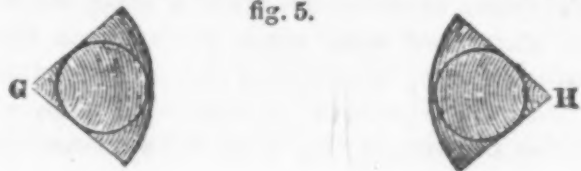
hand edge of the lens, the portrait B will have reached the position C. In these two experiments we have obviously transferred the portrait A to C by means of the *right-hand* half of the lens, and the portrait B to C by means of the *left-hand* half of the lens. Hence, if we cut the lens in two, and place the half-lenses, one in front of the portrait A, and the other in front of the portrait B, at the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the distance between the eyes, which will be the same position in which they were when A was transferred

fig. 4.



to C and B to C, they will stand as in the annexed figure, and we shall see the portraits A and B united into one at C, and standing out in perfect relief. The same effect will be pro-

fig. 5.



bottom of the box is generally covered with ground-glass, the surface of which ought to be very fine, or very fine-grained paper may be used. The top of the box consists of two portions, in one of which is the right-eye tube R, containing the semi-lens or quarter-lens G, fig. 4, and in the other the left-eye tube L, containing the semi-lens or quarter-lens H. These two portions may be advantageously made to approach or recede, in order to suit eyes at different distances from one another; and the tubes containing the lenses should draw out, in order to suit long and short sighted eyes; but they should always be prevented from turning round by means of a fixed brass pin running in a groove cut in the movable tube.

If we now put the binocular picture A B, fig. 3, into the aperture at S, and place ourselves behind R L, we shall, by looking through R with the right eye and L with the left eye, see the two images A B united into one, and in the same perfect relief as the living person whom they represent; surpassing the finest portrait ever painted, and equalling the finest statue ever carved. If we shut either eye, we see only one portrait; but it has now sunk into a flat picture with only *monocular relief*, but still a relief greater than the best painted pictures can possibly have. Upon opening both eyes, the two portraits will instantly combine and start into the roundness and solidity of life.

THE OPINIONS OF MISS MARTHA TRIMMINS ON FASHIONS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

COMMUNICATED BY HOLME LEE,

AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

ARE there museums in China?—my reading has not yet certified to me the fact,—are there museums in China? Circumstances have led me to make my abode of late with my uncle, Simon Trimmings, of Crowfleet,—a yeoman-farmer, but an educated man, who is endeavouring to retrieve his losses in recent scientific speculations by the sedulous cultivation of a little farm in the north-west of Yorkshire. His success is very doubtful, for he has private agricultural theories to which this rugged soil does not take kindly; and though his land is worked on the best and newest principles, it yields him but scanty crops, and is not remunerative even to the extent of the labour bestowed upon it.

But what has this to do with museums in China? Much. The question is not mine, but Uncle Simon's. He says it would be a good speculation to take one out, if the opening is not already filled up; and that should his farm answer no better this season than it has done the two last, he shall lay out the wreck of his fortune in the purchase of curiosities for the instruction and delectation of the celestials.

And what, it may be asked, are these curiosities to be?

A judiciously selected series of the raiment of both sexes that has been fashionable during the last half-century. I advise Uncle Simon to go further back, and make a sort of historical thing of it; but men ever dislike a suggestion from a woman, so that my remark, though prompted by none but kind and sagacious motives, has but fixed him in his first design.

His allusion to the antics of fashion has led me to consider the subject,—a fertile and delightful one surely; and causes me to inquire why that arrogant power is suffered to be so imperative as to force upon us garments equally unbecoming and uncomfortable, and which in our souls we loathe while we wear them. Let it be understood, that in using the plural pronoun *we*, I allude to my sex generally: Martha Trimmings *individually* would scorn to be tyrannised over by a bonnet in the nape of her neck, or a gown a foot in the mud.

Not being imaginative, but simply observant, I will describe three rustic belles—our squire's daughters—who visited my uncle's farm in search of silver-pheasants for their poultry-yard soon after I came to Crowfleet. It was in February. I was airing myself in the garden after our midday repast, when I descried the trio in question coming up the road through the cow-pasture. At first I took them for Dutch broom-girls, but they had no organ; then for Newhaven fishwives; but as they approached nearer I perceived they were only ladies in masquerade,—no, not masquerade,—in what they considered an appropriate rural costume. They passed me with a manly majesty of step and gait which confounded all the feminine punctilios that my dear mother had ever instilled into my mind. A second observation, however, somewhat modified the severity of my first opinion; for I saw three bonnie bewitching girlish faces laughing under their ugly head-gear, and ancles, which, if too liberally exposed, were at least well turned and neatly dressed. But there was a Cochin-China-fowliness about the petticoats that I could not admire; the gowns being looped in festoons nearly to the knee, displayed below—not very far below—a margin of skirt striped in black and scarlet, prettily contrasted with a gaiter of brown cloth, which fitted over high-heeled leather-boots, laced up the front through little brass-holes. Short loose shag-jackets, with a pocket at either side for the reception of the hands, the trio wore; and the only independent taste they seemed to have exercised was in their hats. The eldest, a sparkling arch-eyed brunette, had a wide-awake, ornamented with a little hearth-broom of red feathers; the next, a rosy-cheeked blue-orbed lassie, was almost eclipsed under a huge

brown straw-mushroom; and the youngest and prettiest of the three rejoiced in a pert, turned-up, consequential little hat, like an archdeacon's, with a fierce velvet-cockade at one side and a big bow under the chin.

They all walked clear away over the ground, stepping high and dry, like women who have their liberty and know how to use it; but I could not help thinking how much sweeter and how much more fascinating they would have looked, if, in the general and striking effect of their appearance, there had been rather less imitation of the—the *other* sex (I cannot write the *bolder*, the *nobler*, or the *stronger* sex in this enlightened age). This style of attire was the winter's fashion at Crowfleet, and Uncle Simon intends to have exact copies of these three figures for his oriental museum. Even the representatives of the late Madame Tussaud,—that ingenious and public-spirited woman,—might exhibit them as a novel attraction to sight-seeing Londoners.

Behold this pretty trio of sisters on Sundays and fête-days; they then wear the most ultra-fashionable of bonnets, depending from the backs of their heads upon their necks: in vain they have little curly feathers of blushing rose twirling over the edge, and the most delicate of flowers beneath: the whole face projects out from them, and the eyes, whistled at by rude and inconsiderate Yorkshire breezes, look weeping and uncomfortable; and the accurate little Greek noses sympathise with the tint of the tiny plumes aforementioned, while the general hue of the countenance is pale-bluish lilac. When I see them thus my soul hankers for the cottage-bonnet of my youth, when a pretty face was doubly charming half-hidden under the neat and modest shelter. Who will restore the cottage-bonnet, or, better still, the picturesque gipsy-hat, with blue ribbons or pink? The gipsy-hat, in simple Leghorn or chip, is the most becoming head-tire that can be worn by young maidens: it was some enemy to the sex that introduced the bare-faced wide-awake.

Hear these fair damsels combine with their Abigail for the composition and construction of new dresses. They will have braces! Braces? Frightfully suggestive word to those three young gentlemen who are about to unite their fates to the squire's lovely daughters! Braces!—for what *can* they be a preparation? have they a mysterious significance of that garment which British prejudice forbids her maidens to wear visibly, but which their ambitious little hearts ever desire to assume when they are transferred to the connubial hearth? Martha Trimmings hopes and trusts not; her soul revolts at the suspicion. Much better revert to the days of hoops, powder, and patches, than descend to an ungraceful imitation of the ruder sex. By the by, as we *are* reverting to those days, what is the name of that unmanageable trellis-work petticoat, hoop above hoop, which never will sit down with propriety? What an absurd invention! O, for the time of short waists and limp robes, when every soft and beautiful undulation of the form was veiled, but not disguised! I saw a lady a day or two ago whom I can compare to nothing but a water-butt in tarlatan.

Uncle Simon has another model in view for his projected museum, namely, the young gentleman of the genus "fast," whose dress is "loud." (Allow me to mention parenthetically the necessity that has arisen of late years for a popular dictionary. New meanings have been arbitrarily affixed to the most respectable of old words; and notwithstanding my natural acuteness, I am perpetually at fault in conversation with young people. Nephew John told me yesterday, in a complimentary manner, that I was a "jolly old soul," and a "regular brick:" *jolly* and *brick* were not complimentary in *my* youth. But I say no more.) This male figure—we have seen the original many times—will wear a shirt-front ornamented with a steeple-chase in red, and further garnished with studs of oxydised silver representing impish faces; trousers of the cross-gartered banded or intersected-ladder pattern; a coat with wide sleeves approaching the Turkish style; a tie with crimson ends; and

one of those shiny cylindrical hats which are the chief outward and visible sign of the integrity and respectability of the British gentleman. For how bravely, how self-sacrificingly, how constantly do they adhere to them! enduring the discomfort stoically on all public occasions, though in privacy they yield their brows to a less rigid and more seemly head-gear.

Who would see a physician in a wide-awake? Who would put faith in the doctrine of an archbishop in a Scotch bonnet? What criminal would tremble before a policeman in a straw-bengie? I touch the subject delicately, decorously. I know how valuable in the sight of every well-conditioned Englishman is that venerable institution—The Hat. I have a lurking approval of it myself quite unaccountable, because I have laboured to divest myself of prejudice; yet if Uncle Simon Trimmings were to offer me his arm to church in his every-day straw-hat, I would not take it. No; I hope I know what is due to me better than to allow such disrespect. When the present hat is abolished, and not till then, shall I feel that the British constitution is in danger; for it will show that the nation is becoming forgetful of itself, and declining into Capuan luxury. But enough of hats. When the Orientals see those which Uncle Simon will take out, I expect that one will be immediately added to their *répertoire* of instruments of torture, and that rows of criminals in hats will be exposed every sunshiny day as a terror to evil-doers. Should the case prove as I predict, we shall hear of it through the illustrated papers.

When does a girl cease to be a girl?—I ask the question advisedly, for it is immediately connected with the theme of dress,—when does a girl cease to be a girl? A few days since a lady, aged sixty-eight, alluded to her sister, aged sixty-six, in my presence, as a "poor dear girl." They are both unmarried, therefore that might perhaps be the reason; but such loose ways of speaking give rise to mistakes as regards suitable periods of attire: not to any other mistakes—O no!—let a lady of mature years be dressed in the very tenderest lamb-fashion, and nine out of ten in the company will overrate her age.

Than "a certain age" no age is more uncertain; and it has ever been my ambition to fix dates to the various turning-points of life, that this vagueness may be done away with. Coming from one of the sex, herself an independent spinster of forty-six, no offence to the tender susceptibilities of the sisterhood can be intended; and Martha Trimmings, who is above the foolish weakness of trying to appear what she is not, hopes that none will be taken.

The following, then, are my dates: open to correction and discussion certainly; but I think the arrangement perfect. Childhood reaches to the delicious age of sixteen, and then begins the reign of girlish beauty, hope, fancy, and innocent gaiety; a girl, being unmarried at twenty, becomes a woman; at twenty-five she is a woman of experience; at thirty she is an old maid; at thirty-five every symptom of juvenility ought to have given place to a staid useful solidity, which marks the woman of a recognised vocation, who has got into her solitary niche and found plenty to do there; at forty, if she has developed her amiability at every opportunity, she ought to be a "dear old thing," with the warmest interest in the love-affairs of the "young things," a fund of patience, stories, and bonbons for children, sensible talk for her elders, and a well-stored mind for herself. And beyond this women need not count. To the end of their lives they must be "clever old things," "good old things," "dear darling old things," kind and helpful to every body, as if they were universal maiden-aunts. But let them not indulge in balloon-petticoats, in gossamer raiment, in pointed elbows, in denuded shoulders, in artificial garlands amongst hair that time has touched with silver. O my sisters, grow old gracefully; and let the name of Old Maid cease to be a reproach in the land, and the cause of mocking to irreverent youth! I call upon the fashion-books henceforward to publish designs of attire suitable to the seven ages of woman; and if the proprietors are at a loss, let them apply

to Martha Trimmings, and she will be proud and happy to help them out of their dilemma.

Uncle Simon is going to have two figures, similarly arrayed, for his Celestial Museum. The one is to be a blooming girl of eighteen, the other an elderly young lady of forty-three. The best artist in wax in Europe will be engaged to model them from nature; and when the time comes, I shall propose that, previous to their being sent out of the country, they make the tour of all the county-balls, and stand in the vestibules, in conspicuous lights, for the inspection of their originals.

Perhaps the idea might be carried out with the other sex; but as their deceptions go no further than wigs and dye for the hair, which deceive nobody but the wearers, the expense would be useless; besides I will leave them to the reformers among themselves, of whom there is generally more than a sufficiency on hand, either of the Trimmings or Cleverboots family.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted, must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed and stamped.]

EMERSON ON ENGLAND.

THE test of genius is success: England is the most successful of nations, therefore the nation possessing the greatest genius; but she has reached the culminating point, and henceforth only decline is to be expected. Such is the opinion pronounced by the American sage on our country; and this is the theory of Mr. Emerson's book, entitled *English Traits*,* at present the theme of English criticism and the study of English readers.

This same notion of England's decline is due rather to a phase of the American mind than to any pressing fact demanding general recognition. Mr. Emerson's may be readily accepted as the highest type of that mind. The national intellect itself, however, should not be taken as a simple individuality, representing nothing but its own inner life and character. Such a proposition American literature will not permit us to affirm, indebted as it is to foreign sources for thoughts and images, and hitherto presenting too little that is properly American in its poetry, philosophy, and romance. Mr. Emerson's own mind owes much confessedly to Cousin, Swedenborg, and Carlyle; and the general American himself, as our author is careful to acknowledge, "is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions, more or less propitious;" nay, Mr. Emerson gives it as his opinion that the American must continue to be such so long as he refuses to grant copyright to the English author,—for even so long must the Englishman be the teacher of the American. In some sort, however, he contends that the mind of every other country is similarly circumstanced: French, Turk, Chinese, even "the Russian in his snows, is aiming to be English." In a word, "the culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims."

The phase of the American mind to which we have alluded, accordingly, may be that of other countries also; and we think that we have heard of this theory of decline from other quarters: wherefore it behoves us to heed well what truth or error it may contain.

The notion we have cited will, we believe, be generally found coexistent with the writer's ignorance of what is or is not English, and may, indeed, be accepted as a gauge of his want of information. And thus it will happen, that where a foreigner appreciates England, he will in general be found to be tolerably accurate in his detail; where he depreciates, to be largely inaccurate. This is, at any rate,

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the case with Mr. Emerson: nor is it any depreciation of his merit to state so much. The knowledge of a foreigner regarding another land and people is necessarily imperfect. Added to this, Mr. Emerson has a peculiar source of error. Habitually an idealist, in undertaking to portray our country and manners he has passed out of that inner and individual life in which he has hitherto consented to be (in his own phrase) "imprisoned," and suddenly made acquaintance with unaccustomed objects, relative to some of which his first impressions are necessarily incorrect.

Mr. Emerson may find an excuse in the composite character of the English people, which, as he states, betrays a mixed origin, and which, being contradictory in itself, justifies contradictory opinions in reference to it:

"Every thing English," says our philosopher, "is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements. The language is mixed; the names of men are of different nations,—three languages, three or four nations; the currents of thought are counter: contemplation and practical skill; active intellect and dead conservatism; world-wide enterprise and devoted use and wont; aggressive freedom and hospitable law, with bitter class-legislation; a people scattered by their wars and affairs over the face of the whole earth, and homesick to a man; a country of extremes,—dukes and chartists, Bishops of Durham and naked heathen colliers;—nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salves of cordial praise."

There is a difference, according to Mr. Emerson, between "the World's Englishman" and the Englishman of different districts. The world's Englishman, he tells us, is a Londoner; but then London itself, he likewise informs us, is not only an "immense city they have builded," but a "London extended into every man's mind, though he live in Van Diemen's Land or Cape Town." We may, then, accept it rather as a state than a place. Such a Londoner has Mr. Emerson's good word. He is, indeed, a sort of model man, decidedly a gentleman, and thoroughly trustworthy. Englishmen of the type intended insure the "faithful performance of what is undertaken to be performed; they honour it in themselves, and exact it in others as certificate of equality with themselves. The modern world is theirs; they have made and make it day by day. The commercial relations of the world are so intimately drawn to London, that every dollar on earth contributes to the strength of the English government. And if all the wealth in the planet should perish by war or deluge, they know themselves competent to replace it."

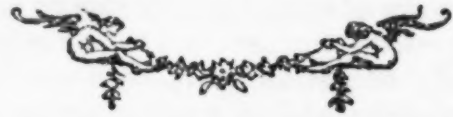
Of our national decline, Mr. Emerson detects the chief symptom in our national literature. Our neglect of the ideal philosophy is his chief complaint; and a grave complaint enough it were, should we be compelled to register the charge. "Coleridge, a catholic mind, with a hunger for ideas, with eyes looking before and after to the highest bards and sages, and who wrote and spoke the only high criticism in his time, is (he says) one of those who save England from the reproach of no longer possessing the capacity to appreciate what rarest wit the island has yielded. Yet even in him the traditional Englishman was too strong for the philosopher, and he fell into accommodations."

Whatever was true in this censure of Mr. Emerson's in 1833, when he first visited England, has long since outgrown its applicability. For several years now has Transcendentalism been well known in England: it has its students at the universities, such as Dr. Whewell; and in our great reviews its principles and terminologies are habitually used as recognised data in all philosophical, or even scientific investigations. The English mind has assimilated the truths contained in the system without parading the system itself; and this, too, is the English manner of acting in such cases. Idealism is quite as vital as ever it was amongst us; and of idealists we have not a few, perhaps one or two too many.

Mr. Emerson is not always consistent. The tendency of our institutions, he thinks, is to republicanism; and that of the United States to a condition of no-government, in which each man's moral nature will be a sufficient safe-

guard. One should have thought that, on his own principles, Mr. Emerson would not have described such a tendency as a symptom of decline; and, for America, if ever she arrive at the predicated theocratic perfection, and anticipate in it all other nations, her enthusiastic philosopher might well predict that the final "elasticity and hope of the world must remain on the Alleghany ranges;" for a people that had attained to such self-government would easily govern the rest of the race. The only political accusation, however, made by Mr. Emerson in regard to England's decline, is our complicity, contrary to all former wont, with Louis Napoleon. But he forgets that our alliance is in reality with the French people, and that it took its rise in a principle of political justice quite consonant with the genius of this country. England compromised no national idea even for a gain so costly as the French alliance: France recognised English doctrines.

On the whole, Mr. Emerson gives a highly-coloured picture of English excellence, under the various aspects of "race," "ability," "manners," "truth," "character," "wealth," "aristocracy," "religion," "literature," and our education at the universities, which last perhaps he even overrates. The traits he most admires in us are those that reflect similar points in American character. But even should the United States, or any of the European nations, win the goal of national perfectibility, and leave England any where behind, still England, according to Mr. Emerson's own showing, might claim the triumph. The result would be only that her Soul had transmigrated, and asserted its immortality in the form of the successful country, since, according to him, it is with her spirit, and hers alone, that every people is at present seeking to be inspired. The Englishman, it should seem, is not confined to a place, but is, *par excellence*, the Citizen of the World.



▲ SONNET. BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

DIED on the 20th of September 1856, at Morningside, near Edinburgh, Dr. Samuel Brown, well known and dear to the fit and few throughout England and Scotland.

He was struck with mortal illness when on the eve of completing the scientific labours to which his splendid talents had been devoted; and after eight years of patient pain and unconquered hope, was obliged to leave the demonstration of his discoveries to the good fortune of future times.

He came with us to thy great gates, O Thou
Unopened Age. Our noise was like the wind
Chafing the wordy Deep: but broad and blind
They stood unmoved. Then He—we knew not how—
Laid forth his hand upon them. Lo, they grind
Revolving thunders! Lo, on his dark brow
The unknown light! Lo, Azrael came behind,
And touched him! They clanged back, and all was Now.
We wondered and forgot. But he, unbent,
With eye still strained to the forbidden day,
Towered in the likeness of his great intent,
As if his act should be his monument,
Till Azrael pitied such sublime dismay,
And led him onward by another way.

▲ LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE ladies did not appear at lunch. Word was sent down stairs that Miss Childe was "indisposed." I could not by any means get to see Mrs. Rochdale, though I hung about the house all day. Near dark, I received a message that the mistress wanted me.



REPOSE. STUDY OF A BABE IN MARBLE, BY A. MUNRO.

She was sitting in the dining-room, without lights. She sat as quiet, as motionless, as a carved figure. I dared not speak to her; I trembled to catch the first sound of her voice—my friend, my mistress, my dear Mrs. Rochdale!

"Martha!"

"Yes, madam."

"I wish, Martha"—and there the voice stopped.

I hardly know what prevented my saying or doing, on the impulse, things that the commonest instinct told me, the moment afterwards, ought to be said and done by no one—certainly not by me—at this crisis, to Mrs. Rochdale. So, with an effort, I stood silent in the dim light—as silent and motionless as herself.

"I wish, Martha"—and her voice was steady now—"I wish to send you on a message, which requires some one whom I can implicitly trust."

My heart was at my lips; but of course I only said, "Yes, madam."

"I want you to go down to the village, to the—the young person at the baker's shop."

"Nancy Hine."

"Is that her name? Yes, I remember: Nancy Hine. Bring her here—to the manor-house; without observation, if you can."

"To-night, madam?"

"To-night. Make any excuse you choose; or rather, make no excuse at all. Say Mrs. Rochdale wishes to speak to her."

"Any thing more?" I asked softly, after a considerable pause.

"Nothing more. Go at once, Martha."

I obeyed implicitly. Much as this my mission had surprised, nay, startled me, I knew Mrs. Rochdale always

did what was wisest, best to do, under the circumstances. Also, that her combined directness of purpose and strength of character often led her to do things utterly unthought of by a weaker or less single-hearted woman.

Though a misty September moonlight, I walked blindly on in search of Nancy Hine.

She was having a lively gossip at the bakehouse-door. The fire showed her figure plainly. Her large rosy arms, whitened with flour, were crossed over her decent working-gown. People allowed—even the most censorious—that Nancy was, in her own home, an active industrious lass, though too much given to dress of Sundays, and holding herself rather above her station every day.

"Nancy Hine, I want to speak with you a minute."

"O, do you, Martha Stretton? Speak out, then. No secrets here."

Her careless, not to say rude, manner irritated me. I just turned away and walked down the village. I had not gone many yards when Nancy's hand was on my shoulder; and with a loud laugh at my sudden start, she pulled me by a back door into the shop.

"Now then?"

The baker's daughter folded her arms in a rather defiant way. Her eyes were bright and open. There was in her manner some excitement, coarseness, and boldness; but nothing unvirtuous—nothing to mark the fallen girl whom her neighbours were pointing the finger at. I could not loathe her quite as much as I had intended.

"Now then?" she repeated.

I delivered Mrs. Rochdale's message, word for word.

Nancy seemed a good deal surprised—not shocked, or alarmed, or ashamed—merely surprised.

"Wants me, does she? Why?"

"She did not say."

"But you guess, of course. Well, who cares? Not I."

Yet her brown handsome face changed colour. Her hands nervously fidgeted about—taking off her apron, "making herself decent," as she called it. Suddenly she stopped.

"Has there been any letter—any news—from young Mr. Rochdale?"

"I believe there has; but that is no business of—"

"Mine, you mean, oh? Come, don't be so sharp, Martha Stretton. I'll go with you, only let me put on my best bonnet first."

"Nancy Hine," I burst out, "do you think it can matter to Mrs. Rochdale whether you go in a queen's gown or a beggar's rags, except that the rags might suit you best? Come just as you are."

"I will," cried Nancy, glaring in my face; "and you, Martha, keep a civil tongue, will you? My father's daughter is as good as yours, or your mistress's either. Get out o' the shop. I'll follow 'ee. I bean't afeard."

That broad accent—broadening as she got angry—those abrupt awkward gestures!—what could the young squire, his mother's son, who had lived with that dear mother all his days, have seen attractive in Nancy Hine?

But similar anomalies of taste have puzzled, and will puzzle, every body—especially women, who in their attachments generally see clearer and deeper than men—to the end of time.

Nancy Hine walked in sullen taciturnity to the manor-house. It was already late—nearly all the household were gone to bed. I left the young woman in the hall, and went up to Mrs. Rochdale.

She was sitting before her dressing-room fire absorbed in thought. In the chamber close by—in the large state-bed which Mrs. Rochdale always occupied, where generations of Rochdales had been born and died—slept the gentle girl whose happiness had been so cruelly betrayed. For that the engagement was broken, and for sufficient cause, Mr. Rochdale's answer, or rather non-answer, to his mother's plain letter made now certain, almost beyond a doubt.

"Hush; don't wake her," whispered Mrs. Rochdale, hurriedly. "Well, Martha?"

"The young woman—shall I bring her, madam?"

"What, here?" Words cannot describe the look of repulsion, hatred, horror, which for a moment darkened Mrs. Rochdale's face. Perhaps the noblest human being, either man or woman, is born, not passionless, but with strong passions to be subjected to firm will. If at that moment—one passing moment—she could have crushed out of existence the girl who had led away her son—for Nancy was older than he, and "no fool")—I think Mrs. Rochdale would have done it.

The next instant she would have done nothing of the kind; nothing that a generous Christian woman might not do.

She rose up, saying quietly, "The young person cannot come here, Martha. Bring her into—let me see—into the drawing-room."

There, entering a few minutes after, we found Mrs. Rochdale seated on one of the velvet couches, just in the light of the chandelier.

I do not suppose Nancy Hine had ever been in such a brilliant, beautiful room before. She was apparently quite stunned and dazzled by it; curtsied humbly, and stood with her arms wrapped up in her shawl, vacantly gazing about her.

Mrs. Rochdale spoke. "Nancy Hine, I believe, is your name?"

"Yes, my lady. That is—um—yes, ma'am, my name is Nancy."

She came a little forwarder now, and lifted up her eyes more boldly to the sofa. In fact, they both regarded each other keenly and long—the lady of the manor and the village girl.

I observed that Mrs. Rochdale had resumed her usual evening-dress, and that no trace of mental disorder was visible in her apparel—scarcely even in her countenance.

"I sent for you, Nancy Hine—(Martha, do not go away, I wish that there should be a witness of all that passes between this young woman and myself)—I sent for you on account of certain reports, more injurious to your character, if possible, than even to that of—the other person. Are you aware what reports I mean?"

"Yes, my lady, I be."

"That is an honest answer, and I like honesty," said Mrs. Rochdale, after a prolonged gaze at the face, now scarlet with wholesome blushes, of the baker's daughter. With a half-sigh of relief, she went on.

"You must be also aware that I, as the mother of—that other person, can have but one motive in sending for you here,—namely, to ask a question which I more than any one else have a right to ask, and to have answered. Do you understand me?"

"Some'at."

"Nancy," she resumed, after another long gaze, as if struck by something in the young woman different from what she had expected, and led thereby to address her differently from what she had at first intended,—“Nancy, I will be plain with you. It is not every lady—every mother, who would have spoken with you as I speak now, without anger or blame—only wishing to get from you the truth. If I believed the worst—if you were a poor girl whom my son had—had wronged, I would still have pitied you. Knowing him and now looking at you, I do not believe it. I believe you may have been foolish, light of conduct; but not guilty. Tell me—do tell me”—and the mother's agony broke through the lady's calm and dignified demeanour—"one word to assure me it is so!"

But Nancy Hine did not utter that word. She gave a little faint sob, and then dropped her head with a troubled awkward air, as if the presence of Lemuel's mother—speaking so kindly, and looking her through and through—was more than she could bear.

That poor mother, whom this last hope had failed, to whom her only son now appeared not only as a promise-breaker, but the systematic seducer of a girl beneath his own rank—between whom and himself could exist no mental union, no false gloss of sentiment to cover the foulness of mere sensual passion—that poor mother sank back, and put her hand over her eyes, as if she would fain henceforth shut out from her sight the whole world.

After a while, she forced herself to look at the girl once more,—who, now recovering from her momentary remorse, was busy casting admiring glances, accompanied with one or two curious smiles, around the drawing-room.

"From your silence, young woman, I must conclude that I was mistaken; that—but I will spare you. You will have enough to suffer. There now remains only one question which I desire—which I am compelled—to ask: How long has this—this"—she seemed to choke over the unuttered word—"lasted?"

"Dunnot know what you mean."

"I must speak plainer, then. How long, Nancy Hine, have you been my son's—Mr. Rochdale's—mistress?"

"Not a day—not an hour," cried Nancy, violently, coming close to the sofa. "Mind what you say, Mrs. Rochdale. I'm an honest girl. I'm as good as you. I'm Mr. Rochdale's wife!"

Mr. Rochdale's mother sat mute, and watched the girl take from a ribbon round her neck a ring—an unmistakable wedding-ring, and slip it with a determined push on her large working-woman's finger. This done, she thrust it right in the lady's sight.

"Look'ee, what do 'ee say to that? He put it there. All your anger cannot take it off. I am Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, your son's wife."

"Ah!" shrinking from her. But the next minute the true womanly feeling came into the virtuous mother's heart.

"Better this—than—what they said. Better a thousand times. Thank God!"

With a sigh, long and deep, she sat down, and again covered her eyes, as if trying to realise the amazing—impossible truth. Then she said slowly, "Martha, I think this"—she hesitated what name to give Nancy; finally gave no name at all—"I think she had better go away."

Nancy, quite awed and moved—all her boldness gone, was creeping out of the room after me, when Mrs. Rochdale called us back.

"Stay; at this hour of the night it is not fitting that—my son's wife—should be out alone. Martha, ask your father to see her safe home."

The baker's daughter turned at the door, and said, "Thank'ee, my lady;" but omitted her curtsy this time.

And Mrs. Rochdale had found her daughter-in-law!

* * * * *

Ere we well knew what had happened, the whole dynasty at the manor-house was changed. Mrs. Rochdale was gone; she left before her son returned from Scotland, and did not once see him. Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, late Nancy Hine, was installed as lady of the manor.

Such a theme for gossip had not been vouchsafed our county for a hundred years. Of a surety they canvassed it over—talked it literally threadbare.

Mrs. Rochdale escaped it fortunately. She went abroad with Sir John and Miss Childe. All the popular voice was with her and against her son. They said he had killed that pretty gentle creature—who, however, did not die, but lived to suffer—perhaps better still, to overcome suffering; that he had broken his noble mother's heart. Few of his old friends visited him; not one of their wives visited his wife. He had done that which many "respectable" people are more shocked at than at any species of profligacy—he had made a low marriage.

Society was hard upon him, harder than he deserved. At least they despised him and his marriage for the wrong cause. Not because his wife was, when he chose her, a woman thoroughly beneath him in education, tastes, and feelings,—because from this inferiority it was impossible he could have felt for her any save the lowest and most degrading kind of love,—but simply because she was a village girl—a baker's daughter!

Sir John Childe said to Lemuel's mother, in a lofty compassion, the only time he was ever known to refer to the humiliating and miserable occurrence, "Madam, whatever herself might have been, the disgrace would have been lightened had your son not married a person of such low origin. Shocking!—a baker's daughter!"

"Sir John," said Mrs. Rochdale with dignity, "if my son had chosen a woman suitable and worthy of being his wife, I would not have minded had she been the daughter of the meanest labourer in the land."

* * * * *

"Miss Martha!" called out our rector's wife to me one day, "is it true, that talk I hear of Mrs. Rochdale's coming home?"

"Quite true, I believe."

"And where will she come to? Not to the manor-house?"

"Certainly not." I fear there was a bitterness in my tone, for the good old lady looked at me reprovingly.

"My dear, the right thing for us in this world is to make the very best of that which, having happened, was consequently ordained by Providence to happen. And we often find the worst things not so bad, after all. I was truly glad to-day to hear that Mrs. Rochdale was coming home."

"But not home to *them*,—not to the manor-house. She will take a house in the village. She will never meet them, any more than when she was abroad."

"But she will hear of them. That does great good sometimes."

"When there is any good to be heard."

"I have told you, Martha, and I hope you have told

Mrs. Rochdale, that there is good. When first I called on Mrs. Lemuel, it was simply in my character as the clergyman's wife, doing what I believed my duty. I found that duty easier than I had expected."

"Because she remembered her position"—("Her former position, my dear," corrected Mrs. Wood)—"because she showed off no airs and graces, but was quiet, humble, and thankful, as became her, for the kindness you thus showed."

"Because of that, and something more. Because the more I have seen of her the more I feel, that though not exactly to be liked, she is to be respected. She has sustained tolerably well a most difficult part,—that of an ignorant person suddenly raised to wealth; envied and abused by her former class, utterly scouted and despised by her present one. She has had to learn to comport herself as mistress where she was once an equal, and as an equal where she used to be an inferior. I can hardly imagine a greater trial, as regards social position."

"Position? She has none. No ladies except yourself will visit her. Why should they?"

"My dear, why should they not? A woman who since her marriage has conducted herself with perfect propriety, befitting the sphere to which she was raised; has lived retired, and forced herself into no one's notice; who is, whatever be her shortcomings in education and refinement of character, a good wife, a kind mistress—"

"How do you know that?"

"Simply because her husband is rarely absent a day from home; because all her servants have remained with her, and spoken well of her, these five years."

I could not deny these facts. They were known to the whole neighbourhood. The proudest of our gentry were not wicked enough to shut their eyes to them, even when they contemptuously stared at Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale driving drearily about in long summer-afternoons in her lonely carriage, with not a single female friend to pay a morning-visit to, or suffer the like infliction from;—not even at church, when quizzing her large figure and heavy gait,—for she had not become more sylph-like with added years,—they said she was growing "crumbie," like her father's loaves, and wondered she would persist in wearing the finest bonnets of all the congregation.

Nay, even I, bitter as I was, really pitied her, one sacrament-day, when she unwittingly advanced to the first "rail" of communicants; upon which all the other "respectable" Christians hung back till the second. After that the Rochdales were not seen again at the communion. Who could marvel?

It was noticed, by some to his credit, by others as a point for ridicule, that her husband always treated her abroad and at home with respect and consideration. Several times a few hunting neighbours, lunching at the manor-house, brought word how Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale had taken the mistress's place at table, in a grave taciturn way, so that perforce every one had to forget entirely that he had ever joked and laughed over her father's counter with the *ci-devant* Nancy Hine.

For that honest old father, he had soon ceased to give any trouble to his aristocratic son-in-law, having died quietly,—in a comfortable and honourable bedroom at the manor-house too,—and been buried underneath an equally comfortable and honourable head-stone to the memory of "Mr. Daniel Hine;" "baker" was omitted, to the great indignation of our village, who thought that if a tradesman could "carry nothing" else, he ought at least to carry the stigma of his trade out with him into the next world.

Mrs. Rochdale came home,—to the only house in the neighbourhood which could be found suitable. It was a little distance from the village, and three miles from the manor-house. Many, I believe, wished her to settle in some other part of the county; but she briefly said that she "preferred" living here.

Her jointure, and an additional allowance from the estate, which was fully and regularly paid by my father,—still Mr.

Rochdale's steward,—was, I believe, the only link of association between her and her former home. Nor did she apparently seek for more. The only possible or probable chance of her meeting the inhabitants of the manor-house was at Thorpe church; and she attended a chapel-of-ease in the next parish, which was, as she said, "nearer." She fell into her old habits of charity,—her old simple life; and though her means were much reduced, every one, far and near, vied in showing her attention and respect.

But Mrs. Rochdale did not look happy. She had grown much older,—was decidedly "an elderly lady" now. Instead of her fair calm aspect, was a certain unquiet air, a perpetual looking and longing for something she did not find. For weeks after she came to her new house she would start at strange knocks, and gaze eagerly after strange horsemen passing the window, as if she thought, "he may come to see his mother." But he did not; and after a time she settled down into the patient dignity of hopeless pain.

Many people said, because Lemuel's name was never heard on her lips, that she cherished an implacable resentment towards him. That, I thought, was not true. She might have found it hard to forgive him,—most mothers would; but did any mother ever find any pardon impossible?

She had still his boyish portrait hanging beside his father's in her bedroom; and once, opening by chance a drawer usually kept locked, I found it contained—what? Lemuel's childish muslin-frocks, his boyish cloth-cap, his fishing-rod, and an old book of flies.

After that, who could believe his mother "implacable"?

Yet she certainly was a great deal harder than she used to be; harsher and quicker in her judgments; more unforgiving of little faults in those about her. With regard to her son, her mind was absolutely impenetrable. She seemed to have fortified and intrenched herself behind a strong endurance; it would take a heavy stroke to reach the citadel—the poor desolate citadel of the forlorn mother's heart.

The stroke fell. None can doubt Who sent it, nor why it came.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing at the schoolhouse-door, when my cousin's lad George, who had been to see the hunt pass, ran hastily in.

"O mother, the squire's thrown, and killed."

"Killed!" O, that shriek! May I never live to hear such another!

The tale, we soon found, was incorrect: Mr. Rochdale had only been stunned, and seriously injured, though not mortally. But—his poor mother!

THE LEGEND OF THE SANGREAL.

By R. ALFRED VAUGHAN, B.A.

NEXT to the old laws and the old ballads, we are most indebted to the old stories for our knowledge of the past. There are satirical and comic tales to give us pictures of the mediæval manners. Chaucer and Boccaccio are our Aristophanes and Plautus. There are the legends of miracle and saintship to represent to us the faith of the middle age. Between the laughter-loving freedom of the former class of tale and the solemn supernaturalism of the latter lies a third species,—the story of chivalrous adventure and marvellous enchantment. In these romances the remains of Gothic superstition and fragments of oriental fable play a conspicuous part beside the prowess of "Sir Knight" and the piety of "Sir Priest." Hence the trolls and ellewomen, the giants and the dwarfs, the magic rings and flying-horses, the far-working spells of the wizard and the glamour of the fay. Among those traditions, which were the common property of so many minstrels and storytellers, there is not one which is more remarkable than the Legend of the Sangreal. It combines in itself nearly all the constituent elements to which we have adverted. It is as full of wonders as the story of

Aladdin in the *Arabian Nights*, or the legends of Solomon and Aschmedai in the *Talmud*. It is as full of knightly combats and adventures as Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. It is as full of reverence for holy men and holy things as the *Lives of the Saints* or the story of *Count Robert*. It unites (as did the military orders of Christendom) the spiritual and the secular interest, and belongs alike to the chivalrous world and the ecclesiastical. It might be selected from all the rest as the representative fiction of the middle ages.

The origin of the tradition concerning the Sangreal is enveloped in obscurity. Into the learned inquiries of Büsching, Lachmann, Simrock, or Göschel, it is not our purpose to enter. Thus much is certain, that *San* means *holy*, and that *Greal*, *Graal*, or *Grâl* is the Provençal for *vessel*. The legend, then, of the Holy Vessel appears in various shapes in our *King Arthur*, in the *Mabinogion*, and in the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach. In the *Parzival*,—the great German poem of the thirteenth century,—it assumes its most poetical form, and has been invested by the somewhat fanciful antiquarianism of Germany with the most profound significance.

The early history of the Grâl carries us back to the expulsion of the rebel-angels. It is said, that when the thrones and principdoms of the fallen were driven over the bounds of heaven,

"With hideous ruin and combustion down,"

the falchion of the archangel Michael, descending full upon the crest of Satan, dashed into a thousand fragments his resplendent crown,—that coronal, fashioned of heaven's pearl and diamond and sardonyx and chrysolite, which had once bound the serene brows of the Son of the Morning, and shone afterwards as the standard followed by revolted myriads in the celestial war. One jewel of this crown struck off like a spark, leaped out into space, and there hovered long, drifting through limbo and the interlunar realms, till at last it dropped upon our earth. There it was found by some of those angels who render guardian-offices upon this planet. On what summit of snows above all flight of birds, or in what woodland solitude, or down in the heart of what sleeping sea, the angelic eyes discovered the treasure, no chronicler hath told us. The precious stone, itself of marvellous virtue, was fashioned into a vessel, and endowed with yet more blessed potency by the uses to which it was applied. It was said to have held the bread at the Last Supper. In the hands of Joseph of Arimathea, it received the water and the blood which flowed from the pierced side of Christ. It was destined to become the symbol of salvation: but for a long time men remained unprofited by its benignant powers; for a worthy guardian could not be found. The Grâl remained suspended in the heights of air, far above earth's clouds and tempests,—a wandering star, beyond the ken of mariner or the search of the astrologer.

At length Titurel, a prince of Anjou, was made the first Grâl-king. For such an honour wealth gave no fitness, nor learning, nor knightly prowess: only to the pure in heart could the Grâl become visible; only to one who had in him the spirit of the little child, whose unfeigned lowliness was proof against all the pomps and the ambitions of this mortal life, could a gift so priceless be intrusted. We read in *King Arthur* how Sir Launcelot was cast into a deep sleep in a lonesome chapel, where he saw the Grâl brought in, and a wounded knight healed thereby, but was not able himself to arise and draw near because of his guilty love for Queen Guinevere. When the brave and simple-hearted Titurel was appointed guardian, he erected a sumptuous temple to contain the relic, built a castle, and founded an order of knights called the *Templeisen*.

The temple of the Grâl was invisible to every profane eye. Godly knights and true, to whom it was given to behold it, came upon it unaware, as they rode about redressing wrongs and delivering the oppressed. You, reader, are a hater of wrong-doing, a lowly-minded lover of mercy and

truth; and you will be able, therefore, even from our poor description, to behold this temple with the eye of imagination.

See it stand, gorgeous in the light of the setting sun, near the summit of Montsalvage. Around it are black rocks, holding here and there unmelted snows; and beneath, on the shoulders and spreading sides of the mountain, grows an impenetrable forest of cypress. The topmost tree-points are touched ruddily by the sunset; the rest stand dark and stately, like a host of banners of green velvet, close-ranked, hanging heavily in a great calm. In the centre of the temple rises a dome covered with a golden mail, fantastically overrun by branching veins of blue enamel; and on the summit flames a giant carbuncle, the beacon of every Templar homeward-bound. Around the great central cupola stand six-and-thirty towers, each with a spiral staircase winding round its outer wall. Above each tower there seems to hover motionless, poised on its outspread wings, an eagle made of gold. The slanting sun-rays are flashed back from the burnished breasts of this wondrous circle of birds. Each eagle is in truth supported by a cross of crystal, planted on the summit of every tower, too transparent to be visible from where we stand; a symbol this, to the pious fancy of the soldier-monks, of that invisible support the Cross affords to man. At the base of every one of the six-and-thirty towers are two octagonal chapels,—the minor shrines which girdle the precincts of the central sanctuary.

Within the dome the knights see above them a blue vault of sapphire, on which are represented sun and moon in diamonds and topaz; while a circle of brazen columns supports this heaven of precious stones. The crystal pavement reflects the azure of the roof; so that the armed heel appears to stand on air, and every shining pillar is imaged by a line of light that seems to pierce unfathomable depths, like that column of glory which descends from an evening sun into the calmness of the sea. In this crystalline floor the art of the mosaic-worker has inserted fishes of every form, carved in onyx, that glance and seem to glide as lights and shadows pass or fall upon them. The deep-browed windows are rich with many-coloured marble and many-coloured glass. The hues on one blend together in a ruddy autumn brown; those of another flame with gold and crimson, like the illuminated capitals of a missal; while a third is crossed with blue over interstices of red, like a trellis-work of amethyst filled with roses. Here the quaint design multiplies a pale flower, like a faint azure flame shooting up between two plume-like leaves of emerald. There lustrous arrow-heads, or *fleur-de-lis*, seem to chase each other round the border. The graceful fantasies of oriental arabesque overrun the snowy marble of the screen. Dragons and gryphons on the groinings of the roof plant their claws on mystic scrolls. In circlets of opal are traced lambs with banners, or castle-gateways with pillars of malachite and purple portcullises, in colours borrowed from the thunder-clouds of summer and the foliage of spring.

Enshrined in the holiest place, bowered deep in exquisite enclosures of sandal-wood and gold, of lapis lazuli and marble, lies the Holy Grâl. The virtues of this stone of stones prolong the life and sustain the vigour of the gallant company of guardian-knights. Were a wounded man at the very point of death, one look thereon would give him six days' life. He who sees it daily, holds the secret of perpetual youth, and need fear no decay or any sickness. By its life-giving power the phoenix springs out of his funeral flame and lives anew—the type of resurrection. On Good Friday a dove, descending from the skies, lays a consecrated wafer on the Grâl; and thus its miraculous potency is every year renewed. It has power, continues the legend, to change a crust into a banquet; and has been thus permitted to repeat the miracle which fed the five thousand among the Galilean hills.

Let us now take a scene from the poem already mentioned, and see how its author, Wolfram, has handled the tradition.

Parzival, weary and belated, was riding onward one dark night, whither he knew not, when he heard the distant fall of surf upon a beach. Making his way toward the shore, he discerns the twinkling light of a fisherman's hut. There he is directed to a neighbouring castle. Arrived under a gloomy mass of wall, he winds his horn; answers questioning by pronouncing the name of the fisherman; rides across the echoing drawbridge, and is received in the courtyard by attendants with torches. He sees with surprise that the tiltyard is overgrown with rank grass, as though many a year had passed since any knight had broken lance there for love of fair lady. They usher him into a vast hall, dazzling with the blaze of a hundred torches. He passes up between couches of costliest workmanship, whereon lie four hundred knights. On the dais stand three marble vases filled with burning aloë-wood, raising clouds of fragrant incense. In the centre he sees a sick man reclining on a couch. It is Anfortas, the Grâl-king. He beckons Parzival to approach him. At this moment a page brings in a lance from which blood is dropping; he carries it round among the knights, who gaze upon it with looks of sorrow, some uttering lamentations, others sighing and groaning sorely at the sight. Parzival looks on in silence. The preceptor of his youth, the sage Sir Gournemanns, had once warned him against asking questions. The wise advice is, in this instance, unwisely followed. Then, through a door of shining steel, enter four princesses bearing golden candlesticks; and these, with their robes of scarlet, are followed by eight maidens in grass-green samite, carrying a slab of polished garnet. Then, amidst her ladies, the beautiful Repanse de Schoie comes in, the queen of the Grâl castle, and lays before Anfortas a vessel of precious stone.

Now the feast is about to begin; the hall is thronged with attendants, bearing golden ewers, setting out the tables, and presenting bread before the Grâl. The bread thus offered is placed upon the tables, and is, in the very act, transformed and multiplied into the various viands of a royal banquet. There are peacocks, the knightly birds, garnished with their plumes, boars' heads, and venison; and in the beakers glance and mantle the hippocras and malvoisie and foaming mead; while fruits worthy of paradise blush among their leaves in baskets of fretted silver. Parzival at last retires to rest, still without having asked a question; passes the night troubled by mysterious dreams; and in the morning, surprised at the universal quietness and silence, goes out through the now deserted hall, and quits the castle as he came. As he departs a page cries after him, asking tauntingly why he had put no question to his entertainers.

As it is possible that some of our readers may not be so utterly destitute as Parzival of curiosity, we may add for their benefit that the silent knight lamented long and bitterly his lost opportunity. The shadow of his great disappointment followed him every where, darkened hope and faith, filled his soul with impious murmuring, and drove him out on lonesome wanderings, far from all Christian folk and sound of holy bells. At last this pride dissolves in penitence; his faith returns; his purification is accomplished. A messenger is sent to summon him to the Grâl temple; he himself is to be king. Entering the castle a second time, he finds Anfortas still a sufferer from the wound of the poisoned spear, sick almost unto death, but unable to die by reason of the life-sustaining virtue inherent in the Grâl. Parzival releases him in an instant from his pain by asking the long-desired question, "What ails thee?"

It is pleasant to recognise the existence of such an ideal of Christian knighthood as that which animates the legend of the Sangreal in its more elevated forms. In an age when physical prowess was so highly valued, this tradition gave the highest place to that moral greatness which conquers pride and abandons self. At the same time, this self-conquest is no "cloistered virtue," ascetic, pharisaical, and useless. The champions of the Grâl did not hide themselves from the world, though their relic and their residence

were to the world so great a mystery. The brave four hundred were imagined riding through all the lands of Christendom, the hope of oppressed innocence, the terror of lawless strength.

Men call this nineteenth-century prosaic. But are there not with us also realities more wondrous than the phantom-temple of the Grâl, which only the lowly-hearted can discern?

A BATH IN THE PYRENEES.

"On their way to Suberlaché; the big one is to take baths there," screams a boy after us, in the Béarnais patois, all through the village of Osse. It is five o'clock in the morning, and our unexpected appearance at that hour attracts general attention. This boy happened to be passing the Maison Tourré as preparations were made for our starting; and having ascertained our destination from Michelle, he thinks it worth while to turn back from his work and follow us through Osse. When we have passed the last house in the village, he stops, then hesitates, and finally follows us on to Bédous; apparently he does not like to relinquish the office which has made him of so much importance in the eyes of society. So the cry of "On their way to Suberlaché" pursues us until we have left behind us the last house in Bédous, and passed the custom-house officers, chatting together on the bales of wool which have come in from Spain this morning, and the "gens d'armes" and "gens de ville" taking their accustomed rounds. We follow the high-road to Spain, parallel to that of Osse, but on the other side of the river. On our way we have numerous interrogatories to answer from peasants at their work and wayfarers, and good cause to wonder at, but not admire, their pertinacity. A woman on horseback,—a great gaunt figure, riding not sideways, but other ways,—overtakes us. She has on a large hooded cloak, and carries before and behind her enough merchandise to fill a cart. The heads of three or four lambs and kids, stretching out of the mouth of the wallet in which they are slung across the saddle, watch us, bleating piteously; and the smell of those half-dozen goat-milk cheeses make the close vicinity of our friend undesirable. But close by our side she will ride; for she is determined to take back to some distant village a full account of us and our doings, and does not know one word of French in which to ask her questions. She is of course a Béarnaise, and her Béarnais patois is gibberish to us. Even if we knew something of the Béarnais patois of the plains, this would be unintelligible; it is so much corrupted by the close vicinity to Spain, and constant intercourse between the Spaniards, Aspois, and Basques. Every Béarnais, however, professes ignorance of the Basque language, and abhorrence of the Basque population. The language, they say, is like English; ask for the point of resemblance, and they will tell you that no one can learn either of them, but Basques and English understand each other perfectly well. All this time our friend has hold of us; and as every expletive in the English language sounds mild in comparison to her guttural, we can only submit until we reach the path leading off the highway to Suberlaché. When she finds she is about to lose us, she holds out her hand and begs vociferously. This is the almost invariable ending to every conversation. M. Gerber says these people believe they exercise charity in begging of the English; they think that all the gold in California, all the gold in Australia, and all the gold from every gold-mine in Europe, Africa, and Asia, goes to England; and that Englishmen travel solemnly and wearily all over the known world, up every high mountain, and to every distant place difficult of access, in order to get rid, if possible, of some of this superabundance of wealth.

A little to the left of the highway stands the establishment of Suberlaché, with roof only just above the surface of the ground. We enter, and find ourselves in a kind of barn; a storehouse for wood, hay, and maize-straw, on heaps of which figures wrapped in the brown woollen hooded

cloak of the country lie sleeping, or waiting their turn for the bath. We descend the wooden stairs, and find ourselves in a long narrow corridor looking out on an excavated courtyard; there, by means of a wooden pipe, the water is conveyed from the spring, which is covered with a kind of barrel, into a well provided for it.

Round this pipe and the well stand the drinkers, with small glasses in their hands. They have each sat an hour, and as much over as the attendant would let them, in a warm bath; and they will wind up with drinking about two quarts of water. There are men, women, and children, all with brown cloaks, a handkerchief bound tightly round their heads, and the hood of the cloak pulled over this. Their black eyes and pallid faces look quite ghastly; which is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that many of them have been here since three or four o'clock in the morning, and have already undergone a pretty severe discipline.

The Suberlaché water is slightly sulphurous and not quite cold, and its qualities are so negative compared to the many valuable springs in the Pyrenees, that it is not at all frequented by strangers. The Aspois, however, make good use of it, and hold it a sovereign remedy for every disease which flesh is heir to.

We are in the corridor. On one side, as we have said, are the windows through which we have watched the drinkers; turn round, and we can, if you please, watch the bathers, for all the doors of the bath-rooms facing us are half open. That elfish little old woman with black and gray locks streaming down her back, which seem so wiry that the black handkerchief round her head cannot confine them, is the attendant. She has on a blue linen-petticoat which reaches not far below her knees, a brown and yellow handkerchief over her shoulders, and apparently nothing more.

You try in vain to attract her attention; it is only by catching at the vessel of water she carries,—which is not a pail, but a copper caldron with two holes in the bottom bunged up with a bit of flax,—that we can stop her. She then intimates, partly in patois and partly by signs, that she will attend to us presently, that all the baths are engaged, and that if we don't believe it we can look in and see; and she storms out a volley of abuse at a patient in a distant bath who keeps on shouting for hot water. Apparently when she reaches him she administers it injudiciously; for he screams out, and she yells at him like a wild animal.

With or without her permission we can look into any bath-room. A long wooden trough, very suggestive of a coffin, stands on the bare mud-floor; a wooden lid covers the trough, or bath, closely, a hole being cut in it through which the patient puts his head. A chair, which stands by the side of the bath, constitutes the furniture of the room. There are pipes for hot and cold water; but neither is ever turned on by the attendant, because a Béarnais when he pays six sous for a bath likes to have his money's worth, and will take as much both of one and the other as ever he can get. For this reason the doors are made *not* to shut. The proprietor, we are told, considers that an hour is quite enough for a bath, and Cadette—the old woman—has orders at the expiration of that time to get the patient out as she best can.

If when our turn comes you are inclined, dear reader, to enter the bath, you will greatly oblige all these worthy peasants, who are waiting to know your decision, and who will with the most intense interest watch your proceedings from the time you enter the bath until you leave it. Of course you don't mind the strong smell of garlic which pervades this place, as it does every other.

Subject to these slight drawbacks, you will have a tolerably comfortable bath; and you can sit and watch that tall gipsy-looking woman who walks up and down before the door, determined to keep order, and show the strangers that she knows all about the decencies and proprieties of life. She swears the oath of the great Béarnais king, and bids the chil-

dren "ventre-Saint-Gris," to keep out of the way; and if you are ignorant of it, she will be proud to tell you that it was so "y nouste Enrico"—our own Henri IV.—used to speak. Then she sings the songs of Despourrins, the Burns of Béarn, high pitched, in a minor key,—long melancholy sounds, and a tune that seems like a wail. That is "La häüt sous las mountagnas," the most popular of all his songs. You will hear it pealing up among the hills, where an echo answers like a voice; and the blind daughter of Madélon in the village sings it all the day long in the room where she sits alone to spin.



AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN.

AUTUMN is now a very evident presence with us. There is a pretty Portuguese proverb concerning this season,—“The painter is among the vines.” And truly, he has been busy also among our chestnuts and beeches, and they are glowing in his beloved colours. The transition from late summer to autumn is at least as beautiful, if we do not love it so well, as that from winter to spring. For two or three weeks before it can actually be said that one period has passed and the other arrived, there is a subtle yet manifest preparation going on. All the trees of the wood, the shrubs of the garden, appear to hold themselves in that attitude of still expectancy which characterises the approach of change. They wait, visibly, till the “fiery finger” laid upon them shall claim their adherence to the new king; and in all the pomp of his coloured glory, and to the music of the raised voices of winds and waves, Autumn enters, and is regnant over the land.

He has entered; and the prevailing influence is as apparent in the flower-garden as in meadow and copse and hill-side. The more showy flowers of the warmer mid-season,—dahlia and aster, marigold, coreopsis, and scabious,—have already passed by. This is the season, indeed, when flower-beds look most desolate. It is the time for busy operations on the part of the gardener, who is fully employed in his energetic preparations for future spring radiance and summer glory. But to the more numerous race of “amateurs,” lady-gardeners, or the mere lover of looking at the results of other people’s labours, this is a period of dullness and torpidity. It is provoking, in the clear sunshine of an October day, to glance at the sometime flower-beds, where one can almost still detect the reflection of geranium-red, or many-hued verbena, and the spicy perfume of heliotrope and carnation. It is far more satisfactory when the last breath of warm air has passed by, when no lingering spike of scentless mignonnette peeps out from the entanglement of the borders to taunt us with recollections of the bygone floral festival. It is better when the ground is left—brown, orderly, and bare—with no sign on the surface of the underlying wealth that is there,—snowdrops that will come to light on pale winter mornings, crocuses that are to glow in the treacherous brightness of March sunlight, and tulips—most painted and sophisticated and self-conscious of flowers, which always look as if they knew that “members of their family” are of the highest aristocracy, purchased at fabulous prices, and petted and prized by Dutch and other connoisseurs in the marvellous manner we hear and read of.

The variety of spring bulbs is indeed so rich, that our gardens may easily be made as prodigal of bloom in April as in July. No flower is lovelier, either for purity of hue and form, or fragrance, than the pheasant’s-eye, or true “poets’ Narcissus.” Hyacinths, again, are beautiful, various, and

easily cultivated. Only one primary caution should be observed by the amateur cultivator. Purchase the bulbs of some well-established and extensive dealer, as soon after their arrival as possible, so that they may not have been too much exposed to the air. Select those bulbs that are large, well-shaped, and firm. (Experienced gardeners say that if the *base* of the bulb is sound and ripe, the other portion may be depended on.) It will be found that there are some varieties more suitable to outdoor growth, some adapted for glasses, others that will flourish best in pots. The finest flowers are generally obtained by this latter method; but in all cases where special beauty or rarity is coveted, the mode of cultivation becomes a matter which it is not in our province to trench upon: we address those who have humbler ambitions, and are contented with simpler results.

Besides these, we need only to mention the names of those hardy flowering bulbous roots, which are to be planted now that the garden may be gay in early spring. Ranunculus, gladiolus, the iris in its three varieties—the *Iris pumila* being that which flowers in April and May, anemones, with their brilliant colourings, looking best when disposed by themselves in large masses. A bed of anemones of all colours, to our thinking, far surpasses a similar quantity of tulips in delicacy of texture and harmony of tint. But we have already confessed an heretical prejudice against the last-named flower, and prejudice ought to be prepared to defer to contradiction.

Apropos of our gardening chat, and especially appropriate to this season, is the curious calculation in M. de Candolle’s *Géographie Botanique*, by which it appears that, “from the middle of autumn to the end of winter, the temperature of the soil is warmer than that of the air at the mean depth attained by roots; and on the contrary, at the season when the plant is at its greatest vigour it is colder than the air. In the one case the maximum difference between the air and soil occurs in January; and in the other case, during one of the summer months. In no case does it exceed $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. At the end of winter, and at the beginning of autumn, periods occur when there is no difference between the temperature of the air and soil. This fact, combined with that of the resuscitation of vegetable life in spring, and its withdrawal in autumn, seems to indicate some direct adaptation of the cooler soil to the wants of plants at that season of the year.”

Noticing some changes in the arrangement of the Chiswick Gardens, *The Gardeners’ Chronicle* comments on the prevailing taste for exquisitely beautiful foliage, which is rapidly replacing merely gaudy flowers in the public favour. No one can doubt this, who has remarked, in the flower-shows of the past summer, the preponderance of those plants without blossom, exhibited and admired solely for their exquisite foliage. We trust the conclusion to be drawn therefrom may be equally correct. There is little fear of our running into the opposite evil of slighting the attractions of colour, which is probably the most generally appreciated of all kinds of beauty. The national taste has long needed chastening and harmonising;—a result which may be reasonably expected to follow an awakened regard for symmetry and grace of form. It is, perhaps, no ill sign, that the growing predilection should begin so simply at the beginning, at Nature’s own exquisite curves and tracery, harmony of outline and perfection of detail, of which she is often, as lavish in the commonest as in the rarest plants.

THE WASHING-MACHINE.

THE pressure of hard work has borne as heavily on women as on men, even in this civilised country and age. If men have laboured in the field, so have women; women have shared the toils of the mine as of the harvest-field. The slavery of the shirt-maker has not been exceeded by many masculine hardships of modern times; and the toil of the black-

smith is probably not so proportionately fatiguing as that of the hardest-worked of our women-labourers, the washerwoman. We mean, of course, not the "laundress," with her establishment, her cart, her large connection, independent manners, and high prices; but the working-women, the "hands," the strong-limbed drudges who stand bending over the tub, from six o'clock in the morning till eight or ten at night, rubbing, rinsing, and wringing, with intervals of gossip and drink.

Of course, in this, as in every class, there are exceptions. Some have seen "better days," and received enough education to know how decency and poverty can go together. But too many, however, of these poor hard-working women are mentally debased, socially degraded.

For reasons moral as well as scientific, then, do we heartily welcome the ingenious invention of the Indiana farmer, Christopher Hollingsworth, which we are about to describe.

Washing by machinery has been attempted and practised even with success long ago; but none hitherto has been so effectual as to entirely prevent the necessity for manual labour, or so simple as to be adapted for general use. The new American Washing-machine appears to meet both these difficulties. The whole operation of washing is performed by floating balls, some two or three hundred of which, made of elm-wood, and about the size of a Seville

orange, are put into a trough two or three feet long by fifteen inches deep, containing water or soapsuds. At the back of the trough is placed a fulcrum, with a cross-beam attached to it, like a common pump-handle. "On one side of the fulcrum," says the *Times*, "an apparatus like a small window-sash, to which the clothes to be washed are fastened, is suspended from the cross-beam immediately over the mouth of the trough; and at the extreme end of the beam, on the opposite side of the fulcrum, is a box, into which weight may be put until it slightly weighs the sash up in the air. This done, the person performing the operation moves the beam-handle up and down as if she were pumping water; the effect of which is to immerse the sash laden with clothes among the balls and suds, and move it about among them. The balls produce a gentle friction upon the linen,

which, without in the slightest degree injuring its fabric, or breaking or tearing off buttons, effectually removes every trace of dirt in an incredibly few minutes, and the operation is complete. The labour required is so slight that a child from twelve to fourteen years of age may perform it with ease. In some of the machines of larger size and greater cost the requisite motion, produced by turning a wheel, is even done at less trouble. The action made on the linen is equivalent to the ordinary threefold process of pounding, rubbing, and squeezing; and as it can never exceed the resistance offered by the floating balls, it is thereby kept within bounds, which are perfectly safe for the most delicate fabrics, the wear and tear being, indeed, less than in ordinary washing by hand. The machine was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, where it attracted considerable interest, and numbers were sold. Several of the Parisian laundresses adopted it; and others of them, who were not able to pay for it at once, did so by instalments, rather than remain without it. The consumption of soap and fuel is much less than in washing by hand; and the fingers of the operator are never wet during the process, except to the extent necessary in putting the clothes into the sash, and taking out and wringing them when washed. In the saving of labour, time, and material, its advantages can scarcely be exaggerated; while the price is not such as to prevent its general use."



TIME-PIECE, WITH FIGURE OF SAPPHO, BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR PRADIER.
[From Jackson and Graham.]

Time and experience must be allowed to test every new invention before its absolute and permanent value can be assured. But about this there is certainly apparent that simplicity which is almost an invariable characteristic of effectual completeness in all inventions, great and small. We trust the result may be widely successful; and that by means of this machine, in the next generation, one race at least of over-worked women may have approached something nearer to the standard of feminine humanity. We have hopes that this improvement in machinery, while tending to exclude women from harsh and degrading occupation, will remit them to a field of labour now gradually opening to them,—labour suitable to their physical strength, and not incompatible with intervals of rest and culture.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. I.

DANTE AND VIRGIL ENTERING THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

PAINTED BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

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EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

It will not soon be forgotten, that wondrous exhibition of the Avenue Montaigne in the bright and busy summer of 1855.

The reader who was a visitor there will remember the *Grand Salon*: second in importance as to space, but containing works of art of a higher order than even the *Salon d'Honneur*.

Around the walls of the former were suspended the best pictures of Henri Lehmann, of Hyppolite Flandrin, of François, and of other distinguished artists; but the attraction of that *salon* for the *élite* of artists and amateurs consisted in the thirty-five pictures by Eugène Delacroix. On a gloomy day—and there are always some gloomy days in the brightest summer—and on a chilly one (for the exhibition closed very late in the season), groups gathered round the walls which were illumined by the works of Delacroix, as if they threw forth rays of warmth as well as of brightness. There was "The Taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders," with its effulgent harmony of colour thrown over the conquerors and their horses, over the conquered, over old pleading feeble men and trembling prostrate women, over the white city and the deep-blue oriental sky and sea and mountains, with the warmth of tone carried into the dark shadows of winding streets and between the columns of a marble palace. Then there was that page of the revolution of 1830, where the figure of Liberty, with fire flashing from her eye, bearing aloft her crimson banner, stands on a barricade in a narrow street of the old *cité*,—herself, her brown skin, her flag, lighted up by a July sun; while deep shadows and dashes of light fall alternately on the dying and the dead. A commemoration of the revolution was ordered from the painter by the government of Louis Philippe, which had, however, recommended a subject different from that finally adopted. The battle of Jemappes, in which Louis Philippe had figured not only as a hero, but a Jacobin, was the theme selected by government. Delacroix had been a spectator of the heroism of the people on the three days, and preferred painting his "Liberty." The government paid for it, and it was in the following year exhibited. The sensation produced was so thrilling, that, *by order*, it was banished from public view, and hidden amongst the lumber of the garrets in the Louvre.—To return to the *Grand Salon*: there, too, was "The Death of Valentine," from *Faust*, a night scene, amidst murky streets, down which a silver moonlight glides, and falls on the murdered body. On another wall was a sumptuous assemblage of opposing colours in the mad dance of "The Fanatics of Tangers," "The Battle of Nancy," "The Execution of Marino Faliero," and "The Death of the Bishop of Liège." In the last the old man is dragged into his own episcopal palace by order of the Boar of Ardennes, and murdered amidst the glitter of knives and the gleaming eyes of savage drunken soldiers. Who will forget the Rembrandt-depth of that horrible though festive hall!

But it is in the "Apollo destroying the serpent Python" that Delacroix has surpassed himself. Here, indeed, we see the brilliancy of his palette—his power of harmonising colour. This picture forms the centre of the ceiling in the Apollo Gallery at the Louvre. Many an English visitor passes without noticing it. It is said by the observant guardians of the Louvre that the English have a particular distaste for looking at pictures placed in ceilings. The attitude required in such a case is indeed irksome; but if any subject can justify its position overhead, it is certainly one where the sun is represented in his noon-tide glory. This is so with the "Apollo" of Delacroix. The painter has chosen the moment when the waters of the Deluge have passed from the earth, leaving the mountains visible, while monsters of the deep are still floating here and there: one dead female body, tragic in its aspect, is seen amongst the retreating waters, and near it the gigantic Python of mythology. Apollo, in the centre of the picture, and in a circle

of light, in an attitude of god-like power and grace, levels his dart at the serpent, who writhes and erects himself in dreadful anticipation of that sure weapon. The light against which the body of Apollo is defined dazzles the eye, and mellows the drapery of the figure into a deep orange. The rainbow, too, forming the robe of Iris, and all the mingled colours in the draperies of the Olympian goddesses who are spectators of Apollo's prowess, go straight to the sense of harmony, and enchant the visitor into forgetting the position of his head as he gazes on this *chef-d'œuvre* in the vaulted roof of the magnificent gallery.

We could almost regret having dwelt so long on this single attribute of the works of Delacroix. After all, colour is subordinate in his paintings to his higher characteristic—a creative and impetuous imagination. Colour with him becomes an instrument of the imaginative faculty, and is employed to illustrate vividly the passion of the mind. Those who know the original of the engraving which precedes these remarks will at once admit that we render simple justice to the master. They will remember the lurid flames, the sombre gray background, the pallor of the two poets, their mantles,—that of Dante of passionate red, with calm pale-green tunic, suggesting his intense and, at times, pity-breathing verse; the green wreath of Virgil and his rich brown garb, significant of the poet of the pastoral; the waves black in their desolation; the blood-shot eyes of the condemned clinging to the boat;—every tone telling on the emotions of one or other of the figures, or on the character of the place.

The "Dante and Virgil entering the Infernal Regions" was the first picture of Delacroix's admitted by the Academy on the *rang* into the annual exhibition of Paris. Many of his previous works had been rejected. He was regarded as an innovator and an imaginative *révolutionnaire* by many learned and distinguished painters, who taunted him with his contempt of moderation and of the traditional rules of art. He replied to their reproaches, "The whole world shall not prevent my seeing things in my own way." He persevered in his originality, and left behind him systems and schools and that kind of lore which he calls "academical receipts." He, who was then a rebel in art, is now acknowledged by critics and the public voice to be a "law-giver."

The "Dante and Virgil" appeared in the *Salon* of 1822. It is a painting the aspect of which falls on the eye and on the mind with a powerful and gloomy interest. A *souvenir* of the old masters of the thirteenth and fourteenth century crosses you as you stand before it. The hand that executed that picture was sure of itself, and followed unchecked the just but ardent impulse of a poetical imagination. Dante was its inspirer; and the painter, whose mind is analogous to that of the old Florentine, and has his political as well as his poetic sympathies, evidently had an intention to avenge the grand exiled poet by representing the condemned spirits as his persecutors. So says the text in the catalogue of 1822. The picture is, indeed, one of sombre poetry. Dante and Virgil are crossing the infernal river in the boat of old Charon. They pass amidst a crowd of lost souls, who are striving to save themselves by entering the boat. Dante is supposed to be alive, but pallid with the horror of the place. Virgil has the calm and the livid tint of death. The wretched culprits, whose torture is the eternally unfulfilled desire of arriving at the opposite shore, cling to the little vessel. One has been thrown back by its rapid motion, and is replunged into the black waters. Another holds fast and would enter, but that a woman adheres as tenaciously, and obstructs him. He gives her a repulse with his foot—a blow that shall force her to loosen her frantic grasp. Two other figures have seized the boat with their teeth; and one almost hears the yell of disappointment in seeing their impotent writhings. The selfishness of torment, the despair of hell, are written on their faces, and expressed in every movement of their limbs. The figures are grouped and thrown into attitudes which can but remind one of the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, yet without a thought of imitation. It is the spirit,

the power, the austerity of the old master alone with which the modern one has imbued himself.

"The Massacre of Scio," another of his early works, now at the Luxembourg, is an equally intense though less imaginative expression of the terrible. It is a picture of human passion and suffering on this earth of ours, and is replete with actuality in its interest. It is impossible to contemplate this picture without a sickness of the heart at the sight of such accumulated misery. A battle has been raging in a vast plain in Greece. The sea is black against the horizon, villages are burning, and Turkish victors, hot from the final encounter, give loose to massacre. You see them in the distance; but amidst smoke and disorder you can follow the expression of their deadly hate by their movements and the glare of their upraised weapons. It is the foreground of the picture that shows the most terrible details. There pestilence adds its horrors to those of cruelty and war. What despair as well as tender helpless love are seen in the motionless figure of the young Greek wife, against whom her husband leans wounded and expiring! A boy is supporting the head of his dying mother. Another child is creeping towards the bosom which can no longer nourish him; his mother has relaxed her grasp—she is dead. An old woman sits petrified by despair, careless of the horse's feet, whose next step must crush her. A young girl is bound to the horse of a savage Turk, whose sabre is raised to fell the man flying to deliver her. There is pestilence in the air, there are lurid tints in the sky: a current runs through the whole picture which penetrates the mind with its dramatic intensity.

Delacroix seems to delight in this kind of subject. He has rarely chosen joyous ones. From whatever poet or historian he draws his theme,—Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Dante,—grief or crime are the elements of his compositions. We may cite, in proof of this, Othello and Lady Macbeth, the Prisoner of Chillon, Tasso in prison, the Bishop of Liège, Boissy d'Anglas, and many others. To flowers, however, he sometimes turns, as if to forget man and his sad destinies. He groups them *con amore*, and steeps them in sunlight and dew. If he had not been the first historic painter of modern France, he might have been its first flower-painter. Like many other great masters, Delacroix has a singular delight in investing the horse with high and almost heroic qualities. In painting the lion and the tiger he is superior to Rubens or Schneyders. His last picture of the "Lion-hunt" is a perfect revel of colour and of action—a work that astounds. The painter has played with his subject almost audaciously, and his triumph is therefore the more extraordinary.

It is to be regretted that Delacroix, in his monumental paintings at the Hôtel de Ville, in the Chamber of Deputies, in the Library of the Luxembourg, has chosen old mythological used-up subjects or trite allegories which have no human interest. He has in these cases defrauded himself of that direct response which more life-like themes would have elicited.

The faults that have been attributed to the pictures of Delacroix are—an incorrectness in his drawing, and the absence of a sense of beauty, especially of female beauty. As for his drawing, his detractors have long given up their hostility on that point. What was supposed to be a deviation from truth is now acknowledged to be only a deviation from routine. As to the alleged want of beauty in his personages, it is true we must not look to him for the thousand prettinesses and graceful or voluptuous forms which delight many. The genius of Delacroix is expression. In his women, it is the revelation of their inner selves, their devotedness, their suffering, their heroism, whether in a good or evil cause, rather than mere physical beauty, that he fixes on his canvas.

The career of this great artist has been one of perfect independence; and "through evil and good report," often in suffering and need, he has worked out his own ideal. A great and illustrious woman, Madame Sand, says, in her own admirable manner, "Delacroix has not only been great

in his art, but great in his artist-life. I do not speak of his private virtues; friendship must not publish them with the sound of a trumpet. But what in Delacroix belongs to public appreciation, for the profit which a noble example cannot fail to produce to others, is the integrity of his conduct, his disinterestedness as to money, his humble mode of life, which he has borne rather than make the least concession of his principles in art to the tastes and ideas of the moment—often but the tastes of men in power. It is the heroic perseverance with which in suffering he has pursued his career, laughing at idle attacks, never rendering evil for evil, exhibiting every year in the midst of a fire of invective, giving himself no repose, nor envying the ridiculous pomp with which those *parvenus* artists surround themselves who care for nothing so much as the patronage of the rich and powerful." Delacroix felt undoubtedly that sooner or later he should triumph. So, indeed, he has done. Now governments, ministers, and prefects are at his feet; and he has not time, with all his wonderful economy of that precious jewel, to execute all the commands which throng upon him.

Delacroix is a powerful and elegant writer, although he has a distaste for authorship. Yet, having little time to devote to the pen, he has more than once wielded it, as he wields his pencil, with equal force and fire. One of his articles appeared in a contemporary review on an occasion which had strongly roused his resentment. A very fine copy of the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo had been sent from Rome; it seemed to attract little of the attention or admiration of the public, and had even been spoken of by certain critics as a model likely to corrupt or mislead the taste of students. Michael Angelo, of all the ancients, is the most revered by Delacroix. His article upon the celebrated picture seemed in its grand energy as if it were a commentary written by Michael Angelo himself.

Eugène Delacroix is in his fifty-eighth year, but looks much younger. He has delicate health; a nervous system so delicately organised, that physical suffering in one shape or other is too constantly his companion. His features are not regular or handsome, in the common acceptance of the word; but the nostril, which is in perpetual vibration, and the compressed mouth, indicate the sensitiveness and the concentrated power of his nature. He has fine and abundant black hair, which waves around a square intelligent forehead. He is of the middle height, and has a slight and well-proportioned figure. Delacroix is the son of a Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Directory, who was succeeded by Talleyrand. He relates himself, that in his childhood he escaped as if by miracle from various accidents of fire and flood. He twice fell into the water; once at the Port of Marseilles, whence he was drawn out half-drowned by a sailor. In his infancy he was surrounded by flames in his cradle. On another occasion, he poisoned himself by swallowing verdigris.

Delacroix, from his station in society, necessarily received a fine and classic education. He is a profound scholar, and is well versed in the literature, not only of France, but of England and other countries. Shakespeare is his idol.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted, must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer and stamped.]

THE NEW ACTOR.

It is too late to record as a matter of news, but not as a matter of satisfaction, that Mr. Charles Dillon has opened the Lyceum Theatre with his excellent performance of Belshazzor. An actor less indebted for his great success to

trick, or to those artificial aids which so often substitute histrionic power, we have never witnessed. His conception is derived from impulses purely natural, and illustrated with a truth of emotion, a happy variety of style, and a perfect ease, which belong to the instincts of genius, and to which mere study can never attain. His rendering of the pathetic scene in the poor mountebank's history, when he first learns that his idolised wife has left him for her noble relatives, is a rare example of dramatic truth. He anticipates the event from the first, stands motionless while the progress of the inner struggle records itself on his face—bewildered doubt deepening to fear, fear to agony. Then, with a stifled cry and a wild rapidity of motion that contrasts powerfully with the fixed silence before it, he bursts into the vacant room. A minute or two, and he totters back; his worst fears confirmed, and his frame bowed down with the burden of a life's misery. How easy would it be to render the situation by loudness of apostrophe, by the conventional start and gesture, to give no one glimpse of the true human feeling, its developments and transitions, and to draw applause for the mistake!—Mr. Dillon drew tears.

Under the auspices of such a manager, and with the powers of such an actor, there is hope that a natural and wholesome drama may yet flourish. What may be Mr. Dillon's qualifications for Shakespeare we have yet to learn. But within the range to which he has yet confined himself a wide and interesting field of dramatic achievement is comprised; and even should the actor's triumphs be extended no further, we have still ample reason to congratulate both him and the public.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF MARGARET ARDEN.

COMMUNICATED BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

June 17, 1822. O what a weary place is this Holly Bank! Here am I for a three months' visit; and already, after five days, am I dismally haunted by the spirit of dullness. Uncle Joshua, being firmly persuaded in his own mind that new books are not half so good as old ones, does not patronise modern literature, much to my distress. Yesterday I asked him respectfully for something to read—he keeps his books locked up behind glass-doors—and he offered me *Johnson's Dictionary*. "There, niece," said he, "study that; most boarding-school misses are deficient in spelling." I accepted the volume with a curtsy, and handed it to Cousin Maria, whom her father has educated at home on new principles: she bristles all over with definitions as a tipsy-cake does with almonds, and talks about philology as ordinary women do of babies. She thanked me, and said of all studies grammar and the construction of languages was to her the most edifying; she does not care for poetry, or romances, or history—indeed, she reminds me of nothing so much as a person who persists in grubbing up the roots of plants, instead of admiring their graceful forms, bright foliage, or rich fruit. But Maria is good-natured notwithstanding her learning; and seeing that I was really likely to fall into mischief purely through idleness, she brought up from the depths of her apron-pocket the key of the book-closet, to which out-of-date pamphlets, magazines, and reviews are exiled; and suggested that perhaps I might find some light-reading amongst them. Thither accordingly I flew, and pounced greedily upon a pile of dusty quarterlies; an armful of which I carried off to my sanctum for private consumption. They are as a gold-mine to me: I love a review—a good one—whether tender, or ferocious, or satirical. From these gray paper-covered tomes I have disinterred some opinions of sterling metal, which, having been tried in the furnace of time, have lost nothing; but now and then I also turn up a clod which only enshrines an earth-worm. I liked espe-

cially to find an echo of my own sentiments; but it vexes me more than a little to see poetry which is sweet to me as the sound of many waters sneered at as the veriest doggrel. Ah, well! there are the poets, in green and crimson and purple and gold, behind Uncle Joshua's glass-doors; while these slashing reviewers lie mouldy and dusty, given over a prey to the ravages of mice in attic obscurity.

June 18. I hope and trust some event will turn up soon to stir the slumberous routine of Holly Bank. We don't live, we vegetate, and shall turn into dormice—(dormice or dormouses, which is it? Mem. to ask Cousin Maria)—soon, if nothing happens. I have only a further instalment of the reviews for Aunt Doe. She will think I have had a very prosy time; and so I have, thus far; but it is useless to complain. Well, these old books have introduced me to the private life of France as depicted in the memoirs of celebrated people, and any thing but a pleasant impression they give of our neighbours' morality: the critic seems to have experienced a righteous pleasure in dissecting these books, in exposing to daylight the hideous ravage of chronic disease, the deformed limb, or the wilful warping of what might have grown straight; no decent raiment is permitted to shroud the moral decay of life and truth; it is made to stand before us stripped of its masking garments, horrible as the loathly lady in the old rhyme. Madame du Châtelet, Madame du Deffaud, and many other madames of more wit than wisdom, enliven the dreary mass with smart sayings and doings. How long will it be ere order is educed from this moral chaos? If I can do nothing else at Holly Bank, I can get up an epitome of ancient literature that will astonish Aunt Doe. I wonder how they all are at Darlston; I have not heard from my father since I left home; *I will write to-morrow to the little ones.*

June 24. An arrival at Holly Bank,—Mr. Matthew Constant, who is to marry Cousin Maria: a little man—mousy face, soft hair, and a sleek undertoned manner. It is great fun to see how he obeys Maria: I am sure she ordered him to propose to her—he never could have dared to do it without prompting. Any body to watch them might think they had been ten years married. There is none of what Maria calls "foolish philandering" between them; it is all systematic business love-making. Mr. Matthew has several little peculiarities of pronunciation which offend Maria's correct ear mightily; though they give her opportunities of displaying her erudition, and airing her roots and derivations. I am glad my father did not think it necessary to have me cultivated so highly.

Last night, while Maria and I were looking over some beautiful gown-pieces which Mr. Matthew has brought from town for her, I asked a question which has been in my mind ever since I saw him,—what could first have put it into her head to think of marrying him? and she replied with the most artless candour—

"Why, Margaret, I suppose I must be married some day; and as he asked me, and there was nothing against him, I thought I might as well get settled at once. The little man is very well worth having: his income is larger than my father's, you know."

"And do you love him?" This question was, I confess, put in rather a mocking incredulous spirit, and Maria took me up smartly.

"Love and stuff!" she ejaculated. "What has love to do with it? I am going to be properly married, and of course I shall love Matthew: but I don't like nonsense."

The very idea of nonsense as connected with Cousin Maria is profanation: her sharp face looked so much sharper at the mere possibility of any being inflicted upon her, that I was fain to make a laughing apology for my indiscretion in suggesting it.

"Your head is full of romance, Margaret," said she grandly; "by the time you are my age, it is to be hoped that you will be more practical."

"I hope I shall *not*; I'll never marry any body unless I love him with all my heart and all my soul, never."

Maria is getting old—quite six-and-twenty—and she is not pretty; but she is too nice for Mr. Matthew Constant. She ought to know what she likes, however. One thing is certain, she would not make a nice kind old maid like Aunt Doe; and she *may* make a good wife: I don't know.

June 26. Yesterday to an archery meeting at Danby Grange; it was very gay and pleasant, though nearly all the people were strangers to me. Danby is a grand house: its master is a bachelor,—not very young,—who has travelled all the world over, and who is very scientific. I thought him proud and stiff, but he is not generally disliked; Charlotte Petersham said she was ready to swear obedience to him at any moment on his rent-roll. Charlotte is going to marry a lieutenant in a marching regiment, and neither of them has sixpence; but I like this sort of marriage much better than Maria's, who calls them love-sick geese.

The first prize was won by Mr. Danby himself—a beautiful silver arrow—and he gave it to me: because, I suppose, I had no chance of winning one for myself, and was an uncome-out girl. Uncle Joshua said it was a compliment: all the men gave their prizes to some lady. Mr. Matthew shot I know not how many times, in hopes of having a trophy to present to Maria; but he could not even hit the target, and she said he made quite a simpleton of himself by trying, for he had never, to her certain knowledge, handled a bow before. There was a dancing-party afterwards, but none of us stayed for it. To-morrow Uncle Joshua has a dinner-party: Mr. Danby is coming to meet the Broughs and Petershams: we hear that he intends to stand for the county at the next election. I am very glad of a little variety: it will be hard work to get through the three months to Cousin Maria's wedding; I wish it were "over and done with," as she always cries herself when she has to leave her grammars and dictionaries to try on dresses.

June 28. Last evening's dinner went off very pleasantly. Mrs. Brough is always nice, and Charlotte keeps every body lively wherever she goes. She told me she was having all her boxes made so that they could be turned into beds, couches, easy chairs, and tables. She has designed and superintended the making of them herself, and generously offers to make over the drawings to me when the carpenter has done with them; expressing her firm conviction that I, like herself, shall some day marry a penniless lieutenant. Well, better a penniless lieutenant than a Mr. Matthew Constant. That stealthy little man exasperates me. I shall quarrel with him before long, I know.

I had to sing last night, and somebody said I had a fine natural organ. Fine natural fiddlestick!

Uncle Joshua is in the most absurd good humour with me this morning: we none of us know how to interpret his vivacity. He has even gone so far as to unlock the sacred glass-doors of his bookcase, and to give me permission to help myself. He asked at breakfast if I should like to have a pony to ride while I am at Holly Bank. Of course I should; it would scarcely be dull then. There is going to be a grand ball at Holmby next month: I should like to go; but there's no chance of it.

June 29. Uncle Joshua was very prompt in finding me a pony; he bought one yesterday of Mr. Petersham, after we had talked about it, and this morning I have tried it over Holmby Moor. It is a nice spirited animal: dark brown, with black mane and tail; really a pretty creature. But what has made Uncle Joshua, with whom I was never a favourite, take such a generous fit, I cannot tell. Maria looks mysterious, and says he has his reasons, if they are past our finding out.

In passing through Danby village Mr. Danby overtook us; he was going to Holmby also, and we rode together. He is an amusing man when one knows him better, but awfully proud: I should say he would never forgive or forget an offence; he has the most obstinate mouth in the world; he is not handsome, indeed people call him plain; but he is not that either: I don't quite know what sort of a face it is.

June 30. Last evening Mr. Danby came over without any invitation; we were all so surprised while we were sitting at dessert to hear a ring at the door-bell, and in he came. An importation of foreign customs, I suppose. Uncle Joshua gave him a general invitation for the future, if he found himself dull for lack of company in his great house, and Maria gave him a long lecture on philology: it is my belief he did not understand any thing she said; for he acceded to every one of her propositions, even when she contradicted herself. That odious little Mr. Matthew Constant tried all the evening to be facetious, and failed dismally; Maria tried to frown him into silence, but did not succeed; I think she is half-ashamed of him sometimes in society, when he will distinguish himself by talking humorously, as he thinks. He is a gilded pill.

July 8. Mr. Danby has availed himself very freely of Uncle Joshua's general invitation to Holly Bank; he has been over six times during the last seven days. This morning he came directly after breakfast, to give me a lesson in shooting: I was very tiresome. There is an inexplicable something about his grand air and obstinate face that rouses all my natural perversity into unnatural vivacity; I could not help saying very pert contradictory little things to him, for he was so miraculously patient with my blunders that it would really have been a pity not to test his temper. It is fiery, but well governed, I could tell. Once he almost vexed me, for he laughed; Uncle Joshua said it was at my shrewishness. A letter from Darlston, with such capital news! My father and Aunt Doe have given their consent to my going to the Holmby ball. Uncle Joshua wrote to ask them. I must go away into the hall and practise my steps, for I have half-forgotten them, I think.

July 9. Maria and I were caught yesterday dancing the new dance by Mr. Danby. He professes not to like it: I *do* like it, and I shall valse at the ball if any body asks me; it is very graceful and pretty, I'm sure. He looked very grim when I said so, but said no more. One would absolutely think, to hear him talk, that he fancied he had got some sort of right to advise *me*; indeed, I love my own way too well to listen to such supererogatory counsel; it is all very well for Aunt Doe, and even Maria, but he is not to lecture me.

July 17. Well, the ball is come and gone. I wish there was to be one every night for a month. I did enjoy it. I danced all night; never sat out a single set. Mr. Danby took me whenever I seemed not going to have another partner, so that I danced with him, in all, seven times; and he took me in to supper also. I heard somebody say I was pretty; I am very glad, though I don't believe I had ever thought of it before, or cared either: I am glad to be pretty, because it pleases people we like, and it *is* a good thing, though Cousin Maria says it is not worth a straw whether one is pretty or not. My new white dress was handsomely made too, and it suited me; and those bouquets that came from the Danby greenhouse,—could any thing be more charming? Charlotte Petersham teased me about mine, for she said she knew the azalea could only have come from Danby. I have written them a long letter home about the ball. I did not think when I came to Holly Bank that I should enjoy it half so much.

This afternoon Mr. Danby walked over to ask how we were after our late night, and Uncle Joshua lent him his black horse Saladin to ride to Holmby: his own favourite has fallen lame, it seems. We had a little dispute before he left—(I wonder what makes me so perverse with him, for I don't dislike him)—and for the first time he rather lost his temper; and I saw as he went down the hill that he was fretting Saladin finely. They'll have a quarrel too before they get to Holmby, if he does not take care.

July 18. O, we have had the saddest accident! and I can't help feeling that somehow or other it is my blame. Mr. Danby had scarcely got a quarter of a mile from the Bank when Saladin threw him, and he was taken up seemingly dead; but they brought him here, and after he had

been bled he recovered consciousness. I feel so dreadfully guilty when they talk about it down-stairs. Uncle Joshua says he would not have lent him the horse if he had not felt sure of both their tempers. I know how it was. I had a good cry last night thinking if he should die,—O, if he should die!

July 19. We have the quietest house, all speaking in whispers, and treading softly; the doctor is very grave about Mr. Danby's accident, and confesses he cannot tell yet what its issue may be. Another surgeon—a very clever one—was sent for from town yesterday; but he cannot be here until to-morrow night at the earliest. I was up this morning very early wandering about the garden; I can't be still in one place, and keep thinking always if—O, but I will not encourage so terrible a fear! Every body from far and near sends to inquire after him; there is enough for one person to do to answer them, and it falls principally to me. They all express astonishment at the manner of the accident, for Mr. Danby is such a thorough horseman. No-body seems to suspect how it occurred.

July 25. It has been a dreadfully anxious time, but at last Mr. Danby is recovering; the doctor says in another week he may be about again. O, how thankful, how deeply thankful I am! Maria has gone to stay a week with the Petershams, and Mr. Matthew Constant has started for town; so Uncle Joshua and I have to entertain our invalid. He looks very shorn and ill, and is most particularly silent. If I did not fancy myself in some degree the cause of his suffering, I am afraid I should say he was ill-tempered. Only this morning, when I put up the green blind in Maria's sitting-room, to which he comes in the daytime, he said quite shortly, "Child, child, be still; the blind is best down; I can't bear the light;" and when I drew it down again, he made as if the noise aggravated him, so I left him to himself for an hour or two, and then carried him as a peace-offering a little vase filled with red and white moss-roses. He accepted it with the most ungracious air in the world, and set it down on the table without even admiring them. Absolutely he is a Turk, spite of his pale face!

July 29. This morning at breakfast Mr. Danby announced his intention of going off to the Grange in the course of the day; and he is gone. I dare say he fancies we shall miss him a very great deal more than we are likely to do, now all the bustle of preparing for Maria's wedding is begun. Papa and Aunt Doe come next week, and I have made up my mind to go back to Darlston with them. In riding to Holmby with Uncle Joshua this afternoon, after Mr. Danby left, we overtook Charlotte Petersham, who must needs insinuate a hundred absurdities. What can have put it into her head that Mr. Danby and I should ever have any thing to do with each other? It is absurd; I felt quite angry and mortified, and told her never to let any one hint at such a possibility before her without flatly contradicting it.

July 30. To all our surprise, Mr. Danby arrived at luncheon-time. I think he had better come and live here altogether; for he is no sooner out of the house than back he comes again directly, and with the most frivolous excuse to-day: Did we want flowers for the wedding-breakfast? Such nonsense! We have plenty at Holly Bank; and if not, there are enough to be bought out of the shops at Holmby. As soon as he had asked his ridiculous question he felt how silly it was, and turned a queer confused look. I could not help smiling and saying, "We shall decorate the table with corn-flowers and poppies, Mr. Danby, if all our friends' greenhouses are exhausted; or I don't think Maria would care if we had thistles and nettles instead." "No need of the last, Margaret, where your tongue is," said Uncle Joshua, laughing; and I verily believe Mr. Danby coincided; for he regained his self-possession immediately, and began to talk very fast. Whenever Mr. Danby is put out or excited he talks fast, and so he does when he is pleased. He said he thought of going abroad for the winter. What in the world is it to us if he chooses to go to the moon!—and he speaks about it just as if he expected some of us to

coax him to stay at home. I advised him to go to the Holy Land, taking Jericho in his way; and it was laughable to see the dismayed and surprised look he put on. He got up as if going to pack his carpet-bag instantaneously, and marched off. We shall not see him again, I expect, for a week, as he is going away to his brother's house at Moor Park.

August 3. Mr. Danby found Moor Park dull, we suppose; for he is back at home again, and this morning joined Uncle Joshua and me in our ride. The poor man has quite an orphaned look: I could laugh sometimes at his dolour. He has not recovered thoroughly from the effects of his accident, and is so gray and solemn. We went back to the Grange with him to look at a new picture he has bought,—he is sensible enough to patronise modern art; and then, as I had not seen the house, he took me through the principal rooms. There are a great number of fine paintings which he brought from abroad; but the thing he seems to set the most store by is a portrait of his mother by Reynolds. It is a lovely countenance; he seems quite to venerate her; she died just as he was growing up, he told me.

I believe he asked Uncle Joshua if he might come to dinner this evening, and I taxed him with the fact; but he denied it strenuously. I proposed to my uncle that we should take him in to board and lodge as he is so fond of Holly Bank; but was bid to hold my tongue.

My father and Aunt Doe come to-morrow, and Mr. Matthew Constant the day after. Maria has got home again, and contemplates the crisis of her fate with a sublime equanimity; she wishes it were all over too, and wonders why there need be such a fuss of bridesmaids and bridecake and stuff! Aunt Doe is to bring the dresses and bonnets from town; I hope they will be pretty. At first Uncle Joshua determined that the wedding-breakfast should be quite a family-party, there are so many relatives on both sides the house; but it appears now that Mr. Danby is to be invited. What has he to do with the family, I should wish to know? I hope he will see the propriety of not coming where he would only be in the way. If I have an opportunity, I think I shall give him a hint.

August 5. Papa and Aunt Doe, and ever so many more people, are here; the house is overflowing from cellar to attic. To-morrow is the grand day. Mr. Matthew Constant grows more and more conceited; he is telling every body he is so proud of Maria. Maria does not reciprocate the compliment. O, what a marriage! I would rather be ten times an old maid than marry such a little disagreeable man. It is a very lucky thing that Maria does not cherish romantic views of life; but I think this sort of barter and sale sinks a long way below the practical. Aunt Doe, who has never seen him before, and hoped better things of Maria, is grieved exceedingly; and papa quite avoids him.

August 7, 1822. The great wedding-day is over, and Cousin Maria and Mr. Matthew Constant have gone into the north (it is near the twelfth, and he has designs on the grouse, we believe), and every body but myself is in bed. I have not had time yet to think whether I am glad or sorry that Mr. Danby loves me. It seems he had spoken to papa the night before; but it took me quite by surprise, and to begin to cry was, I am sure, just the silliest thing I could do. I don't know whether it is worth while to be the envy of all my acquaintance at the cost of having no delicious young time as most girls have,—no balls or picnics or fun,—and I shall not be seventeen till December. I am rather happy too—I shall not begin to be afraid of him. They all seem to think it an awfully serious affair. Uncle Joshua could almost thank me on his knees for achieving such honour; and though papa and Aunt Doe say less, it is easy to see how proud and pleased they both are. This is the best way to fulfil my vocation; but Charlotte Petersham's remark about the penniless ensign had filled my fancy with lofty ideas of the dignity of self-sacrifice; and I saw myself, in imagination, travelling in baggage-wagons in the rear of the regiment, and following my hero to the wars; and instead of that, I am to have a fine house

and luxury all my life. I rather wish Mr. Danby were a penniless ensign for a few years, and when we were tired of dangers and adventures we could come into our fortunes and take our rest: it is not romantic to have every thing smooth:—if only somebody would have contradicted us! How strange it looks to see me writing about myself and Mr. Danby as *us*. His Christian name is Harry—*Harry*; it is always a nice name to say, but I shall not call him by it,—not now, at least. I suppose we shall see him to-morrow. Well, after all I think I am glad—I'm sure I am.

August 10. I have to be on my very best behaviour just now, for Aunt Doe keeps the most watchful of eyes upon me whenever I begin to be *fractious* with Mr. Danby. I do wish she would not expatiate so diffusely on his virtues and his excellence; for the fact of his being so much better than I am makes me feel inclined to be perverse and aggravating. His superlative goodness is a reproach to me. How can any body expect nearly seventeen to be as sober as thirty? I am very glad and happy now when I am not put out of temper by too much advice. I shall like to be Mr. Danby's wife, for he is a man to look up to and trust. I could never love any one who was not my master. We had the pleasantest ride together to-day round by Haggerston Woods. I did not want to contradict *once*. I flatter myself I was as sweet as summer all the while.

August 15. It was so vexing! I do wish people would let me have my time, instead of trying to make me a staid, experienced, well-behaved character all at once. I am most grieved with Aunt Doe; she never lets me alone, and I can't bear it. If I did wish to valse, it was not so wrong; other girls valse. It is quite unreasonable to expect me to give up all my amusements, just because I am engaged to be married to Mr. Danby. If they had not both warned me, "Margaret, you must not valse, because Mr. Danby dislikes it;" and, "Don't valse, Margaret; I can't endure to see *you* valse," I don't think I should have done it, because I knew beforehand that it was disagreeable to Mr. Danby; and I do love him enough to forego a much greater matter than a valse. But to be for ever schooled and dictated to is too bad. Why does not Mr. Danby make the best of my faults, instead of the worst? I am sure I showed him early enough how restive and wilful I can be when I am thwarted; it is his own fault if we quarrel, and not mine.

August 27. Yesterday we all came home to Darlston. Laura and May were glad to see us—the bonnie wee darlings! Mr. Danby is coming over to stay next month with us for the shooting. It is so ridiculous to see the respect with which people treat me now to what they did. All the Wilton girls came over yesterday to talk about my engagement, and any thing else I would tell them. I am rather proud to be married out of the nursery; but I would not be proud at all if Mr. Danby were not such a good man as well as a rich one. We are not to have a long engagement; I don't care; I feel as if I should be happier with him by myself now than in the midst of people warning and watching and guiding me. I should like to be let alone. I know what would keep me quiet and tractable; my love for Harry would, if they would only leave me to it and myself; but they won't.

September 8. We are not to have Mr. Danby at Darlston so soon as we expected; he has been obliged to go over to Nice, where his brother is staying on account of his health—there are even fears for his life. Harry writes me often long, pleasant letters, and those I send him are shamefully brief; but he says they are precious! I do wish this journey abroad had not come in the way; this autumn's parties will not be half so agreeable without him.

Cousin Maria and Mr. Constant have been staying with us a week, and we all fancied that she did not look very happy. Does he behave well to her, I wonder? He is more sleek and odious than ever; but instead of his watching her to forestall her wishes, she has to observe him; and she does it in fear and trembling. Wealthy as he is known to be,

they have scarcely any establishment—no carriage or horses; it is a very incomprehensible state of affairs; but Maria says nothing, and of course nobody cares to interfere. Yes, she said to me yesterday that the first six months of a woman's married life are the most tiresome and miserable that can be conceived. What a confession from a four weeks' wife!

October 15. We have heard to-day of Mr. Herbert Danby's death at Nice. Harry feels it very very much; he will be with us by the thirtieth. I am very sorry for him; they were the nearest of an age in the family, and had been so much together all their lives—at school first, and then in their travels abroad. He said in his letter it had been a most painful time.

October 30. Mr. Danby arrived this afternoon; it quite grieves me to see him so deeply feeling his loss. In his mourning he looks graver and older than ever; the little ones don't fancy him much; neither, I remember, did I at our first meeting.

October 10. There is not much to do at Darlston just now; no company, and no going out, on Mr. Danby's account. When the ball comes, I suppose none of us will go; Aunt Doe bade me not mention it. She took me to task pretty sharply last night for some wild speech I made to Mr. Danby; she says if he were not one of the most forbearing and patient of men he would break with me at once. I can bear a good deal of lecturing from Aunt Doe, because I know she loves me; still, I think she might take my part a little more. I don't *mean* to do any thing wrong; but these fits of mischievous perversity will get possession of me. Mr. Danby does not make a long stay with us this time; there is some talk of his going on Monday, but I don't think he will, really.

October 22. Winter has begun very early this year. Yesterday papa, Mr. Danby, and I, were overtaken near Darlston Pits in a snow-storm; we had a terrible ride home, and sitting to play in the nursery with the little ones for an hour in my wet habit has given me a miserable cold: I feel quite stupid, and was so cross all last evening. The first part of it, till after dinner, got over pretty comfortably; but when Aunt Doe fell asleep in the drawing-room, and papa was reading his paper, Mr. Danby and I began to *fratch*, as usual. I said one thing to him that I would have bitten my tongue off to recall the moment it was uttered: but I could not humble myself enough to acknowledge I was wrong, though I saw he was deeply wounded. He got up and left me, and soon after he and papa went away into the library, and there they stayed till past midnight. I sat up longer than we do generally, in the hope he would come back and say good night; but he did not, and this morning he was away to London before I came down-stairs. He left me in anger, I know, and I'm so sorry now; for all my perversity cannot keep me from loving him very very dearly. There'll be a letter to-morrow.

October 27. No letter from Mr. Danby yet: what can it mean? Aunt Doe looked at me very gravely this morning when papa took the letters out of the bag, and the tears came into her kind eyes: could they be for me? I am not well at all now: so dull and heavy, as if something were hanging over me, as if I were going to be ill. I do wish Harry would write. It is four days since he left.

October 31. Waiting for the post! Another twenty-four anxious hours—perhaps to go through the same pang of disappointment to-morrow. No letter from Mr. Danby yet. Papa says nothing, Aunt Doe says nothing; so I must just keep my anxieties to myself. This morning there was a bitter north-east wind blowing over the wolds laden with gusts of sleety rain, and there were packed clouds on the horizon which threatened snow. Old Mattie did not come with the bag; so after waiting till noon, when a fine gleam touched the sky, I thought it would be as well to take a walk, and while I was about it to go over to the post. By the time I was ready the sun was hidden again, and a few scattered snow-flakes came drifting on the wind; but there



TOOTHACHE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. BY H. S. MARKS.
[Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1856.]

was a biting anxiety at my heart that defied the cold wet blast. I set out, hoping that the storm would pass; but it thickened when I was about half-way, and then it was of no use to turn back. I was very glad to see the old church-tower and the rectory through the falling cloud at last. I went into Mattie's shop almost ashamed to be seen, and began by inquiring after her rheumatism; and then asked suddenly, as if it were an after-thought, "By the by, Mattie, are there any letters for our house?" Can I be turning deceptive? Mattie was measuring out a pennyworth of nuts for a little boy; and when she had done she looked into the drawer, and after turning over several letters, said, "No, Miss Arden, there's not one—only the squire's paper." So I took that and went away, as Mattie observed that it was a pity that I should have come out on such a day, and that she would send her Tom up with the letters to-morrow the minute they came in. Mattie has my secret all the while: I have been waiting for her often in the avenue lately, though the weather is so raw and chill; once even I met her at the brow of the hill leading to the village, and she looked grieved to disappoint me.

Then I set off to tramp home again. O it is weary! How many days have I waited for a word of forgiveness; for an assurance of Harry's continuing love! I am tempted to think that the prevalent winds of my life are always to

be due north, as cold and as bitter as that which drove in my face as I came home.

November 1. O, it is very hard to believe; I can't believe it yet,—it is too sudden,—he might have known I could not mean it when I said so. It was only my temper; and he vexed me. I did not wish him to go away. And he told papa what I had said, "That he always brought clouds with him wherever he went, and that I did not think I could ever be happy with him, and we had better separate while it was time." I did say those words, but it was only in a fit of crossness; and he took them in earnest. When the bag was brought in this morning, I said, "Papa, is there nothing for me?" peeping over his shoulder in hopes that there might be; for I could not suspect *then* what was the truth. And papa said, "No, Maggie; do you expect a letter from any body?" I turned very red, for Aunt Doe was watching me, and answered, "Yes, papa, to be sure I do; I thought I should hear from Mr. Danby; he has been gone a full week." There was a dead silence for a minute that made my heart sink with an undefinable fear; then Aunt Doe got up and went out, leaving papa and me alone. "Why does he not write; do you know, papa?" I asked hurriedly. "You should know best, Maggie," was his answer; and he went on reading a letter that he had just opened. Then it came into my mind that what I had so foolishly and wickedly

said to him the night before he went away from Darlston must have driven him from me. I caught at the table to keep myself from falling; for a thick mist rose before my eyes, and the room seemed to be going round with me. "Speak, papa; tell me what he said to you before he left; I want to know," I whispered hoarsely.

Papa looked very much shocked: "Why, Maggie, it was your own doing. You told him you could never be happy as his wife, and he had better leave you while there was time; and he took you at your word. What could you expect? Mr. Danby is not a man to be led by any girl's caprice. We are all very sorry about it; but if you *felt* what you *said*, you were right to say it. I had begun to doubt myself whether you were well matched.

"O, papa, papa!" I cried, "I *did* like him better than any body in the world; but I was in a passion—"

"Had you not better go to Aunt Doe, my darling? the mischief is done now—Mr. Danby is gone." So I went away upstairs to Aunt Doe. She knew what it meant when I flung myself down beside her, and laid my head on her lap to cry. O, I was so wild and angry, as well as grieved. He *has* been unkind to me—I am sure he has. Nobody shall ever persuade me that he is right to leave me, when he knows as well as I do that I love him. He wants to punish me; but I feel that he is as much wrong as I am, and more.

November 2. It is so miserable for me now; but what can I do? I must not write to Harry, and tell him how sorry I am: that would be unwomanly—Aunt Doe says so. Would it? I am not sure. He loves me—he would forgive me if I asked him;—but no, no; there are so many things a girl must not say. I have tried to write a letter, but it is such a one as I dare not send. I used to be so coquettish and silly that I never would acknowledge to him that I loved him, and he might well doubt it. I cannot tell him *now*: he might fling back my confession scornfully—he would! he would! He is proud and stern and very unforgiving—perhaps he has ceased to love me. O, I think my heart will break!—if there were any hope—but he *is* gone quite away.

November 3. Already those curious disagreeable people, the Wiltons, have observed Mr. Danby's abrupt departure; and to my other grief is added the mortification of listening to their surprised exclamations. It is very hard to have to keep up before them, but Aunt Doe says I must; she will not have me give way; and my wretched cold and cough have to account for heavy eyes and aching head. O, for how many sore pains stands that common excuse, "a bad headache!" I cry myself to sleep night after night; and waking suddenly in a paroxysm of tears, brood over my grief till dawn, and then get up to act indifference, that people may not say I am disappointed. I wish I could get out of sight with my trouble until I grow used to it. I feel so wretchedly ill to-night with a violent throbbing pain in my head, which I have had more or less ever since papa and I spoke together; it is as if I had got a severe blow. But the pain in my head is not half so bad as the ache that never leaves my heart. Where is Harry now? I wish I knew.

November 25. I have not had the heart to write a line in my poor diary for weeks; and now I don't know why I have begun it again. We are all going to Italy for the winter; the doctor says if I stay here I shall die. I wish they would let me die; but I don't feel as if I should—that is too good to hope. I am very grieving and sad: I think Mr. Danby is hard; but it is of no use complaining or fretting; I brought his anger on myself. Laura and May are to be left at school; and when we come from abroad—if I ever come—papa thinks of letting dear old Darlston, and living in London altogether. I have a fancy for the house at Norfleet, where we were all born; but he will not listen to that. Uncle Joshua writes us word that Danby Hall is shut up, and its master away, nobody knows where. I do hope we shall not meet him in our travels abroad: but it is not likely. Aunt Doe does not like leaving England; but I will not go without her—she is a darling comfort, Aunt Doe.

November 27. Every thing is packed up, and to-morrow we go. It is a severance from the old life: I feel now that I would rather have stayed here; but they are doing it for me. I had a letter from Cousin Maria, begging I would go to her, for she is ill; but I cannot—I cannot bear any body's trouble but my own just now. Aunt Doe is so very kind to me, and so are they all. The 2d of December will be my birthday: I shall be seventeen—only seventeen! Sometimes I am almost sick with my sorrow; but the fit passes, and leaves me languid and worn out. O, I shall always, always think that Mr. Danby was unkind to me—I meant no harm; he is proud and unforgiving. Well, we shall never see each other again; and if we do, it will be only as strangers: and yet I cannot say sincerely that I wish I had never known him. If I live, I shall grieve down by and by; but I can never, never love any one again as I loved Mr. Danby. How foolish it is of me to write thus; but I have no one, not even Aunt Doe, to whom I can speak it. Laura and sweet May travel up to London with us, and there we leave them at Mrs. Magnall's. The kind old soul will say her pet-pupil is altered. She has warned me a hundred times and more about my passionate temper. How well I remember her giving me the fable of "The Oak and the Reed" to learn. I am broken enough now. I feel as if I could never be still again. The last day or two I have thought that it is possible I may not come home again any more, I am so weak and look so wan; yet I have no pain or ache any where now. I think he would be sorry if I *were* to die: I think he would grieve. I would grieve years hence, I know, to hear of harm having befallen him. I cannot get away from this theme: I never thought to suffer so much. Shall we ever, ever see each other again? O, if I might only have told him!

THE BESSEMER IRON PROCESS.

BY W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Of all the materials of the earth essential to man, probably the most important is iron, from the colouring matter of his blood down to the cantelage wherewith he trims the floatage of his ships. It is the great medium of civilisation, the ransom of the free man from barbarism; as the Roman in the old tradition thundered in the ears of the barbarian Gaul, when the question arose as to who were the veritable masters of the world's chief city. The Taheitian savage instinctively recognised its true worth when he chose the iron nail in preference to the "king's picture in gold" in the hands of the navigator Cook.

Of old, iron was chiefly useful in the form of steel, to fabricate weapons and tools. Its increase in quantity in modern times has made it a material for construction; and there is scarcely a human art wherein timber, stone, brick, tile, straw, rush, clay, or plaster, is used, to which iron is not better adapted, provided it can be cheaply enough attained. Timber is a material apparently provided by nature for man's uses in fuel and structure ere he had attained the skill to dig coal and to manufacture iron. It is the bygone material of ship-building—too weak to cohere in the giant structures now needed to overlay the waters of ocean, and literally rule the waves with a straight horizontal line. In our future ship-building and our future architecture, iron will be the ruling material, increasing in its use with the facility of its production.

Of little use had iron been to us had it existed in nature only in the form of malleable masses. We might have bored holes in it, and formed it into stationary mortars; but we could not have rent it from the mine or quarry. In the British Museum may be seen a lump, cut as a sample from a huge mass in a South American desert, which has lain there from the time of its discovery, and which, were it side by side with Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, would be just as useless for man's purposes. Even a cast mass of iron, which happens to solidify in too large a bulk in a furnace, cannot be better used than in burying it in the earth below

to get rid of it. Fortunate, then, is it for us that iron exists in brittle ores, and not in tough metallic masses.

The extraction of iron from the ore has been very largely an empirical art, with fire for the agent. Two materials have been used as fuel—wood-charcoal and mineral coal. The former is usually very pure, and does not in burning give out deteriorating substances to the metal; the latter contains sulphur and other matters damaging to the quality of the metal. The ores also contain various substances which must be got rid of, more or less perfectly, ere good iron can be attained. Some ores are roasted in the open air with fuel ere they are put into the furnace. In the furnace lime is added in large quantities as a flux, *i. e.* to make the iron flow freely. For various purposes of cast-iron it may be cast into form as it flows from the blast-furnace in which it is extracted from the ore, with many impurities intermixed. But the common practice is to cast it into pigs or ingots of three to four feet long, and about four inches square; such a shape, in short, as may be conveniently reduced into fragments by the hammer, for melting again when required.

Cast-iron is iron combined with a large dose of carbon, and may also contain various impurities, as sulphur, phosphorus, silicium, and other matters. Steel is iron with a lesser dose of carbon. Manufactured steel is iron into which the proper dose of carbon is artificially injected. Natural steel is iron in which the proper dose of carbon exists without artificial injection.

Malleable iron is iron without carbon. The ordinary mode of getting rid of the carbon is by burning it through the agency of the oxygen in atmospheric air; and at present this is the only known mode practised with more or less of perfection in the process. The ordinary method is to pour the iron out of the melting-furnace on to the hollow hearth of a reverberating furnace, and there stir it with iron rods, by man-power, so as to expose as much as possible of the fluid-iron to the action of the atmosphere. This is intensely hard work; and its effect depends very much on the amount of ale which the stirrer, or puddler, drinks. Liquid carbon burned in the men's lungs is as essential as solid carbon burned in the furnace. After a considerable amount of stirring, the iron assumes a pasty condition, and becomes a ball of some eighty pounds weight, which is then treated by hammer and squeezers much as a baker treats a mass of dough, with the object of forcing out the slag, or cinder; which is generally very imperfectly accomplished, partly owing to inefficient method, and partly to a desire to increase the weight of the iron by the admixture. After the squeezing process is finished, the mass is again heated, several balls being united according to the size required; it is then subjected to the hammer, and passed through the rolls a sufficient number of times, when it becomes common bar-iron.

To improve the quality, the bars are cut up into short lengths, piled into square heaps, heated in the furnaces to a welding heat, passed again through the rolls, and it then becomes "best bar-iron." The process is then repeated, and it becomes "best best," and so on, like the ale with multiplied crosses, to indicate increasing strength.

But these processes do not always insure that the iron will be of homogeneous quality, free from dirt, cinder, cracks, burnt portions, and other defects. Highly-heated iron in contact with atmospheric air produces scale; and this scale operates on the iron as flour operates between portions of dough—it permits junction, but prevents union. It is this that causes the difficulty in forming large masses of wrought-iron adapted for cannon, or for the shafts and cranks of ocean steamers, or for large anchors,—a difficulty so considerable as to have led to the practice of making wrought cannon and anchors in separate pieces mechanically united. Unless the iron can be produced from the furnace in a sufficiently large homogeneous mass, no plan hitherto pursued can accomplish perfect union; only a class of iron approximating to what is called "scrap" can be produced.

Scrap-iron is formed by collecting together fragments of iron of many kinds—sheet, bolt, rod, bar—intermixed with much scale and heterogeneous substances. These, put in a pile, are heated in the furnace, tilted by the hammer into a mass, and rolled out into a bar. If the surface be filed or planed smooth, innumerable cracks and crevices will be seen analogous to the grain of wood. But in this iron there is little or no cinder or slag; and therefore it is not brittle, but fibrous and tough, and is therefore well adapted for purposes where it is desirable to insure against breakage.

The texture of wrought-iron is of three kinds: lamellar, or tendency to split into sheets; fibrous, or tendency to split into strings; granular, or tendency to break into grains or crystals. This separation is probably caused by some extraneous substance interposed between the laminae, fibres, or grains, or it may be molecular arrangement of the particles.

Fibrous iron will bear tension, and stretch without breaking; granular iron will bear compression without crushing better than fibrous iron—and this last quality is very important for many purposes, as rails and wheels. The fibrous iron is analogous to straight-grained timber; the granular iron is analogous to timber with a curled grain. Very pure iron would probably be free from either fibre, lamina, or grain, like cast-lead.

The troublesome and costly process of producing iron made it a desideratum to find out some improved method of purifying it without the man-wasting operation of puddling. Many contrivances were sought to accomplish this—to get air into the interior of the heated mass, just as gastric juice gets into the interior of the food in the stomach. If we eat mashed potatoes, we make a kind of puddle-ball, which the gastric juice may work round but not into. If we eat flowery potatoes unmashed, the gastric juice penetrates the porous mass. Thus all iron-makers knew that to purify their iron it was necessary to permeate it with air; but they knew of no better method to accomplish it than by stirring the fluid mass up with an iron-rod. Some thought shaking it was a good process; others, that making the rod hollow and forcing steam into the mass would accomplish the object, the oxygen of the water serving the same purpose as the oxygen of the air. One proposition was to pour it backwards and forwards in the fluid state, just as we cool hot beverages; but all these processes were unavailing.

Henry Bessemer at length solved the problem. Melting the iron in an ordinary furnace, he ran it out into a second furnace previously heated, and having a number of orifices round the bottom formed of fire-clay in short tubes with a bore of less than half-an-inch in diameter. Through these tubes atmospheric air was forced by a steam-engine at a pressure of eight pounds on each inch, so that it rushed through with a force equal to support a column of iron of 32 inches in height. Thus the melted iron was poured on the issuing air, which prevented its running down into the openings.

Hitherto the purifying of the iron had been accomplished only by the agency of fuel; but a new discovery arose from the use of this unique vessel. At the expiration of a few minutes the fire became more intense; the carbon in the iron became the fuel; the heat rapidly increased; the scum, or slag, rose to the surface, attained a violent agitation like an opening volcano, then threw off the slag like an explosion of lava; then the fire became still more intense, with a strong white heat, till the carbon was finally burnt out; when the metal was run out into an iron mould—a malleable cast-iron ingot weighing about six cwt.: the time occupied being less than half an hour from the commencement of the operation.

But some further arrangements are requisite to make the casting perfect. The blast must perforce be kept up strongly till the melted iron is run out, otherwise it would run into the blast-holes, and spoil the furnace. Thus it is run out in a highly aerated condition, as full of bubbles as soda-water. The being received into a metallic mould has also a tendency to chill the ingot on the exterior, and to make

it hollow internally. If the ingot be cooled in this condition, no after-heating short of a welding-heat can make the mass solid, and even that only imperfectly; for the internal hollows spread out into laminae—junction without union. This may be understood by the following analogy: if a smith's file, with coarse teeth, be heated in the fire and hammered out on the anvil—heated again, and the operation repeated any number of times, till it be as thin as paper—the teeth-marks will never be obliterated, but remain in it till the last. Even so the air-bubbles, once cooled and set in the iron-ingot, will remain, whatever be the amount of hammering; and therefore when perfectly solid metal is required, the casting must be accomplished free from air-bubbles.

The importance of this discovery may be understood by the fact, that three to four different heatings are required to produce common bar-iron by the ordinary process; and that first-class iron may be produced at one heat by this process, and that probably as much may be ultimately made in an hour as has usually been made in a day with the same amount of furnace-space. More than this, it will be difficult to make bad iron, *i. e.* to leave cinder in it. And the castings from this iron will, without any subsequent forging, be better adapted for large shafts and cranks than those at present produced by forging with great labour and expense. Or castings may be made nearly approaching the form required, and subsequently hammered out to the exact size. The process of "fagoting," *i. e.* uniting together by welding, small bars to make large ones, may be dispensed with.

The inventor proposes yet more. Stopping short of the final extinction of the carbon in the iron, he proposes to leave in it so much carbon as will constitute a kind of steel, or very hard iron. Thus the iron may be cast in blocks, using only the original fuel that melted it from the ore; and with the same heat it may be rolled out into rails, constituting really permanent railways, that will not sever into strings like wood-fibre under the load of the engine-wheels, and will not break short by reason of a cindery substance.

There is yet another result we may look forward to. Iron, come from what ore it may, is identical in substance when freed from its impurities—such as sulphur, phosphorus, silicum, carbon, and other undiscovered matters. These impurities may exist in the ore, or in the fuel, or in the flux used to melt the ore. For this reason some ores may be better than others; and wood-charcoal is the best fuel. To make steel, iron made in Sweden, Russia, and elsewhere, by charcoal, is preferred, though very costly. This iron, in thin bars, is packed between layers of charcoal in close furnaces, and kept heated for eight or ten days. The carbon thus soaks in, and gaseous impurities come out in the form of blisters, similar to the small-pox in human beings. This is "blister-steel," which, cut into short lengths, piled together, heated, and welded into a mass, forms "single shear steel," and recut and piled, forms "double shear;" neither of which are perfectly homogeneous in texture. The blister-steel, melted down in crucibles and cast into ingots, is "cast-steel," which is perfectly homogeneous and is easily tilted into bars. For a long time this steel was objected to, as impracticable to weld.

If by Mr. Bessemer's process, or by any improvement on Mr. Bessemer's process, iron can be thoroughly purified, not only from carbon, but from all other matters, English iron becomes mechanically as good as Swedish or Russian, and commercially at one-fourth of the cost. The only difference in the value of iron will be its locality, as involving transit, and the quantity of fuel and flux required to reduce it from the ore. Where iron, lime, and coal are in proximity, there will obviously be great commercial advantages for its production. And rich ores will also have an advantage over poor ones; but the iron itself will be of one value, as of one quality, in the market.

Time was that "Wootz," "Milan," "Damascus," and other steels were worth more than their weight in gold. Steel has now become commoner, but intrinsically it is immeasurably more valuable than it ever was. It is one of the

few substances whose loss would check civilisation. It is synonymous with rapid transit, and with the very use of iron itself. Therefore the meaning of Mr. Bessemer's discovery is, "cheap tools" as well as cheap materials; good as well as cheap knives, scissors, razors, files, and other things. The smith will no longer waste his time with a dull file, to save the cost of a new one. The cutler will not sell his good name to save cost in material. The poor man will have a steel-knife on his plate instead of a cast-iron one.

It is not marvellous that this discovery should have produced so large an excitement. Civilisation has its evils as well as its advantages, and change is ever hailed with warm greeting on the one side and dislike and mistrust on the other. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," still cry the vested interests, as of old; and while some proclaim that the new process is an old one, others persist that it is a bad one. But the shrewd take to it, and leave the caviling to others. Meanwhile it is the installation of wrought-iron building structure ashore, practically increasing dwelling-area 25 per cent on a given surface of ground, with increased safety, warmth and coolness at pleasure, and better ventilation; and it will amount to something like the extinction of timber structure afloat, when the further process shall be perfectly attained of excluding oxygen from contact with iron at our will. Elisha of old caused iron to swim. We have done likewise on a larger scale; but we must do more yet to make it indestructible in salt water as well as fresh.

Discoveries in chemistry tend to propagate others, like eddying rings in air or water. For some time previous to Mr. Bessemer's publication of his discovery, a patent had lain in abeyance, taken by a certain Captain Franz Uchatius, of the Austrian army. No one heeded it; but the excitement of the Bessemer discovery set people to take it up; and Sheffield is stirred to its centre and waked from its goodly slumbers by rumours of approaching changes.

Indian pig-iron is famed for the excellence of its quality. It is the mother of the far-famed Wootz steel, erst used by die-sinkers, and sold, tradition says, at four guineas the pound; being prepared by olive-coloured men squatted on their haunches, and working with strange bellows operating on small crucibles: a sort of witch-like process, mysterious as the gnome-forgings of magic weapons in Scandinavia of old for the use of god-protected Vikings. Indian pig, by the operations of commerce,—first fostered by the late Mr. Heath, who died under the infliction of patent-law iniquities,—is now brought to England in large quantities, and sold for 7*l.* per ton—about double the price of Scottish pig; so we may infer that the Indian company have literally brought their pigs to a fine market: a beginning of the development of Indian resources.

Captain Franz Uchatius remelts these pigs, and pours the fluid metal into cold water; the result of which is to convert it into small irregular globular forms, strongly resembling leaden bird-shot. Twenty-eight pounds weight of these granules are mixed with a certain quantity of oxide of manganese and other materials, and put in a crucible, and the whole is melted. The result, poured out into the usual moulds, is some thirty pounds of exceedingly good cast-steel, capable of being forged into cutting chisels, and which will probably result in the ultimate production of steel fitted for the finest articles of cutlery. But it is more important to produce a steel generally useful to supply the place of iron, at a low price, than to produce the finer qualities, as the value of the material is a small item compared with the labour in the finer articles of cutlery and instruments. Thus Mr. Bessemer induces the process of burning away carbon from the iron by the injection of oxygen in the atmospheric air; and Franz Uchatius administers oxygen in the form of oxygenated materials without internal blast, producing steel by the substitution of hours for days.

When our chemistry shall take the form of synthesis as largely as it has done that of analysis, we shall get many more surprising results.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.
IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

For an hour she lay on the schoolhouse-floor, quite rigid. We thought she would never wake again. When she did, and we slowly made her understand that things were not as she feared, she seemed hardly able to take in the consolation.

"My bonnet, Martha, my bonnet! I must go to him." But she could not even stand.

I sent for my father. He came, bringing with him Dr. Hall, who had just left Mr. Rochdale.

Our doctor was a good man, whom every body trusted. At sight of him, Mrs. Rochdale sat up and listened—we all listened; no attempt at cold or polite disguises now—to his account of the accident. It was a simple fracture, curable by a few weeks of perfect quiet and care.

"Above all, my dear madam, *quiet*,"—for the doctor had seen Mrs. Rochdale's nervous fastening of her cloak, and her quick glance at the door. "I would not answer for the results of even ten minutes' mental agitation."

Mrs. Rochdale comprehended. A spasm, sharp and keen, crossed the unhappy mother's face. With a momentary pride she drew back.

"I assure you, Dr. Hall, I had no—that is, I have already changed my intention."

Then she leaned back, closed her eyes and her quivering mouth—fast—fast!—folded quietly her useless hands; and seemed as if trying to commit her son, patiently and unrepining, into the care of the only Healer,—He "who wound-eth, and His hands make whole."

At last she asked suddenly, "Who is with him?"

"His wife," said Dr. Hall, without hesitation. "She is a good tender nurse; and he is fond of her."

Mrs. Rochdale was silent.

Shortly afterwards she went home in Dr. Hall's carriage; and by her own wish I left her there alone.

After that, I saw her twice a-day for five days—bringing regular information from my father of Mr. Rochdale, and hearing the further report, never missed, which came through Dr. Hall. It was almost always favourable; yet the agony of that "almost" seemed to stretch the mother's powers of endurance to their utmost limit—at times her face, in its stolid fixed quietness, had an expression half-insane.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth day—it was a rainy December Sunday, when scarcely any one thought of stirring out but me—I was just considering whether it was not time to go to Mrs. Rochdale's, when some person, hooded and cloaked, came up the path to our door. It was herself.

"Martha, I want you. No; I'll not come in."

Yet she leaned a minute against the dripping veranda, pale and breathless.

"Are you afraid of taking a walk with me—a long walk? No? Then put on your shawl and come."

Though this was all she said, and I made no attempt to question her further, still I knew as well as if she had told me where she was going. We went through miry lanes, and soaking woods, where the partridges started, whirring up, across sunk fences, and under gloomy fir-plantations, till at last we came out opposite the manor-house. It looked just the same as in old times, save that there were no peacocks on the terrace, and the swans now never came near the house—no one fed or noticed them.

"Martha, do you see that light in my window?—O my poor boy!"

She gasped, struggled for breath, leaned on my arm a minute, and then went steadily up, and rang the hall-bell.

"I believe there is a new servant; he may not know you, Mrs. Rochdale," I said, to prepare her.

But she needed no preparation. She asked in the quietest way—as if paying an ordinary call—for "Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."

"Mistress is gone to lie down, ma'am. Master was worse, and she was up all night with him. But he is better again to day, thank the Lord!"

The man seemed really affected, as though both "master" and "mistress" were served with truer than lip-service.

"I will wait to see Mrs. Lemuel," said Mrs. Rochdale, walking right into the library.

The man followed, asking respectfully what name he should say.

"Merely a lady."

We waited about a quarter of an hour. Then Mrs. Lemuel appeared—somewhat fluttered, looking, in spite of her handsome dress, a great deal shyer and more modest than the girl Nancy Hine.

"I beg pardon, ma'am, for keeping you waiting; I was with my husband. Perhaps you're a stranger, and don't know how ill he has been. I beg your pardon."

Mrs. Rochdale put back her veil, and Mrs. Lemuel seemed as if, in common phrase, she could have "dropped through the floor."

"I dare say you are surprised to see me here," the elder lady began; "still, you will well imagine, a mother—" She broke down. It was some moments before she could command herself to say, in broken accents, "I want to see—my son."

"That you shall, with pleasure, Mrs. Rochdale," said Nancy earnestly. "I thought once of sending for you; but—"

The other made some gesture to indicate that she was not equal to conversation, and hastily moved up-stairs—Nancy following. At the chamber-door, however, Nancy interrupted her—

"Stop one minute, please. He has been so very ill; do let me tell him first, just to prepare—"

"He is my son—my own son. You need not be afraid," said Mrs. Rochdale, in tones of which I know not whether bitterness or keen anguish was uppermost. She pushed by the wife, and went in.

We heard a faint cry, "O mother, my dear mother!" and a loud sob—that was all.

Mrs. Lemuel shut the door, and sat down on the floor outside, in tears. I forgot she had been Nancy Hine, and wept with her.

It was a long time before Mrs. Rochdale came out of her son's room. No one interrupted them, not even the wife. Mrs. Lemuel kept restlessly moving about the house, sometimes sitting down to talk familiarly with me, then recollecting herself and resuming her dignity. She was much improved. Her manners and her mode of speaking had become more refined. It was evident, too, that her mind had been a good deal cultivated, and that report had not lied when it avouched sarcastically, that the squire had left off educating his dogs, and taken to educating his wife. If so, she certainly did her master credit. But Nancy Hine was always considered a "bright" girl.

Awkward she was still—large and *gauche* and underbred—wanting in that simple self-possession which needs no advantages of dress or formality of manner to confirm the obvious fact of innate "ladyhood." But there was nothing coarse or repulsive about her—nothing that would strike one as springing from that internal and ineradicable "vulgarity," which, being in the nature as much as in the bringing-up, no education or external refinement of manner can ever wholly conceal.

I have seen more than one "lady," of undeniable birth and rearing, who was a great deal more "vulgar" than Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale.

We were sitting by the dining-room fire. Servants came, doing the day's mechanical service, and brought in the tray.

Mrs. Lemuel began to fidget about.

"Do you think, Miss Martha, she will stay and take some supper? Would she like to remain the night here? Ought I not to order a room to be got ready?"

But I could not answer for any of Mrs. Rochdale's movements.

In process of time she came down, looking calm and happy—O, inconceivably happy!—scarcely happier, I doubt, even when, twenty-seven years ago, she had received her new-born son into her bosom—her son, now born again to her in reconciliation and love. She even said, with a gentle smile, to her son's wife:

"I think he wants you. Suppose you were to go upstairs?"

Nancy fled like lightning.

"He says," murmured Mrs. Rochdale, looking at the fire, "that she has been a good wife to him."

"She is much improved in many ways."

"Most likely. My son's wife could not fail of that," returned Mrs. Rochdale, with a certain air that forbade all further criticism on Nancy. She evidently was to be viewed entirely as "my son's wife."

Mrs. Lemuel returned. She looked as if she had been crying. Her manner towards her mother-in-law was a mixture of gratitude and pleasure.

"My husband says, since you will not stay the night, he hopes you will take supper here, and return in the carriage."

"Thank you; certainly." And Mrs. Rochdale sat down—unwittingly, perhaps,—in her own familiar chair, by the bright hearth. Several times she sighed; but the happy look never altered. And now, wholly and for ever, passed away that sorrowful look of seeking for something never found. It was found.

I think a mother, entirely and eternally sure of her son's perfect reverence and love, need not be jealous of any other love, not even for a wife. There is, in every good man's heart, a sublime strength and purity of attachment, which he never does feel, never can feel, for any woman on earth except his mother.

Supper was served; Mrs. Lemuel half-advanced to her usual place, then drew back, with a deprecating glance.

But Mrs. Rochdale quietly seated herself in the guest's seat at the side, leaving her son's wife to take the position of mistress and hostess at the head of the board.

Perhaps it was I only who felt a choking pang of regret and humiliation at seeing my dear, nay, noble Mrs. Rochdale sitting at the same table with Nancy Hine.

After that Sunday, the mother went every day to see her son. This event was the talk of the whole village: some worthy souls were glad; but I think the generality were rather shocked at the reconciliation. They "always thought Mrs. Rochdale had more spirit;" "wondered she could have let herself down." "But of course it was only on account of his illness." "She might choose to be 'on terms' with her son, but it was quite impossible she could ever take up with Nancy Hine."

In that last sentiment I agreed. But then the gossips did not know that there was a great and a daily-increasing difference between Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale and "Nancy Hine."

I have stated my creed, as it was Mrs. Rochdale's, that lowness of birth does not necessarily constitute a low marriage. Also, that popular opinion was rather unjust to the baker's daughter. Doubtless she was a clever ambitious girl, anxious to raise herself, and glad enough to do so by marrying the squire. But I believe that she was a virtuous and not unscrupulous girl, and I firmly believe she loved him. Once married, she tried to raise herself so as to be worthy of her station; to keep and to deserve her husband's affection. That which would have made a woman of meaner nature insufferably proud, only made Nancy humble. Not that she abated one jot of her self-respect—for she was a high-spirited creature—but she had sense enough to see that the truest self-respect lies, not in exacting honour which is undeserved, but in striving to attain that worth which receives honour and observance as its rightful due.

From this quality in her probably grew the undoubted

fact of her great influence over her husband. Also because, to tell the truth—(I would not for worlds Mrs. Rochdale should read this page)—Nancy was of a stronger nature than he. Mild-tempered, lazy, and kind, it was easier to him to be ruled than to rule, provided he knew nothing about it. This was why the gentle Celandine could not retain the love which Daniel Hine's energetic daughter won and was never likely to lose.

Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when for some weeks she had observed narrowly the ways of her son's household, "I think he is not unhappy. It might have been worse."

Thenceforward the gentry around Thorpe were shocked and "really quite amazed" every week of their lives. First, that poor Mr. Rochdale, looking very ill, but thoroughly content, was seen driving out with his mother by his side, and his wife, in her most objectionable and tasteless bonnet, sitting opposite. Second, that the two ladies, elder and younger, were several times seen driving out together,—only they two, alone! Thorpe could scarcely believe this, even on the evidence of its own eyes. Thirdly, that on Christmas-day Mrs. Rochdale was observed in her old place in the manor-house pew; and when her son and his wife came in, she actually smiled!

After that every body gave up the relenting mother-in-law as a lost woman!

Three months slipped away. It was the season when most of our county families were in town. When they gradually returned, the astounding truth was revealed concerning Mrs. Rochdale and her son. Some were greatly scandalised, some pitied the weakness of mothers, but thought that as she was now growing old, forgiveness was excusable.

"But of course she can never expect us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

"I am afraid not," was the rector's wife's mild remark. "Mrs. Rochdale is unlike most ladies; she is not only a gentlewoman, but a Christian."

Yet it was observable that the tide of feeling against the squire's "low" wife ebbed day by day. First, some kindly stranger noticed publicly that she was "extremely good-looking;" to confirm which, by some lucky chance, poor Nancy grew much thinner, probably with the daily walks to and from Mrs. Rochdale's residence. Wild reports flew abroad that the squire's mother, without doubt one of the most accomplished and well-read women of her generation, was actually engaged in "improving the mind" of her daughter-in-law!

That some strong influence was at work became evident in the daily change creeping over Mrs. Lemuel. Her manners grew quieter, gentler; her voice took a softer tone; even her attire, down, or rather up, to the much-abused bonnets, was subdued to colours suitable for her large and showy person. One day a second stranger actually asked "who was that *distingué*-looking woman?" and was coughed down. But the effect of the comment remained.

Gradually the point at issue slightly changed; and the question became:

"I wonder whether Mrs. Rochdale expects us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

But Mrs. Rochdale, though of course she knew all about it,—for every body knew every thing in our village,—never vouchsafed the slightest hint one way or the other as to her expectations.

Nevertheless the difficulty increased daily, especially as the squire's mother had been long the object of universal respect and attention from her neighbours. The question, "To visit or not to visit?" was mooted and canvassed far and wide. Mrs. Rochdale's example was strong; yet the "county people" had the prejudices of their class, and most of them had warmly regarded poor Celandine Childe.

I have hitherto not said a word of Miss Childe. She was still abroad. But though Mrs. Rochdale rarely alluded to her, I often noticed how her eyes would brighten at sight of letters in the delicate handwriting I knew so well. The

strong attachment between these two nothing had power to break.

One day she sat poring long over one of Celandine's letters, and many times took off her glasses,—alas! as I said, Mrs. Rochdale was an old lady now,—to wipe the dew from them. At length she called in a clear voice, "Martha!" and I found her standing by the mirror smiling.

"Martha, I am going to a wedding!"

"Indeed! Whose, madam?"

"Miss Childe's. She is to be married next week."

"To whom?" I cried, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Do you remember Mr. Sinclair?"

I did. He was the rector of Ashen Dale. One of the many suitors whom, years ago, popular report had given to Miss Childe.

"Was that really the case, Mrs. Rochdale?"

"Yes. Afterwards he became, and has been ever since, her truest, tenderest, most faithful friend. Now—"

Mrs. Rochdale sat down, still smiling, but sighing also. I too felt a certain pang, for which I blamed myself the moment after, to think that love can ever die and be buried. Yet surely the Maker of the human heart knows it best. One thing I know, and perhaps it would account for a great deal, that the Lemuel of Celandine's love was not, never had been, the real Lemuel Rochdale. Still—

Something in my looks betrayed me; for Mrs. Rochdale, turning round, said decisively:

"Martha, I am very glad of this marriage, deeply and entirely glad. She will be happy,—my poor Celandine!"

And happy she always has been, I believe.

After Mrs. Rochdale's return from the wedding, she one day sent for me.

"Martha,"—and an amused smile about her mouth reminded me of our lady of the manor in her young days,—
"I am going to astonish the village. I intend giving a dinner-party. Will you write the invitations?"

They were, without exception, to the "best" families of our neighbourhood. Literally *the best*—the worthiest; people, like Mrs. Rochdale herself, to whom "position" was a mere clothing, used or not used, never concealing or meant to conceal the honest form beneath, the common humanity that we all owe alike to father Adam and mother Eve. People who had no need to stickle for the rank that was their birthright, the honour that was their due; whose blood was so thoroughly "gentle," that it inclined them to gentle manners and gentle deeds. Of such—and there are not a few throughout our English land—of such are the true aristocracy.

All Thorpe was on the *qui vive* respecting this wonderful dinner-party, for hitherto—gossip said because she could of course have no gentleman at the head of her table—Mrs. Rochdale had abstained from any thing of the kind. Now, would her son really take his rightful place at the entertainment? and if so, what was to be done with his wife? Could our "best" families, much as they esteemed Mrs. Rochdale, ever under any possible circumstances be expected to meet the former Nancy Hine?

I need not say how the whole question served for a week's wonder; and how every body knew every other body's thoughts and intentions a great deal better than "other bodies" themselves. Half the village was out at door or window, when on this memorable afternoon the several carriages were seen driving up to Mrs. Rochdale's house.

Within, we were quiet enough. She had few preparations,—she always lived in simple elegance. Even on this grand occasion she only gave what cheer her means could afford—nothing more. Show was needless, for every guest was not a mere acquaintance, but a friend.

Dressed richly, and with special care,—how well I remembered, that is, if I had dared to remember, another similar toilette!—Mrs. Rochdale sat in her chamber. Not until the visitors were all assembled did she descend to the drawing-room.

Entering there—she did not enter alone; on her arm was a lady, about thirty; large and handsome in figure; plainly, but most becomingly attired;—a lady, to whose manners or appearance none could have taken the slightest exception, and on whom any stranger's most likely comment would have been—"What a fine-looking woman! but so quiet."

This lady Mrs. Rochdale at once presented to the guests, with a simple, unimpressive quietness, which was the most impressive effect she could have made,—

"My daughter, Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."

In a week, "every body" visited at the manor-house.

* * * * *

Perhaps I ought to end this history by describing the elder and younger Mrs. Rochdale as henceforward united in the closest sympathy and tenderest affection. It was not so: it would have been unnatural, nay, impossible. The difference of education, habits, character, was too great ever to be wholly removed. But the mother and daughter-in-law maintain a sociable intercourse, even a certain amount of kindly regard, based on one safe point of union, where the strongest attachment of both converges and mingles. Perhaps, as those blest with superabundance of faithful love often end by deserving it, Mr. Rochdale may grow worthy, not only of his wife, but of his mother, in time.

Mrs. Rochdale is quite an old lady now. You rarely meet her beyond the lane where her small house stands; which she occupies still, and obstinately refuses to leave. But, meeting her, you could not help turning back for another glance at her slow, stately walk, and her ineffably beautiful smile. A smile which, to a certainty, would rest on the gentleman upon whose arm she always leans, and whose horse is seen daily at her gate, with a persistency equal to that of a young man going a-courting. For people say in our village that the squire, with all his known affection for his good wife, is as attentive as any lover to his beloved old mother, who has been such a devoted mother to him.

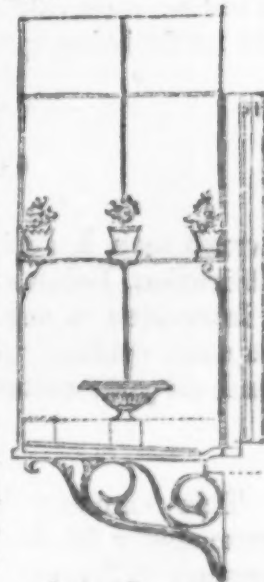
One want exists at the manor-house,—there are no children. For some things this is as well; and yet I know not. However, so it is; and since it is, it must be right to be. When this generation dies out, probably the next will altogether have forgotten the fact, that the last Mr. Rochdale made what society ignominiously terms "a low marriage."



WINDOW DECORATIONS.

DESIGN NO. I.

The object of this design is, by a simple and inexpensive arrangement to produce a pleasing effect, as viewed from the interior of an apartment; and it is particularly adapted for localities not possessing a good prospect. The design consists of a small glass conservatory, of the same height as the window, to project about three or four feet from it; and to be supported externally by two iron brackets, as shown in section, of sufficient strength to bear the weight of the structure and the boxes it is to contain. The framework of the conservatory would be lighter in appearance if made of iron, and, in point of economy,



would have the advantage over wood arising from its greater durability.

The floor might be formed of slate or encaustic tiles, with an incline of about an inch towards the window, near which a groove ought to be cut to carry off the water required for the plants. On the front of every sash-bar a wire should be placed at about half-an-inch distant, running from the bottom to the top. These wires may be continued in festoons to the roof of the conservatory, on which climbing plants can be trained: by this arrangement a most graceful effect will be obtained.

A small fountain, either self-acting or fed from the water-cistern of the house, adds very much to the beauty of the whole, or in the absence of that, a statuette or a globe of gold-fish.

Independently of the agreeable appearance produced by luxuriant flowers during summer, the little conservatory will be found of great use in preserving plants during the winter, as the ordinary fire of the room will keep the temperature sufficiently warm for them. The flower-boxes may be made of wood, or can be procured in porcelain or terra-cotta. Small iron brackets, affixed at intervals to the sash-bars, would support flower-pots for fuchsias, geraniums, or other standard plants.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAVING seen a design for an aquarium in your last week's publication, I thought perhaps some of your readers would be interested in one of the inhabitants of an aquarium—an "aquatic spider," whose habits (if I am not encroaching too much on your columns) I shall describe.

THE WATER-SPIDER.

This amusing insect differs little from the ordinary house-spider in the shape of the body, but its habits are altogether different. Although it is called a water-spider, it requires much more air than water or plants are able to



supply it with; it is therefore furnished by nature with a skin or bag over the abdomen which is capable of containing air; this when filled, presents the appearance of a globule of quicksilver. The insect is capable of replenishing this bag at pleasure by means of four small teats. Great amusement may be derived by watching the operations and movements of these little creatures.

Instead of spinning a web, as the common spider does, they weave a nest or bag of white silky fibres, which contains air; consequently by this means it always insures a constant supply. Strange to say, these insects are very nearly the only ones that may be placed in a fresh-water aquarium without any danger of being devoured by the fish or other insects. T. P.

NOTICE.

COMMUNICATIONS for this department are invited from our readers. Any new fact illustrating morals, art, or convenience, in so far as they pertain to Home, or any suggestive comment upon such fact, are within the scope of our design. Education, with all that it

includes in practice,—various methods of training, for instance, adapted to various dispositions,—might be an important element in such a correspondence. Nothing will be foreign, indeed, that elucidates the inner life, or contributes to the outward beauty and utility of Home-experience. We may here reprint from our prospectus a list of the subjects to which we would direct especial attention: Art in the Dwelling—Gardening and Rural Economy—Home Education—Health-Laws—The Sick-room—Social Manners and Customs—The Heroisms of Home—Duties of Members of Families to each other, to Neighbours, and to the Poor—Home-interiors of the World compared—Principles of Home-Management—Recreations at Home and Abroad—The Ministrations of Science to the Home, &c.

All communications to be authenticated by the signature and address of the writer, which, if desired, will be received in strict confidence. They must be directed to the Office, and marked on the corner of the envelope, "The Home."



PAINTED BY J. PHILLIP.

SPANISH GIRL RETURNING FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

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SPANISH GIRL RETURNING FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

"A HANDSOME face is a good letter of introduction." This was a proverb two thousand years ago, and will be a truth to the end of time. What need, then, has this beautiful Andalusian girl of any words of ours to bespeak for her the favourable notice of our readers? We may leave her to win her own triumphant way with all beholders, noting only—as in a hurried exclamation of wonder and delight—the grace and freedom of her outlines, the ease with which she carries the heavy pitcher, poising it in the manner which imposes least effort on the muscles of the arm, the latent power in her large black eyes, the sweetness of her face, and its repose, contrasted with the quickness of her step, as shown by the flying tassels at her waist and the rope slanting back from the handle of the pitcher.

The painting is among the latest productions of the artist, Mr. Phillip, from whose studio it has not yet issued.

A HEROINE IN HER WAY.

BY DR. DORAN.

It was the opinion of Jeremy Collier that it would be better for the world if there were fewer heroes in it. Of the men who had been sufficiently illustrious to claim to be ranked under that distinctive name, there was only one in whom Collier acknowledged a benefactor of the human race. This individual was the apocryphal Hercules. "I scarcely ever heard of any, excepting Hercules," says Jeremy, "but did more mischief than good." He described heroes generally as "overgrown mortals," people who "commonly use their will with their right hand and their reason with their left." It must be remembered, however, that when Collier thus referred to "heroes," he had in his mind warriors only. Fanny Wright, herself something of a heroine, according to her own fashion, made a nicer distinction when she remarked that heroes were much rarer than great warriors. Collier, however, discerned that the heroic must be looked for elsewhere than only in the warlike. The pride of heroes, he says, "is in their title; and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks and ruins and desolations of kingdoms are marks of greatness, why do we not worship a tempest and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these." Laroche-foucauld may be said to have thoroughly understood the meaning of the term "hero," when he remarked that "there are heroes in evil as well as in good." Massillon, too, was well acquainted with the worth of the term when he asserted that "it is easy to be at certain moments heroic and generous; what is really difficult is this,—to be constant and faithful."

He who has courage over himself is a hero; and a "heroine" is something more than the mere "bellatrix" and "virago," which often pass for its synonyms. There are many better worth knowing than the "formosæ chorus heroïnæ" of Propertius, or the heroines of romance, over whose imaginary miseries so many tears are shed that there are none left for human calamity. Now *my* heroine, Marie Lucille, was just one of these.

One winter's evening, towards the close of December 1809, the snow was falling thick in the district between La Chaise Dieu and Brionde, in the department of the Upper Loire. A solitary horseman, who had nothing at all of a knightly aspect, and who looked bewildered, uncomfortable, and disgusted as the flakes fell on his face, was the only human figure to be seen in the dreary picture. The rider bent forward so far beyond his horse's ears, as to give him the air of one anxious to arrive at a cottage in the distance before the steed on which he was mounted.

"If they are savages who live there," murmured he, "they will not have the heart to refuse me hospitality in such weather as this." And therewith, having reached the

door, he applied the butt-end of his whip to the panel, and knocked with apologetic hesitation.

"Jump down, doctor," exclaimed a voice from within; "I will take your horse in half a minute. We have been looking for you this hour. You have come too late, but you are perfectly welcome."

The doctor was among the first lecturers on therapeutics in Paris, and had not the least idea that he was known, expected, or welcome, in this part of the Upper Loire. He was on his way to Brionde, indeed, to attend a family-festival, the grand portion of which was a christening. The doctor's brother had been for some years settled in the last-named town, which the professor of therapeutics was about to visit for the first time, for the purpose of standing godfather to a recently-born niece. He had been making a geological tour in the south, and intended to take Brionde on his road back to the capital.

By this time night had succeeded to evening, the snow fell faster and thicker than before; and suddenly a man appeared on the threshold carrying in his hand a blazing pine-stick, which he held aloft while he looked into the dark night.

"Come in, doctor," said he; "you'll find your god-daughter within, and your brother is not far off."

"My good friend," said the traveller, "there is surely some mistake. My goddaughter—"

"Look you there now," interrupted the man, shaking his pine-stick the while to enable him to distinguish the stranger, "I took you for our good Doctor Gerard, who had not only promised to be here for a birth, but to be sponsor for the baby. His brother, the curé, too, engaged to give it his blessing, and to taste our omelette and a bottle of the year '5."

The stranger explained his condition, asked for hospitality, and was believed and welcomed without hesitation.

"It is all one," said the host, taking the bridle of the horse. "Go you in; you will find a Josephine within happier than the poor empress yonder; for she is the mother of a child, and is under the roof of her husband. Go you in; I'll see to the horse."

The doctor felt that he had not arrived at the most opportune of moments; nevertheless he was the most embarrassed of the party in the cottage. Under the circumstances, the hospitality which he received was "princely." The house and the inmates were poor indeed, but the latter had large hearts. They were all the happier, too, that their child was a girl. "They can't make a conscript of *her*," exclaimed both the parents, with a feeling which was common at the period when a girl was born.

On the morrow, before taking leave of his kind entertainer, the doctor, placing his hand on that of the mother, observed to her, that he should be well pleased to be permitted to be godfather to "mademoiselle" there, "if—" He was about adding more, when mademoiselle herself uttered a cry so shrill, that the speaker paused.

"Pardi!" exclaimed the father, "she agrees, and does not wait for us to give our consent. You shall share the office, sir, with Monsieur Gerard."

This matter being arranged, the Parisian professor bade his hosts farewell. They promised to find a deputy for him at the ceremony of baptism, and to give him news of his goddaughter, or ask his council in her behalf, should occasion arise for either. And therewith he rode away, and very speedily forgot his sponsorial obligations and Marie Lucille.

The child grew—a plain child, with a grave look about her. She tumbled through infancy with tolerable credit and countless bruises. When she could run alone and was able to speak, the companions of her age invited her to share their sports. She crossed her little hands behind her back, and sharply and peremptorily refused. Her unpopularity was established "for ever."

She lay about at the cottage-door, now in the sun, now in the rain, and seemed to care little for either. She was a dreaming child, hardly conscious of what she dreamt, or

wherefore. She had not the love of her fellows, but she won their respect. All the childish quarrels of the neighbourhood were referred to her for arbitration. People stood near her on these occasions, amused at the gravity of the little judge in a tattered gown. They never found reason, however, to deny the justice of her award. The tribunal of Marie Lucille was an institution in the eyes of little village litigants.

Hitherto her life had been one of unmixed happiness. She did not know that she was poor; and she felt, without thinking about it, that she was powerful. But she was now placed in a position which revealed to her her poverty, and made her sensible of being in subjection to others. She was sent to work in the fields during half the day, and to school during the remaining portion of it.

"She is not worth her salt," said the farmer who employed her to pick up stones.

"She is a fool," said the schoolmistress; "and is always asking questions above common sense."

The fact was, that in the fields Marie Lucille was studying even the stones. These, the herbs, the flowers, and the grasses, were her books; and when she took them to the school and laid them before the purblind Minerva there, she found the instructress could not read them. Her surprise was extreme. "I can teach myself to read," said she; "but of what use is this woman, if she cannot help me to do what I am unable to do for myself?"

She already saw that there was something imperfect in the educational system. The germ of the reformer was already in course of development in the little person of Marie Lucille.

She remained the only child of her parents, whose ill-health but increased their poverty. The girl, before she was in her teens, laboured with an energy beyond her strength in order to aid her honest but almost helpless father and mother. Within two years she lost both; and at the age of sixteen, the reserved, rather plain, but strongly intellectual-looking girl, was left an orphan, with nothing before her but a life of hard labour, and very delicate health wherewith to meet the burden.

"There is nothing else," said Marie Lucille; "let us make the best of it."

She found even this philosophy, however, of little avail. What she could gain by hard and constant work barely sufficed to keep life within her. Her strength daily decayed; and, worst of all to her, she had not leisure in any way to "learn any thing new." She was conscious of an insatiate thirst for knowledge, and her very heart died within her as she discovered the impossibility of slaking that thirst.

"Well," said she half-aloud, as she stood on the little "esplanade" of the village one Sunday evening, looking at the dancers, but thinking of more serious matters,— "well, there is something wrong here. It cannot be God's fault. It must, then, be *my* fault. I will go to Monsieur le curé; he of course will put me right."

Monsieur le curé, however, could not do what was expected of him. A gentle shower of ordinary and well-intentioned platitudes failed to refresh her. "My child," said the good old man, "it is your duty to be content with the lot which God has assigned to you."

"Monsieur le curé," asked Marie Lucille, "does God always, as you say, fit the back to the burden?"

"Doubtless," was the reply.

"Then," said Marie, without the least awe at finding herself about to beat the curé in argument,— "then I am not in the position assigned to me. The burden I carry is intolerable, not because of its weight, but because it does not fit my back. I would labour twice as long as I do, if the work were different from that to which I am now improperly condemned."

The curé looked at her with the aspect of a pope on the point of excommunicating a rebel prince who had defied pontifical teaching. She stood the look firmly; not audaciously, but with the strength born of the conviction that she was right, that she knew more about the matter than

the priest, and that Heaven would help her if she only strove to help herself.

"Go and dance," said the curé.

"That is all the comfort that the well-provided ant could contribute to the poor lean grasshopper, who, according to its nature, had passed the summer singing in the grass. I will go to Paris," said Marie Lucille.

The resolution thus expressed astounded not only the curé, but the entire village. She was, however, not to be moved from it. She had a presentiment, she said, that her field of labour was in Paris.

"Where they sow sin, and reap tears," was the comment of the curé.

"As men sow, even accordingly shall they reap," rejoined the young logician. "May it be so with me, amen."

There was abundance of weeping when the sickly-looking but stout-hearted orphan turned her face towards the capital, and went on her long and weary way. It was a work of many weeks to traverse that long road; and fatigue and want more than once threatened to kill her before she had accomplished her object. At length she glided into the brilliant city, like a phantom. Scared and bewildered, she looked about her for the first time with a feeling of helpless despair.

Her strong mind mastered her weak body. She had not come purposeless, and she was resolved to carry her purpose out. She had long carried about her her Parisian godfather's address. With an instinct which resembled experience, and which told her that an interview would be more profitable than a correspondence, she had walked to the capital, determined to consult him (if he were living), who had promised to give her counsel if she happened to need it. Marie Lucille discovered her godfather's abode, and was laughed at by the porter when she offered to ascend the stairs which led to his apartment.

The pilgrim had not wandered so far to be rudely turned away from the shrine now that her hand was upon it. She stoutly maintained her right; and an altercation ensuing—particularly loud on the part of the porter—as the one ascended the staircase and the other attempted to obstruct the ascent, the doctor himself, somewhat fatter than of old, appeared at the door and demanded an explanation.

"Monsieur le docteur," said the porter, "this beggar-girl—"

"Godfather!" exclaimed the poor girl, who, hearing the title, concluded that she had reached her desired end, "I am Marie Lucille."

"And who the d— is Marie Lucille?" asked the professor good-humouredly; "who claims me for a godfather?"

The girl could speak well, and, exhausted though she was, a few sentences, spoken without circumlocution and to the purpose, soon enlightened the professor. He led her into his little dining-room with a gentle care that puzzled the wondering porter; ordered refreshment for her, consigned her to his *bonne*, and promised to hear her full story, her experiences, her hopes, and her desires, on the following morning.

When that morning arrived, Marie Lucille looked two or three years younger for her repose; and at the conclusion of a long interview with the kind-hearted professor, declared, very considerably to his surprise, that she thought she was best fitted to gain her livelihood in the same way that he did.

The professor burst into a fit of laughter, and looked incredulous. Marie herself blushed, as she always did when she or her situation was misapprehended. "I simply mean," she said, "that I should like to teach."

"What do you know?" naturally asked the professor.

"Nothing," was the reply; and it caused the doctor to look at his strange visitor most curiously, but with a respectful, an admiring curiosity.

"Nothing!" he repeated. "Do you know, Marie, that your answer does you credit, while it gives me encouragement? I will place you where you will be aided along the

first pathways you are eager to traverse. If you answer my expectations, future succour, my good girl, shall not fail you."

"I will answer them," said Marie, "God willing. I think I have discovered the position in which He is pleased that I shall be placed."

Marie not only answered, she exceeded the expectations of her godfather. And yet she was not a quick girl. She was much better than that *merely*. She had intellect, and therewith she had the most abundant patience, the most unflagging perseverance. She was never in a hurry to attain an end, and her object was accomplished all the earlier. Her progress was watched with extraordinary interest by her godfather, and by very many of his friends. It was singular to observe that as her intellect expanded, and her knowledge increased, she seemed to grow beautiful. Her features remained what they had been, save that they gained in refinement; and over all there became spread an expression so exquisite, that it had a hundredfold the charm of mere material beauty. It was an expression made up of content, gratitude, and consciousness of being victor in a struggle of long continuance. No student ever worked for honour with such zeal as this peasant-girl laboured to accomplish the object of her healthy ambition. At the end of five years of almost unremitting application, there were not many men in the capital who were acquainted with more languages than the poor girl from the Upper Loire, nor who had read to more purpose, although they might have read more extensively. At the end of seven years, the silent worker, the laborious student, was recognised as the most accomplished woman in the capital. She was amongst the most graceful also; for she seemed to acquire grace in proportion as she acquired knowledge.

"You are one of our best scholars," said her aged and delighted godfather to her; "what is now your purpose?"

"To repay you for aiding me to become what I am. I still want to teach,—not children, but those who aspire to become teachers. My happiness is to labour; that is the labour which will bring me happiness."

Marie Lucille found both to her heart's content. Her establishment for teaching teachers gained so well-merited a reputation, that when a candidate for a license to become an instructor appeared before the government-board of ex-

aminers with a certificate which described her as being a pupil of the once peasant-girl from the Upper Loire, the examination was made all the more rigid, from the conviction of the examiners that the pupil could distinguish herself by the brilliancy, accuracy, and solid worth of her replies.

Few perhaps have been in the Isle de Paris without having had their attention directed to the fine old cloister-looking mansion in which she whom I have called Marie Lucille laboured to admirable effect for rather more than twenty years. In 1855 she withdrew from its superintendence with a fortune which she has right nobly earned; but not until she had provided a successor whose qualifications gave warrant that the establishment and its objects should not suffer.

"Why retire thus early?" said a French prelate to her the other day.

"To give others an opportunity of retiring as early," answered Marie Lucille.

If they who were at Notre Dame on the day of the thanksgiving-service for the downfall of Sebastopol remarked a lady, who was distinguished for her grace, collecting contributions from the faithful, and who was evidently an object of affectionate interest to all, such persons have seen my friend Marie Lucille.

"How," said the archbishop to her, at the *déjeuner* which followed the service,—“how happy you must be in the condition in which it has pleased God to place you!”

"And *that*, monseigneur, because I discovered a truth that is not universally known, namely, that we may be in places which were evidently not intended for us by Heaven."

"I hope," said the prelate, with his joyous laugh, "that you are not alluding to me."

"I fancy," remarked an octogenarian gentleman, who had been a lecturer on therapeutics in his day, "that our friend was thinking of a curé in the Upper Loire."

"I was thinking of a poor girl there who once gathered stones in a field for her daily bread, and who has to-day been associated with duchesses in collecting thank-offerings for victory. The place God expressly intended for her was the one she occupied between those two extremes."

The archbishop, by an emphatic nod and a sunny smile, gave ecclesiastical sanction to the sentiment of Marie Lucille.

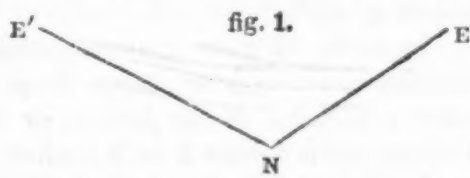
THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c.

Theory (continued from p. 37).

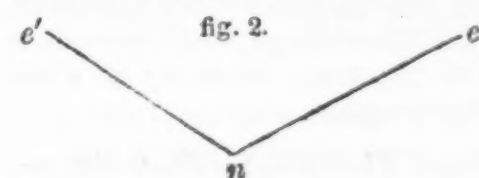
In a preceding number I have explained the construction of the Lenticular Stereoscope, and the manner in which the lenses are prepared and placed in the instrument so as to unite the right and left eye pictures of any statue, person, or landscape, and produce a picture in relief. We shall now proceed to explain the cause of the relief which is obtained by this method. For this purpose, let us suppose ourselves placed in front of a statue the nose of which, *N*, fig. 1, is



directed to a point midway between our eyes. If we shut the left eye, and look at it with the right eye, we shall see more of the left cheek than the right one, and the nose *N* will be seen nearer the right ear *E* than the left ear *E'*, so that *N E* will be less than *N E'*. If we shut the right eye, and look at the statue *N*, fig. 2, with the left eye, we shall see more of the right cheek than of the left cheek, and the nose *N* will be seen nearer the left ear *E'* than the right ear *E*, so that *N E'* will be less than *N E*. Hence, supposing

the picture to be projected in a plane passing through the ears *E, E', e, e'*, the distance between the two noses thus projected will be greater than the distance *E e* or *E' e'* between the two ears; and in general in every binocular picture the distance of similar points of them that are nearest the eye is greater than the distance of similar points of them farthest from the eye; a fact which may be proved experimentally by measuring their distance upon any binocular picture.

Let us now suppose that by means of the Stereoscope the right-eye picture *e n e'* is laid above the left-eye picture *E N E'*, it is obvious that they cannot coincide with one another or *coalesce*, because they are *dissimilar*. If the two noses *N, n* coincide, the two ears cannot coincide, because the line *n e* in the right-eye picture is larger than the line *N E* in the



left-hand picture, and the line *N E'* larger than the line *n e'*; and for the same reason, when the two ears *E, e* or *E', e'* coincide the noses cannot coincide. How comes it, then, that the two pictures appear to coincide, and to form a solid in relief? In answering this question, Mr. Wheatstone got over the difficulty very summarily by maintaining that the unequal lines do coincide or *coalesce* into one line; but I have demonstrated by incontrovertible experiments that two lines of different lengths cannot be made to coincide,

and that the opposite opinion is subversive of the fundamental laws of vision.

The following, therefore, is the true explanation of the apparent coincidence of the unequal lines,—that is, the true theory of the Stereoscope. When in ordinary binocular vision we see a statue in relief by uniting the pictures of it in each eye, we unite at once only *two* similar points of the two pictures. Let us suppose these two points to be the two *noses*. When this is done, no other two points of the pictures are united, and they are consequently seen indistinct, did not the eye converge its axes upon all of them in such rapid succession as to see all the similar parts of the picture in apparent union; an effect aided by the duration of the impression of light upon the retina, the impression of the form and distance of each part of the incoincident pictures being present to the eye.

In the Stereoscope precisely the same operation takes place. When the eyes are converged upon the nose, by uniting the two noses, it is represented as placed at the point of convergence. The eyes then unite the ears by converging their axes upon each of them in succession, and they are therefore represented as placed in the points of convergence; and in like manner all the similar points of the two pictures are successively united, and seen at the corresponding points of convergence, that is, at distances from the eye corresponding with and measuring the distances of similar points in the binocular pictures. The general union of the two pictures is produced by the transference of each picture to a place midway between them; but this is all that the Stereoscope does. It does not produce the relief, as is generally supposed; it merely aids the two eyes in producing it, by completing in succession the union of all the points which are not united by the instrument; for when the right-eye picture is laid above the left-eye picture, so as to unite only the two noses, all the other parts of the face which are more distant are not united.

To those who may not clearly understand the preceding explanation, we offer the following illustration. Look at a bust with your eyes five or six inches from its nose. It will be seen in perfect relief. Shut first the right and then the left eye, and it will be distinctly seen that the pictures of it on each eye are very different, and that the relief of the nose is much less with each eye than with both. When both eyes are opened these two pictures are seen as one, and it will be evident that when we see the nose distinct by converging the eye on it, the eyes of the statue are less distinct, and *vice versa*. Now two pictures of the statue, when taken by a binocular camera with two lenses $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches distant, are precisely those which are seen by each eye; and consequently when the Stereoscope unites them, we ought to see the combined pictures in relief exactly as we did the statue when viewed with both eyes.

3. Application.

We now proceed to give an account of the application of the Stereoscope to the fine and useful arts, and to scientific and educational purposes; but before we enter upon this important branch of the subject, we must explain the method of obtaining binocular pictures which shall be correct delineations of the persons and objects which they represent, and which, when placed in the Stereoscope, shall reproduce the persons and objects with the same accuracy as when they were viewed by the photographer.

1. On the Production of Single Photographic Portraits, or Groups of Portraits.

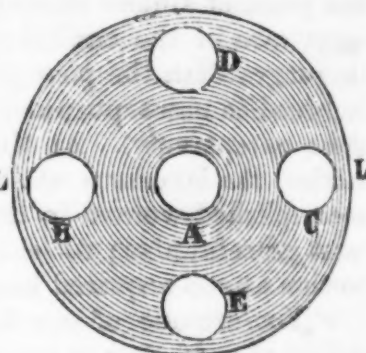
Before we can obtain good binocular pictures we must learn to produce single ones: and it is a remarkable circumstance in the history of an art practised by nearly a hundred thousand practitioners, that neither the scientific nor the merely practical operator has any correct knowledge of the fundamental principles of his art. Photographs of surpassing beauty have no doubt issued from many a studio, and processes of great interest, and contrivances sin-

gularly ingenious, have given a high degree of perfection both to the Daguerreotype and the Talbotype; but the *optical principles* of the art, on which perfection of form and artistic truth essentially depend, have yet to be learned by photographers.

The photographic camera has been brought to the highest perfection by Mr. Andrew Ross and other distinguished opticians, domestic and foreign; and, generally speaking, it may be considered a perfect instrument, if applied to drawings or pictures on a plane surface, or to objects of any kind in which the relief is very small. But however perfect be the glass of which its lenses are composed, however accurately the spherical and chromatic aberrations of the lenses are corrected, and however nicely the chemical and luminous foci are made to coincide, the photographic camera is utterly unfit, *from the size of its lenses alone*, to give accurate representations of living beings, and of all objects in relief, whether single or in groups. The lenses in these instruments vary in diameter from 3 to 12 inches; and the error or deformity which they produce increases with the size of the lenses.

In order to make this important fact intelligible to ordinary readers, let us consider what takes place in a camera with a lens of only *three* inches in diameter.

If we reduce the aperture of the lens *L L* to a *quarter of an inch*, as shown at *A*, we shall have an approximately correct picture of the person sitting for his portrait, or of any object in relief.* If we now take four pictures of the same person through other parts of the lens *B, C, D, and E*, it will be found by an accurate examination of them that they



will perceptibly differ from each other, and from the correct one taken from *A*. In the picture taken through *B*, we shall see parts on the right side of the head which are not seen in the picture through *C*; and in the picture through *C*, parts on the left side of the head not seen through *B*. The pictures, indeed, seen through *B* and *C*, which are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches distant, have *all the dissimilarity* of binocular pictures, and would give a solid figure in the Stereoscope. In like manner the pictures taken through *D* and *E* will be different from those seen through *A, B, and C*, and also from each other. In the one taken through *D* we shall see parts *above* the brow, above the lower lip, &c. which are not seen in the pictures taken through *A, B, C, and E*; and in the picture through *E*, we shall see parts *beneath* the eyebrows, beneath the nose, beneath the upper lip, and beneath the chin, which do not exist in any of the other pictures. Hence it follows, that on whatever part of the lens we place the aperture, we shall obtain a picture different from that taken through any other part; and since the aperture may be placed in about 130 new parts of the lens, *the photographic picture will be a combination of 130 dissimilar pictures of the sitter, the similar parts of which are not coincident*, or, to use the language of geometrical perspective, *the photographic picture is a combination of 130 pictures of the sitter taken from 130 different points of sight!*

In order to give a more striking illustration of the deformity produced by large lenses, let us suppose that we take a picture of the *jerboa*, or *leaping hare*, as figured by Buffon, with a lens 8 or 9 inches in diameter. The animal is about 4 or 5 inches in breadth; and in a front view of it, when standing on its hind legs, its long tail is entirely hid by its body when viewed by the photographer; but the giant lens of his camera sees its tail by means of its marginal surface, and will give him a photographic picture of the *jerboa with its tail in front of its stomach*, or, what is the same thing in a plane picture, *with its tail seen through its*

* A perfectly correct picture is one obtained by the smallest possible lens, or one taken from a single point of sight in the centre of the aperture *A*.

stomach! For the same reason, all objects less than 8 or 9 inches, the diameter of the lens, will be transparent to other objects situated at certain distances behind them. The leaves and twigs of trees will be seen through small trunks and branches; and in photographs of machinery, the teeth of wheels and their axles will be seen through narrow beams and supports, and thus spot and deform the picture.

In order, therefore, to obtain perfect portraits and perfect photographs of persons, landscapes, buildings and machinery, &c. we must use lenses of small aperture, not exceeding a quarter of an inch. The objection to such lenses in portraiture is, that the time of sitting will be inconveniently increased; but this objection will be removed when the sensitiveness of the collodion is increased; and even in the present state of the process we can approximate very nearly to a perfect result. With a rock-crystal lens, five-eighths of an inch in diameter,* we have obtained portraits in sixty seconds, which, though not so sharp as those taken by the usual cameras, have been pronounced by competent judges to be better likenesses and finer photographs. In representing the human face, in persons of advanced age, or with features strongly marked, the ordinary camera magnifies and increases every wrinkle and defect; while the small lens, owing to the very imperfection of its definition, softens every asperity, and represents the sitter as he appears in society.

If such be the deformity of single photographic pictures taken with large lenses, what must be the effect of combining binocular pictures taken by the same lenses, so as to represent the sitter or sitters in relief. The single pictures themselves, including binocular and multocular representations of the individual, must in the Stereoscope exhibit a very imperfect portrait in relief,—so very imperfect, indeed, that the photographer is obliged to take his two pictures from points of sight different from the correct points, in order to obtain the least disagreeable result.

In order, therefore, to obtain correct binocular pictures, which when combined in the Stereoscope will produce a correct representation in relief, we must use small lenses,—rock-crystal lenses a quarter of an inch in diameter,—and we must place them at the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, so as to form a binocular camera. In order that the two pictures may have exactly the same size, it is necessary that the lenses have *exactly* the same focal length; a result which can only be obtained by cutting a lens into two parts, or semi-lenses, and placing these at the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the camera. Portraits and landscapes have been frequently taken by placing the lenses, or the two cameras when a binocular one is not used, at a much greater distance, in order to increase the relief and to produce a startling effect; but all such pictures are false representations of nature.

With his single small-lens camera for portraits, and his binocular camera for stereoscopic pictures, the photographer is now prepared for the scientific practice of his art; but before he commences, he has something more to learn, as essential to his success as the excellence of his cameras. He must select the proper position and the proper distance of the sitter, choosing a full face, a three-quarter face, a profile, or any other view of the head supposed to move round vertically. But even this is not enough; the human face undergoes singular transformations, according as it is directed upward or downward. If the line joining the brow and the chin is vertical, the face has a certain character; but the expression and form vary greatly when that line is inclined at different angles to the horizon. In one position it may be ugly, and in another beautiful. The photographer must therefore determine the proper inclination of that line, in connection with the other, in what may be called the azimuthal aspect of the face; and when this is done, he must determine—what is also an essential point—the proper

distance of the sitter. The form of the human face, and of every individual feature, and consequently its expression, varies with the distance of the sitter.* Features concealed at one distance are visible at another, and *vice versa*; and the general form of the head and figure suffer similar changes.

There are circumstances, however, which sometimes determine the distance of the sitter irrespective of the character of the face. If the portrait is to be suspended on a wall, it should be taken at the distance at which it is to be seen; and whatever be the magnitude of the picture thus obtained, it may be enlarged to any size by what may be called a magnifying camera, or reduced to any extent by the common camera. If the portrait is required for the Stereoscope, its size is limited by that of the instrument to a few inches; and it has been shown† that the binocular picture must be taken with a lens whose focal length is equal to the distance from the eye at which it is to be placed in the Stereoscope. The following is a general rule for taking binocular pictures, and combining them in the Stereoscope.

Supposing that the camera employed to take binocular portraits, landscapes, &c. gives perfect representations of them, that is, such as are produced by the binocular camera with small lenses, *the relief picture in the Stereoscope obtained by their superposition and binocular union will not be correct and truthful unless the dissimilar pictures are placed in the Stereoscope at a distance from the eyes equal to the focal distance, real or equivalent, of the object-glass or object-glasses of the camera; and whatever be the size of the pictures, they will appear, when they are so placed, of the same apparent magnitude, and in the same relief, as when they were seen from the object-glass of the camera by the photographer himself.*

HESPERA GRAY.

BY DUNSTERVILLE BRUCKS.

I leaned on the village stile,
Watching the star of the even,
When a maiden, a sweet maiden, a rare maiden,
Came toward me beauty-laden,
Came toward me with a smile—
Left a light on all the place;
Came toward me with a smile
That drew all my thoughts from heaven
To the heaven of her face.

A moment, and she was past,
Fading away from me fast, fast, fast:
She was gone; and I could not stir,
Though the flowers whereon she trod
Uprose to look after her,
And to list to her steps on the sod;
Though the breeze hasten'd after her feet
To toy with her silken hair;
But heavily sighing I saw her retreat
And grow less in the twilight air,
And grow ever less, shadowlike, fleet,
And grow far off, wraithlike, and gray,
And vanish, when night came down complete,
And the dark dropp'd on the day.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF MARGARET ARDEN.

COMMUNICATED BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

London, February 17, 1832. Yesterday week, two old boxes were sent up from Darlston containing some of papa's books and papers; and amongst them, behold my lost diary! the look all rusted, and the binding mouldy. Faithful old secret-

* This lens was a double convex one, whereas it should have been plano-convex, with the convex side towards the sitter, or more accurately a lens with its radii as 1 to 14.

* See my *Treatise on the Stereoscope*, pp. 141-145. † Ibid. pp. 159, 160.

keeper! I have been reading a few of its last dismal pages. Can it be Margaret Arden who wrote them? Well, I suppose it was.

Wonderful to look back ten years, and to see the difference between then and now. Laura married and a mother, pretty May grown up, and myself quite on the old maids' list. Papa,—I don't know what ails papa; he always looks preoccupied and melancholy. Some of his wonderful speculations may be going wrong; but we dare not ask, for he avoids all allusion to them studiously.

We have had Uncle Joshua staying in town for a fortnight: he brings all the gossip of his neighbourhood. Mr. Danby seems avowed to bachelorhood. He has become a very busy popular man in his county. He must be growing middle-aged now: I am seven-and-twenty, and he was ten years older or more. Papa was speaking yesterday of some very important measure that he is trying to carry through parliament, and saying that he had made a very able speech in the House upon it, and was much trusted by his party. I read that speech in the paper,—at least, I dare say it is that one; but he speaks often. It strikes me that he clings with intense pertinacity to his purposes;—that old obstinate look,—I wonder whether his gray face wears it still? If there were a chance, I would go to hear him some night, for old friendship's sake.

February 25. Last night Maria Constant and I got into the gallery of the House, after a grand crush, and I heard Mr. Danby speak. He is not very fluent, but he brings out a few nervous, detached sentences that are very much to the point; and when he has said his say, down he sits. He reminds me of nothing so much as a hammer driving in a nail with a few steady strokes. I was surprised to observe how gray his hair has become, and what a worn, over-worked look there is on his face. They say he is a thorough-going, practical, energetic man of business.

February 28. We are all very uneasy about my father just now: I never saw him in such a restless, perturbed state before. I wonder what could make him rush into speculation; we had money enough and to spare, without gambling for more.

March 17. At a dinner-party at the Petershams' last night we met Mr. Danby. Papa had some talk with him, and he took notice of May, remarking that she is like what I was. She is much prettier than ever I was, even in my best days. We exchanged half-a-dozen sentences about indifferent matters, and both looked and felt awkward with each other. I could not help remembering that speech I made to him so long ago, which broke off our engagement. Charlotte's "penniless lieutenant" has met with quick promotion.

March 30. I am miserable about my father; he looks ill and anxious to the last degree. If he would only speak, and tell us what he fears or suffers, it would be better than this silent expectation of we know not what.

April 2. My father looks calmer this morning than we have seen him do for months; he feels, at least, that all is known—the very worst. Uncle Joshua says he has expected it for years, and that no man who ran after every new theory that was started, and took a part in every specious project that turned up, could reasonably look for any other result. Uncle Joshua is very hard and unconciliatory. He does not seem at all distressed at the verification of his sagacious previsions—rather the reverse, indeed. When my father stated the case in his hesitating way, he blustered out after his usual manner: "Pretty interest your philanthropy is likely to bring you, brother James!—a fool and his money are soon parted." My poor father looked miserable, especially when he had to confess that Darlston must be sold. Uncle Joshua cast up his hands, and cried, "James, you're surely mad to talk of selling Darlston: things can't be so bad as that?" "They are as bad as bad can be. We must make our home at Norfleet henceforward," my father answered. At this announcement Uncle Joshua looked as if he were struck dumb, shook his head, and walked out of

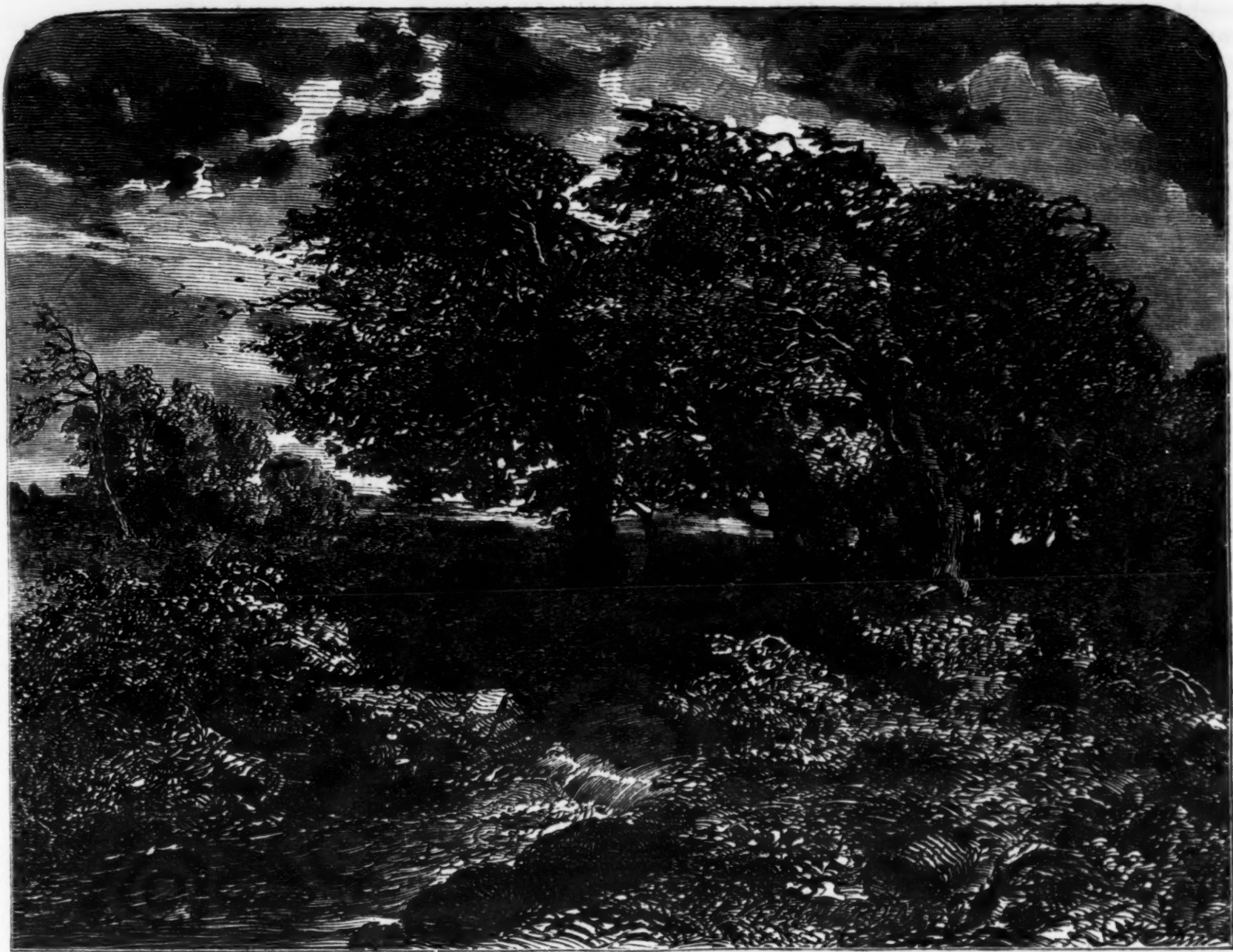
the house. As soon as he was gone, May began to cry and to hang about my father in her fond, affectionate way; it was very distressing; she begged that they might not be separated whatever should happen. It is a comfort in our adversity to feel that there is no disunion amongst us. Aunt Dorothy got her coaxed away, and then my father and I had a long talk about ways and means. It was very late before we got to bed, and then I could not sleep for thinking of all the changes that were to come. We go to Norfleet in a few days.

April 17. This is going to be no playing at poverty. O, surely if my poor father had known what disastrous consequences to all of us his foolish speculations were to produce, he would not have been so rash! We left him in London yesterday, and arrived here this afternoon about dusk. If ever there was a house that had "haunted" legibly inscribed on the face of it, surely Norfleet Manor-house is the place. Dowker has come with us, and has done nothing but grumble since she set her foot over the door-stone. Matters look unpromising enough certainly. It is a wet night to begin with, and the parlour-fire smoked so we have been obliged to let it go out; the paper on the walls is not only damp, but it hangs in ragged festoons; there is no carpet, and very little furniture. We have all done our best to be cheerful, but it was a miserable effort; and now poor little May is fretting herself to sleep.

April 18. A better day than could have been expected. There is a charm and an invigorating power in spring sunshine: this morning rose very bright and clear, and I found myself hopeful and cheerful. We have all been hard at work as carpenters, upholsterers, and housemaids, and have done what we could to reduce this old place to order. How very fortunate my father did not come down with us! Aunt Doe is a whole host of servants and workpeople in herself; for she is one of those clever women who can turn their hand to any thing as readily as if they had been born to it. By her advice we have forsaken the large parlours for two little wainscoted rooms with bow-windows that look into the garden. We have to make the chintz-covers and curtains ourselves, under Dowker's querulous superintendence. She never looked to see her young ladies work, she reiterates; and all our misfortunes she resents as private, personal afflictions. Faithful old soul!

April 27. My father came down from London yesterday, looking, to our sorrow, very ill and worn. He gives way to his depression more than we anticipated; and now that all necessity for exertion is over, he is sinking into a state of dull apathy from which nothing seems able to rouse him. He sits the whole of the long mornings in his dressing-room, not reading or writing, or doing any thing that we can discover but ponder over and lament what is now irretrievable. What a fortunate thing it is we have been able to make some of the house cheerful! if he had seen it as we saw it first, I do not think he would have stayed. We are all rather proud of the results of our exertions in the upholstering trade; for in our great Darlston house we had no rooms so comfortable as our two old-fashioned parlours, when the sun shines. The furniture, re-covered with red and white chintz, is quite seemly; and we have discovered a quantity of grotesque china ornaments in one of the cupboards, which fits out the mantel-pieces and cabinets very appropriately. It is ugly, May says; but it is in keeping with the stiff-backed chairs and spindle-legged tables. By dint of glorious fires, bunches of lilac and laburnum in the vases, and our books and other feminine belongings scattered about, we have succeeded in making a very picturesque and cosy home for ourselves. If only my dear father would be more cheerful.

May 9. We are grieving down now, and gradually fitting ourselves to the new life. We have all found out that we have a till now undeveloped taste for gardening; and for the last ten days we have been at work in our mossy wilderness. After all, it is a very pretty spot: the view of the house from the further side of the river is most picturesque:



A STORM. PAINTED BY A. R. MONTALBA.

but papa fancies the ivy makes it damp. I hope he will not insist upon having it all torn down before Laura and her husband come, for then it will look naked and dreary. Aunt Doe has been busy yesterday and to-day with Dowker getting ready rooms for them, and a nursery for the youngster. I am glad they are coming, if it is only to stir my father out of his languid apathy, which he suffers to grow upon him more and more every day.

May 15. The house is turned completely upside down since Laura, Norton, and the baby arrived; but the fuss has done my father good already: he is beginning to look more like himself again, which is a great comfort. But to think that I, Mistress Margaret Arden, am to be reduced to a mere cipher in the house by a squalling chit of eight months old! It is preposterous, incredible, yet painfully true. This shows me the additional consequence a woman gains by fulfilling her vocation in the old-fashioned way. Laura, ten years younger than I am, a married mother, treats me with the civillest patronage in the world. First I must give up my bedroom to be converted into a nursery, because it has a southern aspect, which will be suitable for baby; then I must be awakened every morning at five o'clock,—I who never get up till the day is well aired,—by its crowing next door to me. No longer ago than yesterday, I caught it gnawing the cover of my precious *Roche foucauld's Maxims*: Laura said it was its gums or its teeth. Teeth, indeed! Well, I hope the little mischief has imbibed some of their bitterness. What is the good of being an old maid, I should like to know, if I am to be deprived of my privileges in this way? As well be married and have done with it: at least one knows what to expect. Laura, whose whole soul is in a bassinet, is quite lady paramount now, and wears her baby as if it were an insignia of the order of merit, conferred upon her by nature in approbation of some wonder-

ful feat that she has performed. Then she bores me to extinction by lengthy details concerning it. Why, I could cite as many and more entertaining of my kitten Toby! Its bonnets, its frocks, its little pink toes, its great eyes with a wise sagacious look, its rose-bud of a mouth, its dimple, its six yellow hairs,—O, how she does ring the changes on them, as if every baby in Christendom had not the like! I verily believe if you were to collect twelve infants of eight months old and put them together into a room, unclothed, I could not pick out Dottie. *Dottie!* that is the pet name for the innocent; she was christened Mabel, but Laura never speaks English now; she talks exclusively in babble. It is scarcely an hour since she invited me at dinner to partake of "mincey beefey:" I could not have touched that dish if I had been paid to do it. If it were—

May 16. Yesterday I was interrupted in the midst of a sentence by a knock at my door. Nurse in tears—baby in a fit. Would I go over to Holmby for the doctor; there was nobody else to go? Of course I would; there is so much trouble in bringing the quaint little mortals into the world, that it is a pity they should go out of it prematurely. It was an even down-pour of rain, so I saddled papa's little rough pony myself,—the groom at the inn who does it generally being away,—and had a hard seven miles' trot over the wold. Ah, well, who knows but that Dottie may grow up to be a comfort to me when I am an old woman! Laura says she has a sweet temper; and so she ought to have, poor wee soul, for they try it with castor-oil, bottle, and pins from morning till night. I dare say it was similar persecution in my infancy that made me so restive when I grew up. Aunt Doe says no; it was the natural perversity that is in me: but I incline to think myself that it was injudicious coddling. As I was trotting post-haste down Holmby Lane, I encountered Mr. Danby on his pretty bay mare: coming to Norfleet has

brought us quite into his neighbourhood. I suppose if we went any where we should be likely to meet him; but we are too poor to keep company. Perhaps Charlotte Bruce will take May to the Holmby ball, if Laura and Norton don't go: she would like it, I am sure. I remember my Holmby ball: what an enjoyable time it was! Heigho, ten years ago!

June 5. Somebody has found his way to Norfleet, to whom I should be very very glad to say good-by,—Captain Ernest Norton. He came for the Holmby archery meeting and ball, and of course May saw him at both. He is my favourite aversion—a male coquette. He boasts of having flirted his way all round the alphabet, and keeps a small collection of locks of hair, gloves, ribbons, and flowers—feminine trophies, duly labelled, and always open to the inspection of his friends. He is doing his utmost to turn May's head; for her beauty makes it well worth his while to enslave her; and she takes his homage in earnest, and is evidently pleased. Laura laughed when I spoke to her about it, and said it was only "Ernest's way." She believed he was engaged. "Ernest's way!" I shall warn May, let her be angry or no.

June 7. Papa, perfectly unconscious of what is going forward, presses Captain Norton to stay another week; and May is quite delighted. It vexes me inexpressibly to see her throwing away her heart on such a trifle. Only yesterday I caught her in tears, because there was some talk of his going away; I ventured on my warning, and she fired up indignantly, and then flashed out of the room without answering me a single word. And all the evening she kept aloof from me, and was more winning than ever to Captain Norton, as if to defy my doubts. It is a pity she saw so much of him last Christmas at Laura's house: the mischief was done then. Charlotte Bruce has asked me to go to her for a couple of days next week; they are going to have some pleasant company, she says.

June 12. This morning Captain Norton left Norfleet, greatly to my satisfaction and Aunt Doe's too: he has been here a great deal too long. Laura's husband spoke to him about his conduct to May, and during the last three days it underwent a total change. He began to treat her like a child, and to jest at her; he even had the impertinence to say, "Good-by, little May, you'll be quite a woman when I come again," and to offer to kiss her; but she drew herself up proudly, and gave him a stately curtsy instead. Bless her dear heart! But I did wish I were a man just for one short quarter of an hour, that I might have administered a sound castigation, and have changed his wily, conceited smile into a more dolorous expression.

June 17. Charlotte Bruce's pleasant company was Mr. Danby and his eldest brother. The house is a good one for visitors: no tiresome constraint. Each one does what is agreeable in his and her own eyes. Mr. Danby and I talked political economy, foreign travel, and pictures. He has got a very nervous habit of twirling his watch-guard, which I don't remember in old times; and whenever any, the most distant allusion to them occurs, even in general conversation, he flushes and starts away. I should like to know what he thinks then. I am as composed as possible; therefore I opine all the ancient feelings are dead.

We had a long letter from Laura this morning to tell us of their safe arrival at home. She adds, as agreeable news, that her brother-in-law, Captain Ernest, is going to be married in August to a Mrs. Foxley, a rich widow, who is twelve years older than himself. May heard the news read aloud by papa without betraying the slightest emotion or surprise. She has not once mentioned his name since he left the house: a sure indication that he is ever in her thoughts. How soon we women learn to be hypocrites!

June 24. We have got a very dangerous type of low fever stirring in the neighbourhood just now. A man at Danby-Fleetwood, and two of his children, have got it; and two children in Norfleet have died of it. May and I were at the school to-day, and heard that Mary Wallis had taken it,—she was our nurse, an excellent creature,—and May in

sisted on going to see her, so we both went. She is very ill, not likely to recover. Uncle Joshua has sent me an invitation for a month; but it is not at a season like the present that I can leave home, so I have declined. Mr. Danby was here yesterday to see my father.

June 27. We are in dreadful anxiety for darling May; we cannot tell what ails her—surely it cannot be the fever! She hangs about languid and weary, sometimes hysterically gay, and sometimes very still. Dr. Manning shall see her, if she is no better to-morrow. Aunt Doe is in great alarm, but dare not say a word on my father's account. He has got some idea into his head about her and Captain Ernest Norton; and we are afraid of his speaking to her about him just now. She is better let alone.

July 1. Poor May is delirious in fever: she was struck with it three days ago, and its progress is awfully rapid. O, it makes our hearts bleed to see her. She has not recognised any of us for eight-and-forty hours; but we have hope in her strong constitution; Dr. Manning says we may hope. It was kind in Mr. Danby to walk over this morning, but I told him he must come no more to our infected house.

July 5. The crisis is past now, and our sweet pet lies passive and helpless, but living and perfectly conscious. O, what hope it gives to see beloved eyes light up with intelligence when the dark fever-eclipse is over! Our only fear now is from exhaustion. What a different world the child will look on when she rises from her sick bed! Laura would come over when she heard of her illness, and is here now. May seems to like her near her better than any of us. Aunt Doe is worn out with watching.

July 12. This morning we buried our darling, our beautiful May! Long will it be ere we can realise our loss; her death came so suddenly, so painfully, just when we were beginning to hope that she might be spared to us. When she saw Aunt Doe in tears, she said, "Don't cry, I am quite happy." Afterwards she added, "Let Dottie have my watch when she is old enough; Maggie, you take my books." They were what she had prized most. My heart swelled almost to bursting as I knelt beside her, and asked her to forget it if I had ever been unkind or harsh to her; she could not speak then, but she smiled her forgiveness. Last night, when I went to look at her in her coffin, the smile was on her lips still. Papa is quite struck down by this sudden bereavement: "Always the best first," he keeps murmuring to himself. It seems as if all the sunshine had faded out of the house, and left us in the midst of barren winter.

July 28. We have prevailed on my father to go home with Laura; the change will divert and cheer him more than any thing else could. O, in what haste are we to put our dead out of our thoughts, and to get away back into the beaten routine of our lives! Strange contradiction! what we most love we seem desirous the soonest to forget. The fever has made empty places at many hearths besides ours. Last Sunday at church there were many, many people in mourning. Aunt Doe feels May's loss so keenly.

July 31. I have just come back from a walk all through the blazing afternoon sun to Danby-Fleetwood. We got word this morning that Mr. Danby had taken the fever: I could not believe it at first; but it is true, it is true. I dare not face Aunt Doe. All the old love poured back over my heart like a stream with a fresh on it when I heard it, and this new fear for him makes me seem half-forgetful of dear May. How selfish we are even in our affection! My thoughts are more, far more for Mr. Danby than for my dead sister. Will he live, or will he die? I ask myself twenty times an hour. What is it to me? O my God, it is all the world to me! I feel as if I could not bear to lose him, as if he were mine again. I think if one came to me now and said, "He is dead!" I should drop dead at their feet also.

I took the bridle-road through Haggerston Woods, and asked at the first lodge if what we had heard was true—that Mr. Danby had taken the fever; and the woman said, indeed that was over-true, the doctor was at the house then. I rode half-way up the avenue, and turned back again. What

more could I learn than I had learnt? What right had I there? I asked the gatekeeper who there was to nurse her master, and she told me "nobody but the servants;" and some of them were in such a fright they were quite helpless. How desolate it sounds! Could not I go to him? O, that I had the right!

How vividly all the past comes over me again—all its bitter pain and mortification! Ah, I was a child then; but I have never had young thoughts since; never has another love or another hope come into my heart since that first golden glorious day when Mr. Danby asked me to be his wife! Foolish,—here am I alone,—there lies he alone, suffering, perhaps dying! and between us ten long years of estrangement. Can the end be coming? O my God, have mercy, have pity! I scarcely know how or what I write; all about me seems whirl and confusion. Yet how still, how sleepy calm is the summer day! it takes no note of sorrow. When I grieve, I would have the clouds hang low and weep. How can I think of the day, when he is in agony? Why cannot I go to him? Nobody but servants to tend him—no hand of affection. Ought I not to go? What care I for that old scarecrow, "What will people say?" Would not my heart reproach me if he died alone? I know it would.

August 1. O May, May, my angel sister, can the time be coming when I shall wish myself lying beside thee in the grave? Very sad, very desolate, very hopeless looks the blank world. Last night I could not rest. There was a glorious moon, the country was hushed and lovely. I never met a soul as I went down by Haggerston Woods to Danby—to the house. All the windows were dark, and I was never seen; but it eased me somewhat to be near him. If I might only have gone in—but no. And I came home again weeping,—O, how bitterly! Aunt Doe had found out my absence, and was grieved. It is not easy to judge for others: she does not know how I suffer. This morning the report is that he is worse, and that a hospital-nurse from Holmby is left with him. Are those women kind? He has no need of me now: O, I wish he had! I have written to my father to tell him: he will be grieved anew, for he always liked Mr. Danby.

August 3. How long are those glorious days burdened with fear! I sit in the garden for hours alone; mind vacant except for one terrible dread: there is nothing for me to do to break this intensity of waiting anxiety. We were told this morning that there was very very little hope. God help us!

August 4. Last night I fell asleep, and dreamed the most beautiful dream! We were young again, and no quarrel had come to divide us; it was the old happy time at Holly Bank. We were walking, in my dream, in that lovely glade of Haggerston Woods where the lilies grow—(how poor May liked to gather those lilies!)—and it seemed as if we went on and on for years; I always felt young in my heart. But looking up suddenly, I saw his face was grown old, and all his hair was white; and I awoke. Such a strange dream! We have just heard news: to-day's report is many degrees more favourable. I met Dr. Manning coming out of the gate at Danby, and he told me his friends might be easy about him now. O, how thankful I am! Directly I got home I fell on my knees and thanked God. His loss would have afflicted many, many besides me: he is so truly excellent.

August 6. Yesterday Mr. Danby had a relapse: I could no longer restrain myself, and I went to him. I was suffered to go up-stairs by the nurse, under a promise of secrecy. He did not know me. "O God, have mercy, and spare him!" is all my cry; but it seems now as if the heavens were brass to my prayers. And I had begun to hope so certainly.

August 8. Again a glimmer of hope! "Only a constitution of iron could have gone through such a severe struggle," Dr. Manning says; and he adds, that there is something mysterious in this sudden improvement, for which he had not ventured to look. It seems as if he had made up his mind to live, and *would* live, spite of the fever.

August 10. Mr. Danby gradually rallies: "all danger

is past." O, my heart could scarcely bear the torrent of joy those last few words poured over it. He will live, and I shall see him again. There was a faithful prophecy in my dream after all.

We had a letter from Laura this morning: she tells us that my poor father never ceases to lament for May, dear May! She cannot prevail on him to remain with them any longer. He says nothing but "Home, home." We look for his return to Norfleet to-morrow or the next day. Now I can meet him with a less mournful face.

August 28. Mr. Danby is out of doors again. My father and I went to inquire after him this morning, and found him crawling up and down on the sunny side of the house. He said very few people went near him: he thought they were afraid; and he was very dull often. There was a great deal of his old kindness of manner to-day, without that confused stiffness which I used to remark; and he went back to calling me "Margaret," just in the old way. I declare it would have seemed quite natural, if he had begun to lecture me and I to contradict him. What an adhesive nature must mine be! To this old faithful friend I may whisper, that I would have been glad if he *had* lectured me for something, if only that I might have shown him how wonderfully tractable and docile time has made me. But no, he was as pliable as he used to be obstinate: his illness appears to have tamed him too. How gray he looked, to be sure! and not over handsome in his velvet-cap.

August 30. What a compound of oddities is Mr. Danby! This morning there came a note from him to Aunt Doe to say that he had taken it into his head that a change of air would do him good, and he fancies that of Norfleet would suit him: can she take him in for a few days? Aunt Doe looked across to my father, who said quite carelessly, "To be sure; let the poor fellow come: but he will find it a sad house now." Every thing recalls May to his memory. Sweet May!

September 4. We have had Mr. Danby on our hands for three days now; he behaves remarkably well, and seems absolutely no longer to care to have a will of his own; I have not the chance of contradicting him, if I felt ever so much disposed. His being here is good for my father too; they get on the inexhaustible theme of their foreign travels, and talk for everlasting. Aunt Doe wonders how long he will stay; for we want to invite poor Maria Constant, and she will not care to be seen by any body but ourselves. Who would have thought that Mr. Matthew Constant, that little, soft-spoken, sleek abomination, could ever have treated her so shamefully! Even Uncle Joshua, whose creed is, "Tyranny unlimited for man, and obedience without bounds for woman," considers that a separation is absolutely necessary. How fortunate it is that there are no children to suffer through their quarrels!

September 8. How surprised every body will be! Aunt Doe says "No;" but I say "Yes." Well, I am happy. O, I must live to atone!

This was how it came about.

Papa had for the first time this season taken his gun and gone out for an afternoon's shooting, and Aunt Doe was busy with Dowker up-stairs getting ready Maria Constant's rooms; so I had Mr. Danby to entertain all to myself. We have never been left alone before since he came to Norfleet, and I did feel it rather embarrassing: I never was so shy of him before. Neither of us attempted to talk at first. We had got the window into the garden open, it was so hot and sunny; and he remarked that this was one of the prettiest old-fashioned nooks he had ever been in; he liked it almost better than Danby. I laughed at his modest tastes, and said, I thought he would not like to make the exchange.

"Yes, Margaret, I would truly, if I might have Norfleet just as it stands, with all its belongings!" he replied hurriedly. "Margaret, I have come into possession of a piece of your property in rather a curious way. Do you recognise this old seal?"

I took it out of his hand, and asked, "Where did you find it? I did not know it was lost; I wore it to my chain."

"Guess where I found it, Margaret?"

"I don't like your enigmas; I cannot guess. On the staircase?"

"No; did not I give you that little seal long ago, and did you not laugh at the device? I'll tell you, Margaret, where I found it, shall I?"

"Just as you please," said I; and I coloured violently, I began to suspect.

"If I had not found it when I did, and made nurse Goodhugh confess, I believe Dr. Manning might have prescribed for me in vain. Margaret, let the past be forgiven. (Whether I was to forgive *him*, or whether he was to forgive *me*, did not clearly appear.) I was standing up by the window, and he had taken hold of my hand, grasping it so hardly, that my rings cut into the flesh; I could not speak for a second or two; then I said, "I did not mean what I said that night; you were too hasty."

"Yes, Margaret; and bitterly have I had cause to regret it. You were wrong once; but I was a hundred times wrong." (There was an admission!) "Can you, will you pardon me? Margaret, if you deny me, you will kill me!" He was far too submissive to need contradiction.

"And will you *bear* with me? I am no more an angel now than I was ten years ago," I replied.

"I never said you were an angel, Margaret; I am far too imperfect myself to mate with any but a faulty woman. I will not be so exacting." I really hope he won't; for if he were, it is certain that I could never satisfy him. And so we had a long pleasant talk,—very different to those old *fratching* bouts, which yet did not lack a pungent aroma of pleasure too,—and settled it all between our two selves; so that when Aunt Doe came in, she found us in the midst of an amicable dispute. I could have laughed at her countenance of surprise and dismay; for she understood it all in a moment. When we told her, she said gently, "I am glad to hear it, children (*children*, forty and twenty-seven!). I have no doubt you will be far happier than if you had married ten years since. Maggie was too wilful; she is broken in now." Mr. Danby looked grave. I hope every body is not going to take his part this time, and draw comparisons to my disadvantage. Certainly it is not necessary. I am quite as good as he is now. My father is very much satisfied; he is more like himself than he has been since May died. Darling May! how happy she would have been to see this time! I well remember her saying, when we met in town last spring, "I verily believe, Maggie, you two will marry in the end; for you have never loved any body else, and I don't think he has,"—and I would not listen to her.

September 15. All goes on easily and quietly with us. Mr. Danby is still here; and Maria Constant has come—so worn and broken down, poor thing, that I don't think she could, if she tried, define any word but "misery." She says, what is true enough, that she and Matthew never had a chance of happiness; for they began their married life without a spark of love. Harry and I love each other very dearly, I think—I am *sure* we do; but still there may be to bear and forbear between us. How hard it must be for two indifferent people to live in peace! Dr. Manning wants Mr. Danby to go to Madeira for the winter; but he objects, and thinks he will do very well at home. I would have him go, but neither will he listen to me on this point: he likes his own way the best, after all.

December 25. My diary has been forgotten for weeks; it is surprising how few things a perfectly happy time gives us occasion to chronicle. Laura and her husband and Uncle Joshua are over here for Christmas and our marriage. I have been spending my last evening alone in my room. If May had been alive, she would have borne me company. But none of the others know me as she did; so I, and the fire, and the shadows of ever so many past years, have had the time to ourselves. Harry is at Danby: he left soon after dinner, and the others are talking in the parlour about

to-morrow, perhaps. I am glad papa takes my going so quietly. There is one thing, I shall not be very far away.

The wind goes roaring and skirling round the old house to-night as if it meant to bring it all down about our ears. There are chillier and bitterer things in this world of ours than the wildest wind that ever blew; but my life, I trust, has done with them. I shall talk less to my faithful friend, the fire, than for many years I have done; but let me not forget its companionship either. O faithful fire! I cannot remember that you ever put on a scowling face, or looked cold, or went out in any gone time of calamity; you have always been the same: pleasanter, perhaps, in life's dark hours by the mere force of contrast. And I love you, my friend; many a grief, now to be recollected no more, have *you* seen that was hidden from all besides. O, many a grief! and not a few joys either; and the greatest of all joys is this I show you now—my happy love. May I make Harry happy too! I shall—I will—God's blessing on us both!

High piled upon the hearth are the Yule logs; and as I strike them gently, out rush myriads of sparks: some fly up the chimney—hopes of the new life that is coming; some fall back upon the stone and become white dust: these last typify my old ambitions, visions, and wearinesses, which are of less value now than a handful of wood-ashes. Aunt Doe is at the door to wish me good-night. There is a gray thread in the brightest web: to-day at church we saw poor little May's monument, which has only just been put up. Papa covered his face when his eyes fell on it. It will look down on us to-morrow. O, if I could have had her beside me, I think my happiness would have been perfect! No, no,—there would have been some other flaw; nothing is perfect in our earthly life.

December 26. The sun arose almost as bright as May this morning; but there is a keen hard frost. Never mind; let the sun shine all the way to church, and I don't care for the cold. My heart feels very still this day; I have no fears and no doubts. Why should I? I shall not weep, for I am happy and I am glad—I have shed my last tears for Harry now. My father is calling to me to make haste, for they are all waiting, and Aunt Doe impatiently bids me lay down my pen. Good-by, old friend, Margaret Arden will tell thee no more secrets!

A CASE OF LIBEL. BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

A FEW nights since I turned from the deafening roar of Fleet Street, and found myself in one of the old courts that skirt the Temple. I lost something in elasticity, both of gait and spirit, amidst the tall tenements on either hand, that look as if marshalled to oblivion by the dim lamps over the staircases. Besides these depressing influences from without, I had a deep source of anxiety connected with my friend Paul Placet, to whose chambers—attics might be the word—I was destined.

Paul is by nature as genial, capable, and well informed, as any man of my acquaintance who has eaten his terms, and is still on the bright side of thirty. But with the residue of a slender patrimony fast going out, and with neither brief nor case coming in, his position was now getting somewhat serious; and I so far felt the contagion of it, that, instead of vaulting up story after story to his door as I had once done, I now accomplished that precipitous ascent by the slow elaboration of step after step.

I was agreeably surprised to receive from Paul a welcome not only cordial—that it always was—but blithe, which it had seldom been of late. He seized me by both arms, inducted me into his solitary easy chair, and produced a bottle of that old Rousillon which we both held to be better than many a costlier wine; perhaps because it always recalls to us our first French tour, and the rural auberge where we made its acquaintance.

This buoyancy on the part of my friend, though satis-

factory, was puzzling. I saw on the table no brief-paper neatly folded, tastefully decorated with red tape, and indorsed with the gratifying announcement: "Mr. Placet, for plaintiff, 3 guas."—a legal abbreviation which is perhaps more rapidly intelligible than any other to junior counsel. In the absence of any such document, how was Paul's light-hearted laugh to be accounted for? Had he drawn a prize in the great German lottery? Had some vigorous researches for next of kin ended in the discovery of his collateral heirship to that Baron Bodlington, with whose family a Placet of 1700 had connected himself by marriage? Paul detected my curiosity, and was good enough to appease it,—“Congratulate me, my dear boy,” he cried suddenly.

“With all my heart and soul, Paul; but on what?”

“My first client.”

“That's news, indeed; we'll toast him in a bumper. But first tell me how it all happened. Where's your brief?”

“No brief,” said Paul.

“O, then a case for Mr. Placet's opinion, I suppose. Out with it.”

“Wrong again! In a word, my good friend, that you may no longer torment yourself with guesses, I have strong doubts whether my client exists in the flesh, whether he be not the latest form of apparition,—a subjective objectivity, a spectral entity that declines the ordeal of touch.”

I hoped his guineas had not the same peculiarity.

“Rest content on that score. Now you shall hear how it came about.”

Somewhat annoyed, I tossed off my glass prematurely, but composed myself to listen. Paul then proceeded as follows.

“It was only yesterday, a little before dusk, that, planting my elbows upon this little table and resting my chin upon my palms, I looked my Condition full in the face, and heard what it had to say to me. Its language was curt and decisive. ‘Paul,’ it cried, ‘you’ve been three years at the bar; you were called in Michaelmas term, and here’s Michaelmas term once again. Of the thousand pounds with which you started in life you have left barely a hundred. I don’t complain that you have been an idle fellow, but you have been what is still more obnoxious to society—an unfortunate one. You haven’t received a single fee.’

My Condition, having uttered this severe reproach, said no more, but continued to stare at me for a full quarter of an hour. At the expiration of that time, trusting, I suppose, that I was sensible of my criminality, its aspect gradually became less distinct. I fell into a reverie as to the general decline of litigation, the chances that happier juniors had enjoyed fifty years ago, when men were more combative than now with regard to property, when there were no county courts in which attorneys were permitted to address juries, when protracted revels inflamed the blood, and private outrage or public turbulence often challenged the interference of the law. These comparatively restrained and peaceful times bore, it seemed to me, as hardly upon us of the robe as a salubrious climate and sanitary regulations would do upon our brethren of the chronometer and cane. Then I thought how unfortunate we lawyers were in the limitations of legal wrong, how many offences and injustices were, alas, neither actionable nor indictable—opinions coerced by wealth, honest natural impulses thwarted by the tyrannies of custom or fashion, wounds inflicted on the hearts of patient sufferers by the selfishness that wears the mask of decorum and respects appearances. As I continued to muse, various instances of such wrong rose before my imagination; and I was in a condition betwixt dream and reverie, when the several pictures that flitted before my mind's eye were gradually resolved into an obscure background, from which a sort of chaotic presence seemed slowly to emerge, until at length it stood before me in the well-defined likeness of a human figure.

The figure was of the male sex, rather above the middle height, and slightly tending to obesity. An open brow, a frank blue eye, and a projecting chin, gave a decisive, but not unamiable character to the face. The blue

frock-coat, the rather low hat, and the neat gaiters, were all of good material, but of the plainest fashion. The useful was evidently the chief element in his attire, but the becoming had not been wholly disregarded. The umbrella held in the right hand was substantial and capacious, but the knob was of polished ivory. The countenance and the dress of this personage at once recalled to me my familiar acquaintance, Mr. John Bull; but there was about my present visitor a certain air of refinement which does not always distinguish Mr. Bull's physiognomy.

The figure removed his hat and bowed; I motioned him to a chair, which he took. Having scrutinised me for a minute, his lips parted, and he said aloud, ‘Mr. Placet, you are, I believe, in want of a client?’

This was direct enough, certainly, but the tone was not discourteous.

‘*Rem acu tetigisti*,—you have hit the nail on the head, sir,’ I answered recklessly.

‘Then I trust we shall suit each other, for I am sorely in want of an advocate. In me, sir, you behold one of the most injured of beings.’

‘Of what do you complain?’ I asked.

‘Of libel, gross, aggravated, constant libel. While my calumniators treat me with every show of respect, and rarely mention me but with praise, they daily accuse me of the most degrading conduct, and misuse my name to sanction the meanest ends.’

‘Be good enough to specify your grievances.’

‘Right! nothing like being practical,’ said my interlocutor. ‘Well, to begin the list, a young girl of twenty died yesterday of a lingering disease. No physician could detect its source; but I knew it, and had I been allowed, could have saved her. She was betrothed two years ago to a young man of slender means, but possessed of the talent and energy which rarely fail of success. A creature without any aim in life, except his own selfish indulgences, without any wit except to purvey them, with no sense of beauty except that which appeals to the gross eye, nor any sense of morality beyond the avoidance of open vice, appeared upon the scene. He was rich, however; and this one qualification in the eyes of the girl's guardian stood for every other. Adroitly enough, to accomplish an ill-assorted match, this guardian fomented a casual misunderstanding between his ward and the man of her choice. He prevented the chance of explanation by removing her to a distance, and by intercepting the letters of her lover. The grief thus engendered was the malady of which she died; and the guilt of her guardian in my eyes was scarcely less heinous than that of murder. At all events its consequences were as fatal. Yet, abhorring his detestable stratagems from my very soul, the author of them had the effrontery to charge them upon myself, and to say that he acted by my express advice. He said that Common Sense—that, sir, is my name—dictated and justified his conduct.’

I felt some awe at finding myself in the presence of so renowned a personage, and, at first, some surprise at the emotion which he betrayed.

‘That, Mr. Placet,’ he continued, ‘is one example of the slanders habitually heaped upon me. Let me give you another instance. You have heard of Norris Fairpledge, M.P., who is now considered a rising politician. At the beginning of his career, Norris was—or at least appeared to be—sincere, ardent, and high-minded. He seemed by instinct to know the right, and to detect the wrong through all its disguises of custom and expediency. He obeyed the maxim of a contemporary poet,—

“Call all things
By their right names.”

He could admire genius at first hand, and while the laugh was against it. He could recognise a patriot, whether leading the forlorn hope against oppression, or curbing some blind impulse of popular frenzy. I tell you, Mr. Placet, there was a time when he would have met a blaze of stars on the breast of a traitor without a wink, and when a rope

round the neck of a true man would not have repelled him; when virtue was virtue with him, and sin sin; when murder, for instance, was murder, whether it slunk in a smock along the hedge, or rode, as at Naples, over a reeking causeway in a blood-splashed crown.

'At the time I speak of, Norris Fairpledge was not a party man. Mind, Mr. Placet, I do not now raise the question whether party be or be not a valuable institution. I may perhaps see no reason why the barge of state should be pulled now by left oars only, and anon by right oars only. I may think there is some time lost, some danger incurred, by the onesidedness of the motion, and suspect that the boat would go on more rapidly and more safely were all hands to pull together. But let the rowers be in earnest, they will make way somehow. My complaint of Fairpledge is, not that he ended in being a partisan, but that he became one, although he disbelieved in party.

"See," said his friends, "Norris is a fellow of first-rate ability. He rarely speaks without fixing attention. His views, though held to be singular, are universally discussed, and here and there he gains a convert. But he will never have any influence, never rise to a leading position, because no party can count upon him. Why should they serve him who won't serve them?" "Norris," they remonstrated, "whether you have faith in party or otherwise, you must join it even to carry your own ends. My dear Norris, do be advised—do listen to Common Sense; Common Sense demands this of you." Now, Mr. Placet, that was a lie.

'I was never consulted upon the subject, or when those sugared poisons—influence and position—were first administered, I should have urged an antidote. "Norris," I should have said, "be true to your convictions. They may be right or wrong, but while you hold them, be true to them. Grant, for argument, that man's first motive is happiness, who can be happy that ceases to be true? The smile of power and a large following—why, say that they have a certain value; yet take heed, my dear boy, of the price. What would you say of an epicure who should secure his dainty on the condition of losing his appetite, or of a Sybarite who should accept an ague as the price of perpetual sunshine! Now a sound conscience and true sympathies, what are these to the heart but its very blood—the generous blood, on which its relish and enjoyment depend? Don't be a fool; don't sell yourself for your condition." That's what I, Common Sense, should have said; yet you see, Mr. Placet, how I have been traduced.'

'Your case is indeed a hard one,' I remarked.

'If you think so from these samples, what,' he asked, 'would you say to the whole? It would be simple truth to state that there never was a great discovery resisted, nor a great discoverer persecuted—never a generous impulse sacrificed to a selfish one—never a heart or conscience immolated to Mammon—never an immortality bartered for the gauds of the hour, but my sanction was alleged for it. Were a tithe of what is told of me true, I should be an epitome of all that is base in the universe. In my name the Inquisition menaced Galileo; in my name wild-beasts have been let loose upon martyrs, scaffolds built for them, fagots kindled. Common Sense—it was said—will teach their followers to beware of fire and sword. In more modern times, the men who laughed Harvey and Jenner to scorn, boasted that I gave them their cue. When people were hung for all thefts above ninepence, I was held by grave citizens of that day to insist upon the practice, and to be outraged at the mere hint of its discontinuance. I am still supposed to scoff at the newest developments in art, policy, science, and medicine, and to dismiss facts as of no account when they oppose customs. At this very moment, in some states of America, I am feigned to bawl myself hoarse on behalf of slavery; and, even in England, to drop occasional whispers as to the danger of interfering with that patriarchal system.

'I have done, Mr. Placet,' continued the speaker; 'and I may now inquire whether every known case of slander is not trifling and tolerable compared with mine?'

His grievances, I confessed, were unprecedented.

'They would drive me mad, sir,' he exclaimed, 'were I any body else. But I am patient by nature; and would not even complain if I did not hope for a remedy. I trust you see your way to one, Mr. Placet?'

I was obliged to shake my head, and own that our law courts had no jurisdiction.

'But surely a court of equity—'

'Can give no relief in this case,' I answered.

'And this is England,' exclaimed the injured apparition, 'England, where every wrong is fabled to have its remedy!' He rose in wrath.

A sudden light flashed upon me. 'Stay, sir,' I exclaimed; 'there is, perhaps, a court that may do you justice,—a court that has often interposed to protect or to punish where legal tribunals can do neither. What do you say to the Court of Literature?'

'An excellent suggestion,' cried my interlocutor. 'Do you practise there?'

'I should be quite willing to plead,' I said, 'for so distinguished a client.'

'You will do your best for me, I am sure,' he replied. 'You will try to set forth, in plain terse English, the facts which I have related. I can bring hosts of witnesses; and you will be careful, Mr. Placet, to correct one grievous mistake respecting me, the fountain-head, as I take it, of the injuries that have almost overwhelmed me. You will tell judge and jury that it is a gross wrong and a dire fallacy to suppose that I, Common Sense, have a natural enmity to Genius and Conscience. I know that I work in a lower range than they, but not in a hostile one. So far from scoffing at them, I should hold my calling worthless unless they inspired it. From them come the impulses which I shape into action. They are the mind, I the hand. They inspire the ideal, I chisel the stone. Say, in a word, that it is the pride of Common Sense, not that he decries the beautiful and the true, but that he translates them into the actual.'

I promised to do my utmost; the figure put forth its hand, and I almost seemed to feel its grasp. After a while it appeared to relax, and lineament and outline of my visitor melted slowly into air.

Here Paul's narrative ceased.

'And do you really intend,' I asked, 'to advocate the cause of this unsubstantial client in the court aforesaid?'

'Decidedly,' answered my friend.

'Then pray consider me as a sort of attorney of the court,' I said; 'and accept from me a "retainer."'

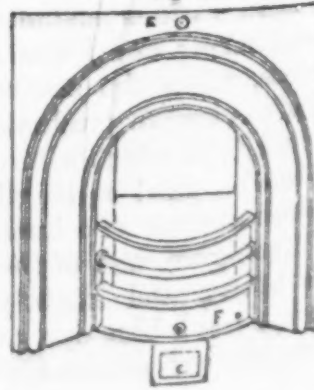
He merrily consented, and we devoted our last glass of Rousillon to the health of Common Sense and to the speedy discomfiture of his traducers.



DR. ARNOTT'S GRATE.

fig. 1.

It is, we believe, now nearly two years since Dr. Arnott's grate was introduced. Yet, as a people, we are so tardy to receive improvements, that we may safely affirm, the new invention, though of proved excellence, is still unknown in the majority of homes. The "new fact" is a plant of slow growth with us, as well, it seems, in comfort as in less abstract matters. We should



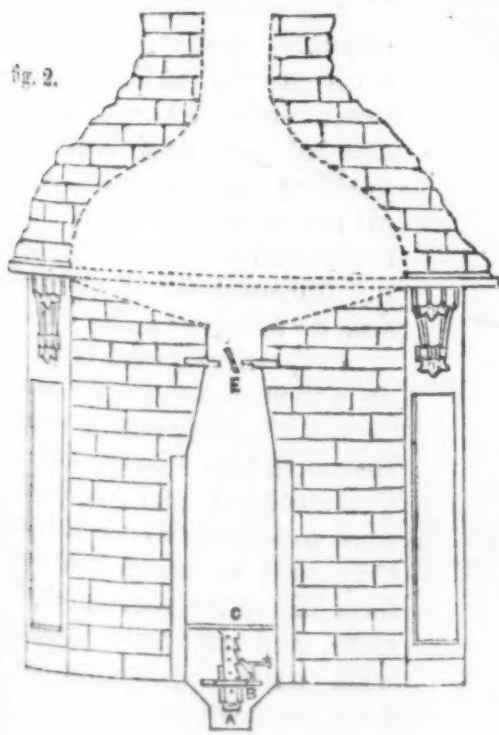
like in the present case to hasten its development by what fostering we can afford.

Forty years ago, loud was the public satisfaction in the register-grate,—that wonderful and comfortable improvement on the open chimney, which till then had yawned above all fires equally in kitchen and drawing-room. We now look back upon what must then have been no trifling annoyances,—the smoke that came in gusts into the room, and the warm air that *would* make its escape through the wide throat waiting for it, causing a proportionate current of cold air towards the fireplace. Were people ever warm in the wintry weather of those days? If they were, it must have surely been at a vast expense of fuel, time, and temper.

Count Rumford came to the rescue, and taught us something of the true principle on which chimneys and fireplaces should be constructed. He brought the back of the fireplace further forward; had the jambs so inclined that they might reflect more heat into the room; and then, by bringing the grate itself forward and raising the new back over the mantel, the throat of the chimney was contracted, the draught increased, and the greater number of smoky chimneys cured. Also, by lowering the bottom of the grate to within a few inches of the floor, the lower part of the room was effectually warmed; and by using very little iron in their construction, and fitting the interior with fire-brick, they threw out considerably more heat and made better fires. The old-fashioned register-grates, to which the Rumford improvements have not been adapted, are large, heavy, and stately affairs, apparently made with a view to burning the utmost possible quantity of coal, and thereby to obtain the smallest possible amount of heat. The theory on which modern fire-ranges have long been constructed is exactly the contrary; and Dr. Arnott's smoke-consuming fire-grate, more than any we are acquainted with, certainly appears to combine the various requisites, viz. simplicity of plan, economy of fuel, and efficacy in its operation.

The principle consists in replenishing the fire from *underneath*, instead of by the usual plan. In this manner the smoke has to pass through a body of red-hot coal, and is therefore entirely consumed, leaving only the invisible gases to pass up the chimney. Smoke and soot are thus avoided, and much additional heat obtained.

The coal (of which 24lbs, we were informed, is sufficient for the day's supply of a large-sized grate) is placed in a box, nearly air-tight, below the fire-bars. An upright plate reaches from the lowest bar to the ground; and being fixed, closes this in front. The fire-brick back and sides of the grate form the back and sides of the fire-box. A plain plate of iron is substituted for the grating upon which the coal rests in ordinary fireplaces, and by a very simple contrivance, is raised and lowered at pleasure. This plate forms the bottom of the fire-box, and when it is lowered to



its extreme depth there is a space of eight inches between it and the lowest fire-bar. The coal is thrown over the fire-bars into this box till it is filled. Wood and cinders are spread over the coal, and the fire is then lighted *at the top*; an operation which, it is asserted, takes less time and trouble than by the ordinary plan. The coal in the fire-box, although in contact with the ignited coal above it, does not burn until raised

above the box and exposed to the air. Therefore, when the fire has burned to the level of the lower bar, a lever has to be inserted into an aperture in the lower part of the grate, which, by raising the iron-plate in the fire-box, forces up the body of coal, and a supply sufficient for three or four hours is obtained. This is all that has to be done every time the fire needs replenishing, until the whole of the coal in the fire-box is consumed. The fire is thus perfectly under control, and may be increased or diminished, as occasion may require, with perfect facility. Instead of the usual register-door in the chimney, there is a regulating damper, with a dial-plate and index in front; and by simply turning the latter the draft and the degree of heat is regulated at will. Thus, by partially closing the damper, the fire may be kept burning for several hours without any attention whatever.

These seem to be the predominant advantages of this very ingenious invention. The saving of fuel, we are informed, is no less than from forty to fifty per cent. And since scarcely any smoke or soot is produced, chimney-sweeping is rendered almost entirely unnecessary. It gives little trouble, is essentially cleanly in its operation, and the mode of supplying the coals by means of the lever is scarcely less simple than the act of stirring an ordinary fire with the poker. Thus any lady can accomplish it with due ease, and the necessity for a coal-scuttle (an unsightly object at best) in the room is abolished.

It is to be supposed, that as this invention comes more into general use its price will become proportionately popular. At present the first outlay required is somewhat larger than usual; though it must of course be remembered that it is afterwards more than repaid by saving in the fuel. Still, to a large proportion of people, to whom this economical and convenient fire-grate would be most valuable, the outlay required is a consideration which might at first debar them from its use. We would gladly see the invention widely known and applied, as we believe its use would tend towards the comfort, cleanliness, and healthfulness of our houses.

Explanation of the Diagrams.—Fig. 1. Shows a front view of the grate, with the frame *c* opening into the ashpit and let into the front hearth; *F* is the knob for lowering the coal-box; *E* the damper.

Fig. 2. Shows how the brickwork is to be carried up behind the stove-front, and how the pit is to be formed. *A* is the ash-pit; *B* the iron-plate supporting the ratchet-wheel and catch; *C* the movable bottom of the coal-box; *E* the damper.

COURTESY AND KINDNESS.

COURTESY, among "well-bred" people, would seem to be a matter of course, and good-nature is not an uncommon characteristic of a larger class. But kindness is something more than either of these, involving and appealing to higher instincts and rarer feelings. True kindness is almost always courteous, because gentleness and sympathy teach it to be so; but the converse of the rule hardly holds good. The shows of politeness may be taught, and may be so well learned as to pass muster in that society which rarely peers beneath the smooth surfaces of things. Good-nature, too, is often a shallow, and sometimes even a selfish characteristic. It implies the possession of neither sympathy, tact, nor thoughtfulness; of which qualities kindness is but the natural manifestation. What we call good breeding in individuals is simply that kindness of manner which makes us at once feel easy in their society, pleased with them, and freed from troublesome consciousness of ourselves. That same self-consciousness is probably at the root of two-thirds of the awkwardness and ill-breeding that we meet with. It teaches an artificial or "studied" manner, than which nothing is more uncomfortable or absurd to behold. Also, since they who labour under the pressure of self-consciousness cannot

possibly have time to think of any thing else, there can exist none of that kind feeling which is quick to perceive and take thought for the feelings of those around them. Thus the very fundamental element of good breeding is lost. But where this discriminating kindness of heart is joined to naturalness of manner, there will always be genuine, even if not conventional, *courtesy*. Good feeling speedily teaches good manners.

Kindness is, in fact, sympathy made manifest. But it must be admitted that, granted the feeling of kindness, the desire to be kind does not necessarily secure its own fulfilment. Something is needed besides, of that subtle essence we call *tact*, that happy combination of delicate instinct and quick intelligence which enables us to evince our sympathy or kindness in the manner best suited to the idiosyncrasy of the recipient. This especially applies to our intercourse with absolute or comparative strangers. The most obtuse learn in time to adapt themselves, in some measure at least, to those constantly around them. Moreover, our friends, and those who know us well, will generally give us credit for kind intention, even when we fail in effect. But with those who know us little, we have at once all to learn and every thing to teach. It is in such cases that what we mean by "good breeding" helps us out of the difficulty.

For instance, it is not kind, and therefore is not courteous, to be over-demonstrative with a reserved person, or over-reticent to one whose own warm open heart asks for answering frankness. Nor need we forfeit one iota of what is worth preserving of our individuality by thus adapting ourselves to the differing characteristics of those around us. It would do very few of us any harm if we all "rubbed each other's angles down" in this way. The reserved may be assured it would be a wholesome discipline for them to practise candour; while the demonstrative would do well sometimes to set a guard upon their too great readiness to say and do.

Finally, there is one simple and all-sufficing rule to bear in mind in this as in many another case. Love lends to most of us "tact," forethought,

knowledge. Where we love, we understand, and can make ourselves understood. It is this which imparts to the simplest the faculty of so placing himself in the position of his neighbour, that he instinctively divines the course of speech, manner, and action, which will be most grateful and beneficial to him. It is hardly enough to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us;" we must try to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us—if we were in their place." The first is the letter of Christian morality, which may serve to save ourselves. The addition is in the spirit of Christian kindness, which may, and does many a time, save our brethren.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT says—writing on the subject of Home—"I would entreat people to judge others by their *acts*, and not by preconceived theories of character; and especially in education, to suffer a child's mind and heart to unfold itself, and not attempt to be wiser than nature, and pronounce on the form and character of the tree before the cotyledons are fully developed. To believe that persons who are not exactly '*made to order*' may yet have good, great, and noble qualities. Not to attempt to make an oak bear snowdrop-flowers, or a honeysuckle become a forest-tree; but, like the skilful gardener, endeavour to rear each particular species to the highest degree of perfection it is capable of attaining.

"I would warn teachers of youth, that if they cannot bring to the task of instruction a mother's heart,—a fountain of *perpetual love*, ever gushing up to wash away all remembrance of children's faults and follies; if they are not prepared for *all self-sacrifice*, to labour looking for no reward,—the which if they can do, a thousandfold will it be returned into their bosom,—they should, in God's name, forbear the attempt; and send children to school, where at least they will be under one uniform discipline bearing on all alike, and not daily taunted with their dependence and their ingratitude."

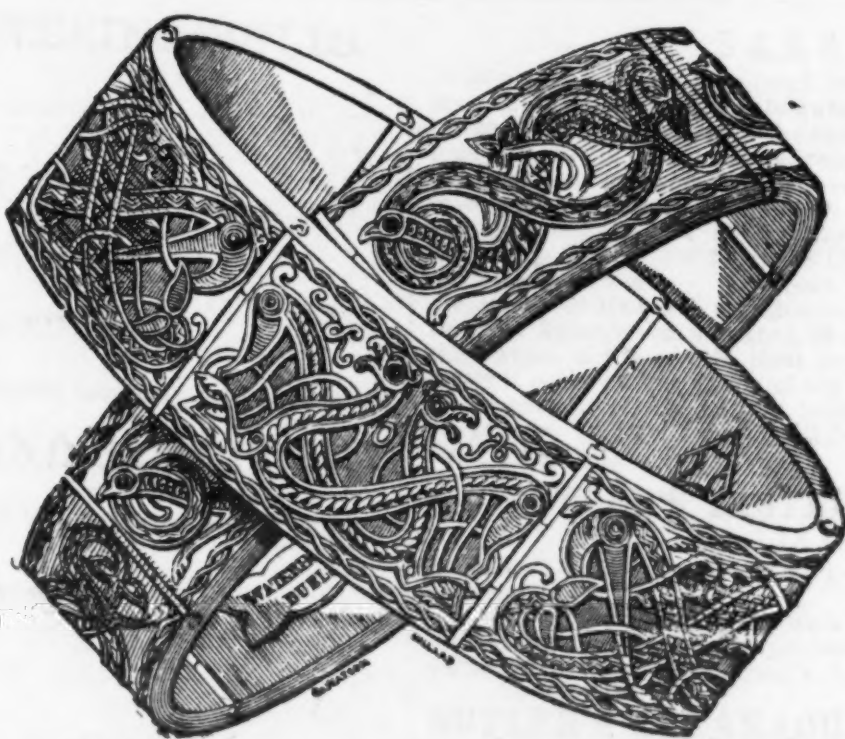


CANDELABRUM.
[From Jackson and Graham.]



The Nightingale Brooch.

Mr. Waterhouse, Her Majesty's Jeweller, of Dublin, has evinced his zeal in the cause of humanity and Florence Nightingale by producing a Commemoration Brooch, appropriate in design, and elegant in execution. and has resolved to devote the proceeds of the sale of this highly-wrought Jewel to the "Nightingale Fund." We record this act of liberality and devotion to a good cause with the more pleasure, because it proves how wide-spread is the interest excited by the heroism of this noble woman. The tablet represents a wounded soldier, to whom a female is administering relief; this is surrounded by a motto, which in its turn is entwined by a rich garland of laurel tied with a ribbon, and surmounted by a Crown. The design is based on the Jewel presented to Miss Nightingale by the Queen, but it is so altered as to suit the purpose of a Brooch for ordinary wear. It is very beautiful, and does high credit to the eminent Dublin Jeweller who has produced it.—*Art Journal*, August, 1856.



THE ROYAL TARA BRACELET. IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

The Messrs. Waterhouse, of this city, have done wonders to revive the glories of ancient Irish art in their department manufacture—jewellery, gold and silver. The Royal Tara Brooch is now of world-wide celebrity, from the numbers dispersed over all lands. The history of this brooch formed the subject of a most interesting paper, read by Dr. Petrie at the Royal Irish Academy several years ago. In addition to this, various other patterns of antique brooches, found in various parts of Ireland, are copied and manufactured, creating quite a *furor* from the period of the Great Exhibition in 1851 up to the present time. The same enterprising firm have now brought out the "Royal Tara Bracelet"—a graceful, simple, and beautiful piece of ornamental Jewellery. The bracelet folds around the arm in compartments, each of which bears upon it beautiful scrolls and figures, recognised as peculiarly Celtic, and of unknown antiquity in this country, but supposed by the learned antiquarians to be of the eleventh or early part of the twelfth century, when the arts were carried to the highest perfection in this country. The bracelet is of gold and oxidized silver; the happy admixture of the two metals forms a highly pleasing contrast. This new and highly ornamental addition to the toilet of our fair countrywomen will be soon established, not only in their favour, but in that of the general public. The manufacturers deserve the highest credit for the masterly style of execution in which it has been produced.—*Saunders's News-Letter*, August 11, 1856.



THE GREAT BRITISH EXHIBITION

Mr. W. Woodhouse, the Manager of the Exhibition, has the honor to inform you that the Exhibition is now open to the public, and that the most interesting and valuable collection of art and manufactures has been assembled in the Crystal Palace. The Exhibition is a grand and magnificent display of the progress of civilization and the power of the human mind. It is a source of great pleasure and instruction to all who visit it. The Exhibition is a grand and magnificent display of the progress of civilization and the power of the human mind. It is a source of great pleasure and instruction to all who visit it.



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Dessert ditto	1 0 0—1 10 0	2 0 0	2 6 0
Table-spoons	1 10 0—2 0 0	2 18 0	3 6 0
Dessert ditto	1 0 0—1 10 0	2 2 0	2 7 6
Tea-spoons	0 12 0—0 18 0	1 6 0	1 11 6

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